

SPECIAL MISSIONARY NUMBER.

May, 1910.

"The Future of Missions." By Sir Andrew Fraser.

Price 6d.

THE QUIVER



5 CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, London, New York, Toronto & Melbourne.

ISSUED MONTHLY.

FOR OVER 80 YEARS

BALSAMIC CONGREVE'S ELIXIR

Has been and is still yielding the best results in
**CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS &
ASTHMA.**
Invaluable for COUCHS, COLDS, and the
AFTER-EFFECTS of INFLUENZA.
1s, 9s, 4s, & 11/- of all Chemists.

INDIGESTION

is the primary cause of most of the ills to which we are subject. Hence a medicine that stimulates the digestive organs will relieve quite a number of complaints.

WHELTON'S VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS

arouse the stomach to action, promote the flow of gastric juice, and give tone to the whole system. Headache flies away, Biliousness, Kidney Disorders, and Skin Complaints disappear, while cheerful spirits and clear complexions follow in due course. ASK FOR

WHELTON'S PURIFYING PILLS,

And remember there is NO PILL "JUST as GOOD."
Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per Box.



FREE.

We have told you already how Mellin's Food is starch free, how it nourishes a baby from birth, how, when mixed with fresh milk, it is an exact substitute for mother's milk. Now we will send you a free sample bottle of Mellin's Food, if you will cut out the top half of the prime of bottle in this advertisement and forward same to us, mentioning this publication.

Mellin's Food

This makes enough for
two hours.

ANDERSON ANDERSON & ANDERSON LTD.

are pleased to inform the Public that they have secured the
SOLE AGENCY for

Spencer's DOVETAIL Heels

which in their opinion, as Rubber Experts, are the best on the market and as near as possible to perfection. Among the many articles of every-day wear, other heels are not, their APPEARANCE, they are the only heels for a lady or gentleman to wear; second, their SAFETY, both resulting from the "Dovetail" which joins the leather together by means of which the heel becomes part and parcel of the boot. There is no overlapping, no unsightliness, and no danger of tripping down steps or stairs. Rubber heels are both comfortable and durable.

See the Dovetail



Convenient to the foot and to the health. One pair of Spencer's 'Dovetail' Heels will prove that they are par excellence.

THE BEST.

While *Statesman* and *Natural*,
John Bull, and *Standard*,
On Spencer's Hall.

Buoyant and Non-Slipping.
Combined Rubber and Leather.

To be obtained of all Boot and Shoe Warehouses.

See Agents: Anderson Anderson & Anderson Ltd., London.

By means of

Mellin's Food

the difficulty which infants generally find in digesting cow's milk alone is entirely overcome.

Either of the following:—

"THE CARE OF INFANTS," a work of 96 pages, dealing with the feeding and rearing of infants from birth,

"HINTS ON WEANING," a work of 64 pages, treating of the care of infants during and after weaning, with recipes for simple diets,

will be sent, post free, to those who have charge of young infants on application to **MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, LONDON, S.E.**

18/19/10

12/2/20

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

The only sure and harmless treatment that entirely destroys hair growth permanently, inexpensively, and without pain.

Ladies whose beauty is marred by unsightly hair growths have long sought for an effective and permanent treatment that will entirely supersede Electrolysis, which causes so much pain and expense, besides the uncertainty of permanent cure. The CAPILLUS MFG. CO. have now introduced a new and more effective treatment that quickly and permanently removes all superfluous hair; **it goes right to the root and destroys it for ever.** The treatment does not cause the slightest pain or injury to the most delicate skin. This new method being so simple and harmless, any lady can use it in her own home without entailing the slightest inconvenience and with perfect success.

We have received thousands of testimonials from ladies testifying to the remarkable success of CAPILLUS. Hundreds of these ladies declare they have used electrolysis, powders, lotions, and cosmetics without permanent benefit, and wish they had known of our wonderful method before.

Send no money; we want to give you positive proof of what CAPILLUS will do for you before you spend a single penny. Send your name and address to-day, enclosing stamp to pay postage, and we will forward a full description of this inexpensive home treatment, that will fully convince you of its efficacy. Don't hesitate; it will cost you nothing. Write to-day; it will be to your advantage.

THE CAPILLUS MFG. CO., 309, Century House, 205, Regent Street, London, W.

THE MEDICINE FOR THE MILLION

is a title which may be legitimately applied to Beecham's Pills. It is a noteworthy fact that millions of people the world over have derived great and lasting benefit from them. In the matter of medicine continued popularity is a distinct and irrefutable proof of merit. If after a period of sixty years it is an indisputable fact that Beecham's Pills are more popular than ever, surely there can be no better testimony to their valuable medicinal properties. Again, Beecham's Pills have established their great reputation without the aid of published testimonials; they have spoken for themselves, and have been recommended by friends to friends. In the case of Beecham's Pills you have a medicine which is absolutely unique in the immense curative extent of its activities. It does good to all sorts and conditions of people of every race, clime, and age. You, also, will receive benefit from taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) and 2/9 (168 pills).

THERE IS NO SECRET

about our low charges for Dry Cleaning; they arise, naturally, from our method of business.

Whilst other firms have a very expensive system of collection, highly rented receiving offices, van collection, attendants' and branch managers' salaries, agents' commission, etc., all of which have to be paid by **you, we deal direct.** Our only expense is postage, and we are therefore enabled to quote lower charges than are possible to others.

Our charges are fixed, so that you know exactly how much you will have to pay, and our 112 years' reputation for excellence is sufficient guarantee of the quality of our work.

BLOUSES - dry cleaned for 1/- 3 fixed charge.
DRESSES " " 4/- " " "
GENTS' SUITS " " 4/- " " "

Carpets, Curtains, Covers, Blinds, etc., cleaned at equally low rates. Postage paid one way on everything.

CLARK & CO., The Cleaners, 34, Hallcroft Rd., Retford.

Q.—May, 1910.

THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN,

HACKNEY ROAD,
BETHNAL
GREEN,
E.

Late "North Eastern" Hospital.

130 beds always full.
30,000 Out-Patients annually.

Unless help
is immediately
forthcoming
£11,000 a year expenditure.
Assured income under £1,000.

PLEASE
HELP.

T. Glenton-Kerr, Sec.

half the
beds must be
closed.

21,000 Attendances.
No funds in hand.

Nothing but scissors or
Knives will ever cut out

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED



Cocoa

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

A Great Bonus Yielding Office

ESTABLISHED 1815

Assets
£20,000,000

The Largest British Mutual Office

Transacts all Classes of Life Assurance and Annuity Business

PROSPECTUS, LADIES' PROSPECTUS, AND QUOTATIONS SENT ON APPLICATION

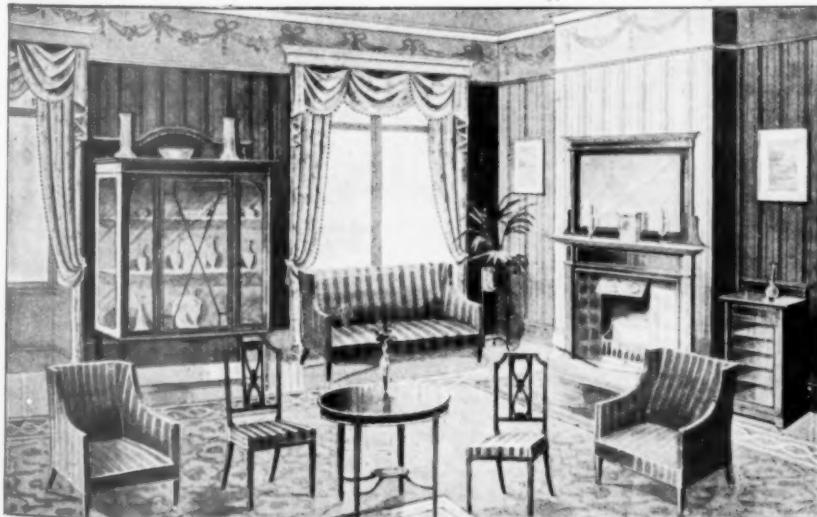
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LONDON: 28 CORNHILL, E.C., & 5 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

Agencies in all the Principal Towns in the United Kingdom.

ALEX. LEFEVER (Est. 1842) **Wholesale House Furnisher,**
226, OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.

Opposite Electric Railway Station.



SPECIMEN DRAWING ROOM. From our **Compact Guide** (No. 38). "HOW TO FURNISH,"
post free on application. Inlaid Mahogany Suite in Silk, £10 10s. Table, 25s. China Cabinet, £4 7s. 6d.
Music Cabinet, 39s. 6d. Overmantel, 38s., etc.—all to match.

CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON. £20,000 Stock to Select from.

A MIRACLE-WORKING RECIPE

HOW TO NURSE POOR-LOOKING HAIR BACK TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Three Splendid Toilet Accessories for Weak and Falling Hair that You May Try Free of Expense.

Your hair won't get better as, say, a cold does, of its own accord.

It needs immediate and skilful attention.

In other words, it requires "Harlene Hair-Drill."

In over a million homes now you will find men and women making "Harlene Hair-Drill" an important feature of the morning toilet, and thousands whose hair has been gradually growing thinner, or weaker, or more brittle, or losing colour, or suffering from any of the many disorders to which human hair is heir, are to-day returning thanks to the discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" for the restoration of their hair to health and vigour and a beautiful appearance once more.

To-day, Mr. Edwards, the famous Royal hair-specialist, to whose patience, experience, and ingenuity the world owes the discovery of this wonderful system of hair hygiene, is still patriotically distributing free trial packages of "Harlene" and the other accessories of "Hair-Drill" among the men and women of this country.

A Great Opportunity.

Now, in order that every reader of THE QUIVER may test "Harlene Hair-Drill" without expense, this famous hair-specialist—whose preparations for the scalp and hair are in the highest favour at all the leading Courts of Europe—is now making the following remarkable triple offer: To every applicant who encloses three penny stamps to cover cost of postage, Mr. Edwards will at once dispatch:

1. A large-sized trial bottle of Edwards' "Harlene-for-the-Hair," each bottle containing a sufficient supply of this famous hair-tonic to enable the recipients to make a seven days' trial of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

2. Full instructions as to the correct and most resultful method of carrying out "Harlene Hair-Drill" by which you can banish greyness, baldness, scurf, and grow a luxuriant crop of new hair in a few weeks' time.

3. A package of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder for the Scalp, which is absolutely safe to use, contains no harmful ingredients, is most delightful and refreshing to use, cleanses the scalp from all scurf and dandruff, stimulates the hair-roots, and tones up the hair generally.

You can obtain the above trial package, as already stated, by applying through the post, and enclosing three penny stamps for postage.

The practice of "Harlene Hair-Drill," by which every form of hair disorder or hair disease is quickly overcome, and new and better hair quickly grown, is by no means a difficult or tedious operation; for it only need occupy two minutes a day, or fourteen

minutes a week. The hair will become thicker, glossier, stronger every day, and you will see and feel the improvement almost from the first or second application. You will feel a new and refreshing sense of vitality in the tissues of the scalp and the roots of your hair. Dull hair will become glossy, bright, and beautiful; faded, grey hair will regain its natural colour; thin hair will grow thick and luxuriant. Bald patches and places where the hair has become scanty will soon be covered with a growth of healthy hair; once soft, silky, and strong. Scurf and dandruff will quickly disappear. In short, hair-health will take the place of hair-sickness, hair-plenty the place of hair-penury.

You can quickly and easily prove this for yourself free of charge by accepting this generous offer now made by the discoverers of "Harlene Hair-Drill."

Miracle-Working Recipe.

Remember, then, as already stated at the outset of this announcement, that your hair, if it is weak, diseased, or falling out, will never cure itself, but require daily "Harlene Hair-Drill" to make it grow lusty, strong, and vigorous. It is, perhaps, the most sensitive to treatment of any part of the human structure, and, if neglected, it quickly succumbs to its many enemies, fades in colour, becomes scurfy, thin, and brittle, gives up the struggle and dies. All you have to do is to fill in the accompanying coupon, and send it, with three penny stamps, to Messrs. The Edwards' Harlene Company, 95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C., and the package will be posted to you absolutely free. Should further supplies of

"Harlene" be required, they can be obtained from Chemists and Stores all over the world, at 1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d.; or will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of postal order. "Cremex" may be obtained in a similar manner, in boxes of six for 1s.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

▲ Book of Instructions—A Bottle of "Harlene"—
A Package of "Cremex"—**ALL FREE**

MESSRS. EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
95-96, High Holborn, London, W.C.

I will try one week's "Harlene Hair-Drill," and accept your offer of free instructions and materials. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage of the gift package to any part of the world.

Name.....

Address.....

"The Quiver," May, 1910.

EAST OR WEST

TYRES ARE
HUTCHINSON

Made in a variety of patterns. Ask your local cycle agent to show you them and fit them if

YOU WANT AN IDEAL RIDING SEASON.

The very BEST

YOU OFTEN WANT A DELICACY

FOR LUNCHEON, BREAKFAST, TEA or SUPPER.

PLUMTREE'S HOME-POTTED MEATS

Are the very thing. **Appetising.**

Of all Grocers and Confectioners, at 6d. or 1s., in Earthenware Jars, bearing Registered Label and Signature.

SAMPLE JAR, 7½d. or 1s. 3d., Post Free, from PLUMTREE, Southport.

To be Healthy

You must study your system. One should aim to be not only well—but healthy. It is when the cell life is unhealthy the standard is lowered, and such ailments are caused as KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, &c.

You will have none of these if you

Take

Uricura

THE STANDARD FOR 20 YEARS.

Drops

URICURA DROPS destroy all the germs of disease and clear away all impurities. They improve the cell life in the whole body, and keep the entire system in the best possible condition.

URICURA DROPS will make you robust and vigorous, will create buoyancy, courage, and cheerfulness. All these spell Youthfulness.

Uricura Drops have been tested by leading Scientists and are prepared in our own Laboratory.

Of BOOTS, LTD., and Chemists, or sent Post Free to your address for 1½d.

The Hammond Remedies Co., Barry, Glamorgan.

BENCER'S

Benger's Food is different from any other food obtainable; it contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and, in its preparation, the degree of pre-digestion can be determined with the utmost delicacy. It can therefore be served to suit the exact physical condition of the patient.

Benger's Food is mixed with fresh new milk. It forms a delicious and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the food elements necessary to maintain vigorous health.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

A SEWING MACHINE FOR 6/6

Patented by H.M. the Empress of Russia.

This Machine has an established reputation for doing good work speedily and easily on thick or thin materials. No experience necessary. Sent in wooden box, Carriage Paid, for 7½. Extra needles, 6d. per packet. Write for press opinions and testimonials, or call and see the Machine at work.

SEWING MACHINE CO. (Desk 10),
32 & 33, Brooke Street, Holborn, LONDON, E.C.

USE CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

THE HOUSEMAID'S FRIEND

6d. per Ball. The best carpet cleaner in the world. It removes ink, grease, and all dirt from carpets and woollen fabrics. A damp cloth—a little Chivers' Soap—a carpet like new without taking the trouble of a wash. Sold free at 2d. per ball.

F. CHIVERS & CO., Soap Works, BATH.

RINGS!

OUR Splendid Stock of Artistic, Rare, and High-Class Jewellery is generally admitted to be the finest in the West of London. If you cannot call and see this unique collection of Jewellery, as a favor, we will send you, Post Free, our Catalogue containing copious illustrations of the beautiful Fancy, Engagement and Wedding Rings, Tie Pins, Tiara, and other perfect specimens of Jewellery made by us.

GREENFELL, FRAZIER & CO. (Dept. 64)
13, 14, 15, Edgware Road, London, W.

All kinds of beautiful Birthday, Wedding, and Christening Gifts always in Stock.

FOR LOSS OF HAIR
Follow the Lead of Mr. Geo R. Sims.
Use Only the Trusty,
Honest Hair-Grower—"Tatcho."

All the world knows the wonders "Tatcho" worked for Mr. Geo. R. Sims, and the marvellous effects it has produced upon the heads of the thousands to whom he originally distributed it. And the results obtained then are the results obtaining to-day by the hundreds of thousands who owe to "Tatcho" their plentiful and luxuriant locks.



"I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me."

Tatcho

THE TRUSTY HONEST HAIR GROWER

As discovered, made, used, and originally advertised and gratuitously distributed by Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Haldane, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Birrell, Mr. John Burns, and many other celebrities who work long and hard can show as fine a head of hair as the youth on the mountain side.

Mr. Chamberlain at over seventy years of age has quite an abundance of hair.

Hundreds of eminent men and women whose names are household words in all parts of the world testify to the remarkable results produced by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' happy discovery of "Tatcho," the true, honest hair-grower.

None but Tatcho is Good Enough!

Your Doctor, if consulted, will tell you that nothing in the world can excel—and it is doubtful if he knows anything that can equal—"Tatcho."

A DOCTOR writes: "I have been using your 'Tatcho' now for some time. It has been the means *not only* of preserving my hair, but the growth has increased to a wonderful extent. This I entirely put to the credit of 'Tatcho.' It is not only an excellent hair-grower, but is also a splendid dressing, eminently suitable for both sexes."

THE CRETAN PRINCESS, Eugenie Christoforos-Palaologue, whose glorious hair is world-famous, says she would not be without "Tatcho" on any account.

An Unequalled Offer.

To Readers of "The Quiver."

Every reader of "The Quiver" who has not yet profited by Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery of the true, honest hair-grower, "Tatcho," is invited to make use of the accompanying Coupon.

The sole object of this special offer is to introduce "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast empire, and to prove its superlative value. If you do not want to cut the page, quote "1344. The Quiver" in your application. That will equally answer.

"TATCHO" is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at **1/-, 2/9, and 4/6.**

This Coupon Entitles You

to receive, carriage paid to your own door, a regular full-size 4/6 bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10, on application to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

1344

A Great Natural Cure for Illness

WITHOUT TAKING MEDICINE.

OPEN TO EVERY SUFFERER AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A very distinguished medical authority declares that in the United Kingdom alone there are always at least seven million men and women suffering unnecessary illness, of which they could rid themselves easily. Why do they continue to suffer? is the question that rises naturally to one's lips. It is obviously because they have not found the proper remedy.

Truth, the newspaper of unimpeachable reputation, vouches for the fact that the Sandow Method of Curative Physical Culture gives satisfactory results in 99 out of every 100 cases, the majority being most difficult to deal with, because ere consulting Mr. Sandow the sufferers had tried practically every known remedy.

It is obvious, then, that if you are numbered amongst this unfortunate seven million there is no reason why you should remain a martyr to illness, even though you have sought relief in vain, for on the face of indisputable evidence the treatment which has accomplished such amazing and gratifying results is the one that merits your inquiry and consideration.

Without the use of medicine, subjected to no irksome dietary restrictions, by a pleasant and gentle means of scientific exercise, prescribed and directed by Mr. Sandow from his London headquarters, thousands upon thousands of sufferers domiciled in all parts of the world, have in the privacy of their own homes, without interfering in the

least with the usual routine of their daily life, conquered the illness that possessed them and won their way back to health and happiness. Suffering from such widely differing complaints as digestive disorders, nervous derangements, liver troubles, heart affections, lung and chest weaknesses, kidney disorders, skin complaints, general weakness, obesity, etc., they have consulted Mr. Sandow, adopted his advice, and under his instruction have made new men and women of themselves, many after losing hope that they would ever again enjoy perfect health for even a day.

Neither age nor distance can put a barrier between those who suffer and the man whose great gift it is to be able to restore them to health. The Sandow Treatment, being perfectly natural, is as suitable for the old, the middle-aged, and the young as it is for the frailest woman suffering illness, or the most strongly constituted man who is temporarily run down, and at the same time it is so direct and simple in its administration that it can be taken with equally satisfactory results ten or ten thousand miles away.

If you are ill, the first step to take is to select the booklet from the titles of the Health Library with the complaint upon which advice is required, and fill in and forward the Application Form below. It involves you in no expense, and may prove the open sesame to a new life, free from the burden of illness and suffering.

ARE YOU ONE
OF THE
SEVEN MILLION MEN AND
WOMEN
WHO ARE SUFFERING
ILLNESS UNNECESSARILY?
IF SO, WRITE TO
MR. EUGEN SANDOW
FOR HIS ADVICE AS
EXPLAINED ON THIS PAGE.
IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING
TO FIND OUT WHETHER HE
CAN TAKE YOUR CASE IN
HAND.

The Titles of the Booklets in Sandow's Health Library for which application is invited are:—

VOL.
 1. Indigestion and Dyspepsia.
 2. Constipation and its Cure.
 3. Liver Troubles.
 4. Nervous Disorders in Men.
 5. Nervous Disorders in Women.
 6. Obesity in Men.
 7. Obesity in Women.
 8. Heart Affections.

VOL.
 9. Lung and Chest Complaints.
 10. Rheumatism and Gout.
 11. Anaemia: Its Cause and Cure.
 12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
 13. Lack of Vigour.
 14. Physical Deformities in Men.
 15. Physical Deformities in Women.
 16. Functional Defects in Speech.

VOL.
 17. Circulatory Disorders.
 18. Skin Disorders.
 19. Physical Development for Men.
 20. Everyday Health.
 21. Boys' and Girls' Health and Ailments.
 22. Figure Culture for Women.
 23. Insomnia.
 24. Neurasthenia.

If unable to call personally at the Institute for a consultation, **SELECT THE VOLUME REQUIRED FROM THE ABOVE LIST** and post the Application Form below to Mr. Sandow.

"The Quiver" Application Form.

Please say whether } Name.....
 Mr., Mrs., Miss, }
 Rev., or Title. } Address.....

Please send me Vol. No. "Sandow's Health Library."

My age is..... My occupation is.....

Ailment or Physical Defect from which relief is desired.....

Please state any further details which you think necessary for Mr. Sandow to know, continuing on a sheet of your ordinary notepaper.

To EUGEN SANDOW, 32, St. James' Street, London, England.



The Ideal Light Car

includes

- A well-balanced four-cylinder engine to give smoothness;
- A highly-efficient small-sized engine to reduce cost of running to the minimum;
- Automatic forced oil circulation to ensure thorough and proper lubrication without attention;
- An automatic carburettor which is economical in petrol consumption;
- Magneto ignition to save the trouble of charging batteries and adjusting tremblers;
- A non-lubricated plate clutch which requires the minimum of muscular effort to disengage it;
- A strong but not heavy car which will stand all roads, yet not use up tyres on account of its weight.

These represent an ideal car, provided, of course, that it is well designed and made. Specifications count for nothing if they are not backed by first-class reputation. Every motorist knows the unequalled reputation of the

De Dion Bouton

All the above features are included in the De Dion Bouton 1910 model 10 h.p. chassis. The efficiency of this car must not be gauged by what others of similar power are capable. Will you make an appointment with us to try it and judge for yourself?

We can give delivery of chassis of this model and complete cars with two- or four-seated carriage bodies.

Interesting booklets sent free on request.
"The Cost of Motoring," "Good and Bad Cars," "Owners' Experiences," "The Doctor's Motor Car,"

Also our 1910 Motor Carriage Catalogue.

De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd.,

90, Great Marlborough Street,
Regent Street, London, W.

City 3151 (1 line).

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BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Macfarlane
Lang & Co's

'CREAM PUFF'

A new unsweetened Biscuit
having the delicious flavour and light
flaky texture of high-class pastry

Free Sample on application

Victoria Biscuit Works
G L A S G O W

Imperial Biscuit Works
F U L H A M, L O N D O N, S.W



**It Keeps Liquids
Hot or Cold 24 hours.**

In the home a THERMOS is always useful—particularly in winter weather.

It keeps liquids hot 24 hours without a fire, lamp or stove.

- The morning tea
- The baby's food
- The drink for the journey
- Any liquid, any time, anywhere.

And in the Summer it keeps liquids cold.

The THERMOS is solid—practical—neat—and easy to clean.

It is made of metal, lined with glass—and will last a lifetime.

**Thermos
Flask**

costs from 10/- pint size,
15/- quart, up to 10 guineas.

You cannot do without a THERMOS FLASK.

Of all Jewellers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores. Wholesale only:
A. E. Gutmann and Co., 8 Long Lane,
London, E.C.

Onoto Ink is permanent in its results—the older the writing the blacker it becomes.

It is a clear fluid that will not clog fountain or other pens.

Sold in improved easy-to-hold glass bottles, with a spout to pour. No risk of leakage or spills.

Ask your Stationer or Stores for

Onoto Writing Ink—Blue-Black.

Onoto Writing Ink—Black.

Onoto Writing Ink—Red.

Onoto Copying Ink—Blue-Black.

Onoto Copying Ink—Black.

Sold in glass bottles, 6d. to 2s. each, according to size.

Made by
THOS. DE LA RUE & Co.,
LONDON, E.C.



Cantrell & Cochrane's Belfast Ginger Ale is the drink that has made Ginger Ale famous.

You are never disappointed if you insist on C & C. It has its own fine flavour—it is pure—it does please the refined palate. Ask for it by name—C & C.

CANTRELL & COCHRANE, Ltd. (Est. 1852)
Works, Dublin and Belfast.
D. pots, London, Liverpool, Glasgow.
London Agents: Foulsham, Mackie, Tosh & Co.,
London Bridge, S.E.

C & C
(Cantrell & Cochrane's)
Ginger Ale

4001



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FITS CURED Send for Free Book giving full particulars of **TRENCH'S REMEDY**, the world-famous Cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treatment. 20 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; over 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 303, South Frederick Street, Dublin.

This Tablet of Oatine Soap Free

Oatine Toilet Soap has no equal for its healing and cleansing qualities; it lathers freely and leaves the skin soft and velvety. To advertise it we are distributing for a limited period 10,000 Visitors' Tablets absolutely **FREE** to all sending 3d. in stamps for our Sample Outfit, consisting of Book on Face, Massage and a dainty box containing samples of eight Oatine Preparations. Send to-day, enclosing illustration from this advertisement, **THE OATINE CO., 305, Oatine Buildings, Mermaid Court, London, S.E.**



TO CLEANSE the mouth,
and preserve the body from
infection;

TO ENSURE White Teeth
and Sound Gums, use

**JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
ORIENTAL
TOOTH PASTE**

Prepared from Purely Vegetable
Antiseptics.

Contains no Caustic Disinfecting
Chemicals which are liable to affect
the delicate tissues of the mouth
and lips.

Tubes 1/- Pots 1/6 & 2/6

**If You Neglect
Your Liver**

every part of your system must
suffer, because your blood is
certain to become charged with
impurities. Indigestion, depres-
sion, lack of energy, dizziness,
sickness, headaches, etc., are all
"Liver signs." They can be
cured only by restoring life and
vigour to the liver. Dr. Scott's
Pills do this quicker than any
other remedy. A single dose
will prove.

**DR.
SCOTT'S
PILLS**

Sold in green packages by all Chemists
and Stores. Prices: 1/ii and 2/0.

IT'S A BOGEY



Many that, capable housewives reluctantly permit the appearance of the table to be spoiled by a shabby, worn-out collection of Knives and Forks, under the mis-
taken idea that a brand new set of Sheffield Cutlery is so expensive as to be quite out
of reach. Our system of supplying **direct from the factory** has made of pic-
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factory price of cutlery, and, in addition, an order of the description method enables
you to buy without effort. We deliver over the **World renowned**

"ENTERPRISE" PARCEL

All made in our own Factory
for 2/- and your payment in semi-monthly payments of 2/6. When received
and examined, if you are not absolutely satisfied, we will return the money paid
immediately. The Contents include a complete outfit of Table Cutlery and Plate
which will last for a lifetime. It very much matches perfectly, and is designed
in newest style.

The Knives are of Genuine Sheffield Steel of warranted temper and high finish.
The handles are of Ivory Texture Ivory, and are carefully matched in finish
reproduction of choicer African Ivory. **An ornament to any table in the
land.** The Spoons and Forks are manufactured from **Columbian Silver**,
which is a special amalgam of metals exclusively produced for our Factory.
Columbian Silver is a hard, white metal which carries a superior polish, and
able from sterling silver, and wears white all through. Due to the fact that
exposure to air, it will retain its pure white appearance under all conditions of wear.

**51 pieces for 25/- 2/- in the £ Discount
Cash with Order**

CONTENTS OF THE "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL:

6 Table Knives	6 Tea Spoons	1 Moir Sugar Spoon
6 Table Forks	6 Egg Spoons	2 Salt Spoons
6 Dessert Knives	6 Table Spoons	2 Butter Spoons
6 Dessert Forks	6 Salt Spoons	2 Pickle Fork
6 Dessert Spoons	1 Mashed Spoon	7 days approval

Since 1867 we have sold over 350,000 of this Magnificent Value Parcel, and
always to satisfied customers.

CATALOGUE FREE We send our Handsomely Illustrated Manufacturer
Catalogue of Genuine Sheffield Cutlery and Electro plate
POST FREE to your address. It shows a splendid choice of Genuine and
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Ask for Catalogue M. You save enormously by buying direct from the Factory.

**Cutlery and Plate
Manufacturers
SHEFFIELD**

Special Offer of 10,000 Gifts (worth £1,125) to first applicants for Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic

HARRIETT META'S GOLD MEDAL HAIR TONIC is the only hair preparation on sale to-day, the merits of which warrant its manufacturers in giving an absolute and unconditional

Guarantee to return Money

if it fails to give perfect satisfaction.

It is the only Tonic that can be depended upon to stop falling hair, destroy the dandruff germs, promote the growth of new hair, restore grey hair to its original colour, and make hair grow on bald heads.

The formula is published on every bottle, so that you may know what you are using. It contains no coloring matter.

Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic was awarded the Gold Medal by the Vienna Jubilee Exposition, held under the auspices of H.I.H. The Emperor of Austria.

THIS IS OUR OFFER

We desire to introduce Harriett Meta's Hair Tonic in ten thousand more homes, and as an inducement to try it we are making a special free gift of a full-sized jar of Harriett Meta's world-famous beauty cream—known everywhere as Crème To-Kalon—to the first 10,000 applicants who use the coupon below.



OUR GUARANTEE

We absolutely and unconditionally Guarantee to every purchaser of a 2/11 bottle of Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic who buys from us direct, either personally or by post, that if after using one full bottle he or she is in any way dissatisfied, we will on receipt of statement to that effect, at any time within one month from date of sale, promptly and unquestioningly refund the purchase price. No sworn statements to make; no empty bottles to return; we accept your word and decision as final.

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TO-KALON MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.
(Dept. 192A), 143, Gt. Portland St., London, W.C. Date _____

Gentlemen,

Enclosed please find remittance for 2/11, for which please send me, post free, one bottle of Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic, which I order on the condition that if I am dissatisfied after using same, you will at my request, any time within one month from the above date, refund the 2/11 to me. Furthermore, you are to send me with the Hair Tonic, as a gift, absolutely free of all charge, one full size 2/3 jar of Crème To-Kalon (the famous non-greasy, disappearing Cream and Flesh Food).

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and preserve the body from
infection;

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and examined, if you are not absolutely satisfied, we will return the money paid
immediately. The Contents include a complete outfit of Table Cutlery and Plate
which will last for a lifetime. Every piece matches perfectly, and is designed
in newest style.

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representing the choicest African Ivory. An ornamentation to any table in the
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which is a special amalgam of metals exclusively produced for our Factory. Colum-
bian Silver is a hard, white metal which carries a superfine polished finish, and is
able from sterling silver, and wears white all through.
The cutlery is not liable to acid foods or
exposure to air, it will retain its pure white appearance under all conditions of wear.

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Cash with Order

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6 Dessert Knives	2 Table Spoons	2 Butter Knives
6 Dessert Forks	2 Salt Spoons	1 Pickle Fork
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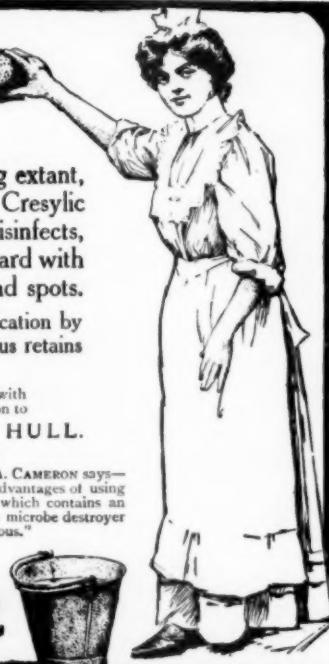
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OUR COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE.—£400 De Dion Bouton Motor Car, Four Cylinders, 1910 Model.

Second Prize, £15 Cash; Third Prize, £10 Cash; Fourth Prize, £5 Cash; 10 Prizes of £1; and 40 Consolation Prizes of Handsome Volumes.

In view of the great success and wide popularity attained by our last competition we have arranged another on similar lines, only in this case the First Prize will be a magnificent De Dion Bouton Motor Car, valued at £400. Undoubtedly, all will agree that this is a prize worth winning.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

We have reproduced certain portions of twelve advertisements of well-known firms, and all you have to do is to fill in on the form below the name of the firm or commodity to which you think each refers.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Cassell's Magazine," "The Quiver," "Little Folks," "The Story-Teller," and "The New Magazine," and the reproductions are from advertisements in the April issues of these publications.

We shall publish two more sets—that is, one in the June and July Numbers—and the first prize will be awarded for the correct list.

In the event of no reader mentioning all the firms or commodities correctly, the first prize will be awarded to the one who has the greatest number right; while, should we receive more than one complete set absolutely correct, a further competition will be arranged of six pictures to decide the winner. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Any number of attempts may be sent in, and the sets of pictures may be taken from any of the above-mentioned magazines. That is to say, you can obtain your April set from "The Quiver," May set from "The New Magazine," June set from "The Story-Teller," and so on. Keep your sets by you until we state the closing date. The cuttings are taken from the advertisement pages of the magazines, and in no instance from leaflets inserted.

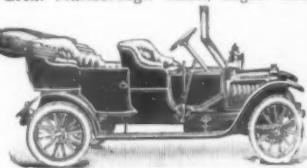
The list of winners will be announced in the number of "The NEW Magazine" published in August.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the Competition. The published decision will be final, and competitors may only enter on this understanding.

No employee of Messrs. Cassell & Co. is allowed to take part in this Competition.

THE MOTOR CAR

will be supplied by Messrs. De Dion Bouton (1907), Ltd., of 90, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, London, W. It is a four-cylinder 1910 model, and embodies all the latest and best improvements, including automatic lubrication, automatic carburation, magnetic ignition, etc. The car will be delivered complete with the best London-made four-seated body, long waterproof hood, folding windscreens, lamps, etc. The De Dion Bouton manufactory is probably the oldest established and largest in Europe. These cars have a world-wide reputation for simplicity, reliability, durability, economy; and the quality of materials and workmanship are recognised as the highest standard in the motor trade.



Set No. 4.



45



46



47



48



49



44

37.	41.	45.
38.	42.	46.
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40.	44.	48.

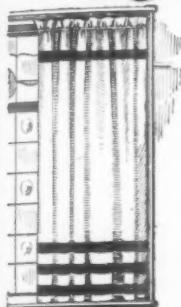
Name.....

Address.....

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—By an unfortunate mistake, item No. 14, which appeared in Set 2 (March Issues), was part of an advertisement that appeared in the Australian Edition only. The Adjudicators have, therefore, arranged to cancel No. 14—that is to say, it will be altogether ignored when the lists are checked.

OETZMANN
& CO. LTD.

HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
LONDON, W.



The "Sheraton" Casement Curtain. Can be made in 2/11 any combination of colours. per pair. Samples Free.

CASEMENT CLOTH.

In the newest and most fashionable colours.

30 inches wide,

6d.

per yard.

52 inches wide,

1/0½

per yard.

This material, owing to its fast colours, soft draping, and washing qualities, is largely used for COSTUMES.

Patterns Post Free.



Elegant Antique Copper Kerb. Marvellous value. Pretty design and well finished. Outside lengths, 1 ft. 11 in. or 2 ft. 6 in. .. 48 each. 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. 3 in. .. 68 .. 3 ft. 3 in. to 4 ft. 6 in. .. 88 ..

Illustrated Booklet,
"STOCK BARGAINS,"
Post Free.



The "Bristol" Toilet Set.

Exclusive design and shape, beautifully coloured, and every piece gilt.

Single Set, 5 pieces, 69

Equal in style and design to sets usually sold at 12/6.



Seamless Axminster Carpets and Rugs.

ft. by 6ft.	ft. by 6ft.	ft. by 6ft.	ft. by 6ft.
36/-	64/-	72/-	84/-
13ft. 6in. by 12ft.	108/-	12ft.	126/-

Sample Rug, size, including fringe, 6ft. by 6ft. 6in., free for 14/8

For the Easiest and Quickest possible Shave.

CLEMAK Safety 5/- Razor 5/-

"WHY PAY A GUINEA?"

The 5/- Outfit, as illustrated in this advertisement, comprises Silver-Plated Frame, handle and strop attachment, with seven perfect Clemak Blades in silk-lined wooden case.

**ASK YOUR DEALER
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Clemak Blades can be Stropped and will last for years.

STANDARD OUTFIT.

TRIPLE SILVER-PLATED.

With 12 Blades and Strop, in handsome leather case, 10/8.

Clemak Stropping Machine including Strop, 3/6
CLEMAK BOOKLET POST FREE.



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THAT'S the secret of its marvellous success. It lets the hair grow. No forcing, no weird massaging, tugging, rending, or other scalp gymnastics need be performed with "VASELINE" HAIR TONIC. It lets the hair grow by removing all obstructions, by killing all harmful germ life. It penetrates the scalp and gets right down to the roots of the choked-up follicles, and frees the tender hair, so that it can fight through.

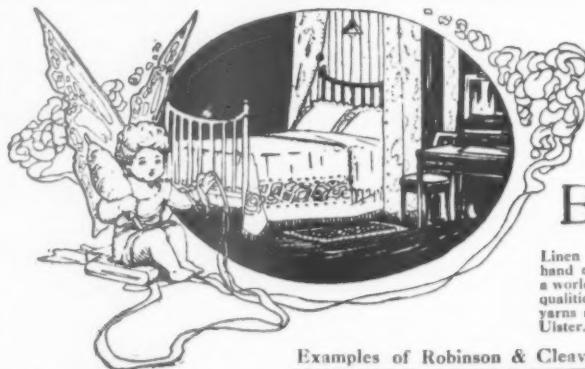
"VASELINE" HAIR TONIC is unlike any other preparation offered 'or the hair. It is a real hair fertiliser, and is to the hair what sunlight is to plant life. It is both a skin and hair food.

"VASELINE" HAIR TONIC is a liquid preparation of Petroleum, delicately perfumed, and is absolutely safe under all circumstances. It is the Best Hair Tonic because it removes the actual source of trouble in the scalp and lets the hair grow. Sold in Bottles. Prices 1/-, 2/- and 3/- per bottle. If not obtainable locally, a trial bottle will be sent, Post Free, to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order.

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Irish Linen Table Cloths	2 by 2½ yards	each 9/11
Irish Linen Table Napkins	½ by ¾ yard	per doz. 12/-

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& SAMPLES
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36, C. DONEGALL PLACE,
BELFAST.

Money refunded
if Goods are not
Approved.

LIVERPOOL

THE QUIVER

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TRAIN BOYS AND GIRLS
FOR THE EMPIRE.

70,957 Children Rescued.
9,000 now in the Homes.

Help is solicited for the Boys' Garden City Scheme to give the Boys the same benefits which the Girls enjoy in their Village.

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS
will be held at Girls' Village Home,
Barkingside, on Saturday, 2nd July.

Editorial Director: WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B.
18 to 26, St George's Causeway, London, E.



THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS

BY THE EDITOR

I WAS much interested the other day in reading a list of "kind actions" performed by Boy Scouts. It appears that under the rules of this excellent organisation each Scout has to do one helpful deed a day, and the record, written in the choice language of the boys themselves, was curious and varied, from stopping a boy throwing stones at a dog, to helping a girl with a pram up a heavy incline. These little things seem almost too small to mention, yet what a lot of happiness and sunshine is created by little acts of kindness cheerfully performed!

Now, the League of Loving Hearts is just an expression of the kindness of our readers for the poor and aged and suffering. It is aimed not for the big philanthropists, but for those who cannot abundantly help every good work, yet who would like to have a small share in assisting deserving causes. Every reader

of THE QUIVER can belong to The League of Loving Hearts, and I am anxious that its membership should not be among the few, but that *all* may give a helping hand. To become a member, fill in the coupon which you will find among the Advertisements, and send to me, with One Shilling.

All the funds of our League—and it consists mostly of single shillings—are divided among ten Societies of broad basis and national repute—Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Ragged School Union, the Church Army, the Salvation Army, Miss Agnes Weston's Work, the Queen's Hospital for Children, the London City Mission, the Orphan Working School, the Church of England Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays, and the British Home and Hospital for Incurables.

Now, will those of my readers who have not yet joined help me with this work?

THE LONDON

City Missionary is a Friend in the Homes of the People, where he daily expounds the Word of God to the poor and artisan non-Churchgoers of this great

CITY

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE VISITATION of this kind is one of the very best means of reaching the hearts of the people, and much blessing attends this branch of the work of the

MISSION.

409 Missionaries Employed.

FUNDS MUCH NEEDED.

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SOCIETY for RELIEF of DISTRESSED JEWS

President and Hon. Treasurer:
F. A. BEVAN, Esq., J.P., D.L.

Recent events in Turkey have enabled thousands of Jewish Refugees from Russia, Roumania, &c., to enter the Holy Land. They are mostly destitute, having been despoiled of everything. This Society relieves, in token of Christian sympathy, many hundreds of sick and feeble, and gives work at Abraham's Vineyard, Jerusalem, to men and boys. Drinking water is also given freely to Jewish poor.

In order to extend the work **FUNDS ARE NEEDED**, and will be thankfully received by

Mr. F. A. BEVAN, J.P., D.L., 54, Lombard Street, E.C.
Messrs. DRUMMOND, Bankers, 49, Charing Cross, S.W.
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Church of England Waifs and Strays Society EARNESTLY PLEADS FOR FUNDS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS GRATEFULLY RECEIVED.

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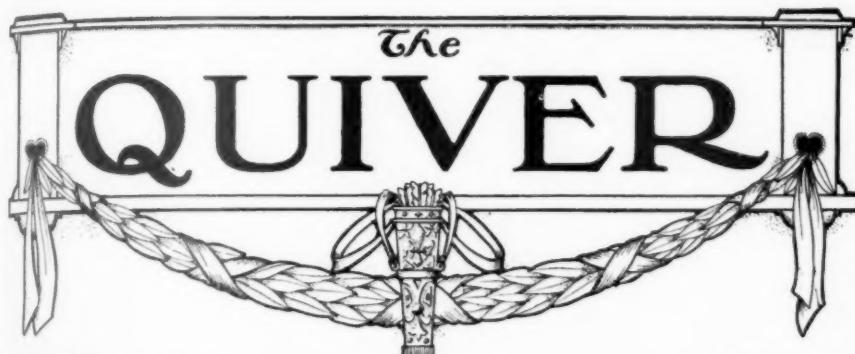
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THE NEW DOLL
From the Painting by W. R. Symonds



VOL. XLV., No. 7

MAY, 1910

The Romance of the Missionary

By E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Late of the American Consular Service in the Ottoman Dominions

IF commerce follows the flag, the flag follows the missionary. It is one of the facts of history. From the days when the lean Jesuits blazed the way in North America for the flag of France, till Livingstone opened the Dark Continent to European exploitation, the missionary has marched before the soldier; the Prayer Book and the Bible have proved more powerful than the rifle and the machine-gun.

Commerce, geography, and civilisation alike owe the missionary a debt which they can never hope to repay. The exploration work of Livingstone is marked by rare precision and by a breadth of observation which will for ever make it a monument to the name of the most intrepid traveller of the nineteenth century. It was Verbeck, a missionary to Japan, who carried the ideals of Western civilisation to the empire of the Mikado before the ink on Perry's treaty was fairly dry, and gave the flowery kingdom its present system of education. William Carey, the great missionary to India, by a tremendous labour of translation, served the interests of scholars and of commerce as well as of religion; and, going to India to preach salvation from sin, immediately set about abolishing the suttee—the custom of sacrificing the widow upon her husband's funeral pyre. It was the representations of American missionaries

that induced Seward and his colleagues to bring about the purchase of Alaska.

No matter in what direction you may turn your canoe or your caravan, you will find the missionaries preaching and teaching, living in native dress amid the filth of Manchurian villages, moving with the nomad tribes of the Sahara, or sleeping in the Indian wigwams of the far North-west. When Younghusband, at the head of his punitive expedition, crossed the frontier of Tibet, he believed himself the first white person to enter that mysterious region—until, on his northward march, he was astounded to find a little American woman fearlessly carrying on her mission work within the borders of the Forbidden Land.

David Livingstone, Verbeck of Japan, Carey of India—those were names to conjure with in their time; and their deeds have thrown a glamour of romance about the calling of the foreign mission worker which will last until the end of time.

The Modern Missionary

About the missionary of to-day—and I have ridden with him, boot to boot, in a score of lands—there is scant reminder of the sombre-garbed, psalm-singing, nasally-voiced, narrow-minded proselytiser who has been made the butt of jokes in comic papers from time immemorial. The missionary of the present day, clean-cut and

THE QUIVER

college-bred, comes from another mould. He is as carefully trained as the consul or the commercial traveller, though on broader and more comprehensive lines. When he starts for his new field, he is something more than a theologian and a preacher. He has had an agricultural course, and can plough and sow and reap after the most approved fashion ; or he knows something of manual industry, and can use a plane, a saw, or a lathe, the tools of a blacksmith, a carpenter, or a mason ; possibly he understands the elements of electricity and of hydraulics and can install a dynamo or set up a ram ; or perhaps he is going out as a medical missionary, in which case the preaching and teaching will be subordinated to the care of the sick, the healing of the lame, the halt, and the blind.

History shows nothing finer than the way in which these pickets of civilisation, scattered over the strange portions of the globe, have distilled a grim humour out of their desolate situations, turning not only a bold, but a laughing face upon the perils which their lives may bring. There is, indeed, something approaching the divine in their power to rise above hard conditions, and to use their minds for the purpose of mocking at the miseries of their bodies. In all the world there is no more thrilling romance than that of these pioneers of progress who have carried the gospel of the clean shirt side by side with that of salvation even to the very Back of Beyond.

The Foe to Squalor

I hold no brief for the missionary, believe me, but one need visit only a native Christian family in China and compare the care of the children and the cleanliness of the home with the neglect and squalor of their neighbours, to realise how fortunate is the community where missionaries are to be found. No matter how little one may favour the expenditure of money for foreign missions, he cannot fail to be impressed, as he travels through Turkey or India or China, with the self-supporting native churches, the busy printing presses, the neat pharmacies, the well-equipped hospitals, the well-attended schools, and with the common sense and practical manner in which the money is applied. Even the Chinese officials have awakened to the fact that the missionaries are the friends of the people ; and during

a recent famine the provincial authorities appealed to them for help—the first appeal of the kind ever made to foreigners by the Chinese Government. It speaks volumes for the executive ability and practical management of the missionaries, that it should have been made to them.

In the Near East

As for the Levant, Mr. Gladstone was right when he said that the American missionaries have done more for that region than have all the nations of Europe put together. Bulgaria would never have gained her independence had it not been for the propaganda spread from Robert College—at least that was what Abdul-Hamid II. said, and he ought to know. In Turkey to-day there are few pre-eminently great men. But one of the greatest is a missionary, Dr. Howard Sweetzer Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. Dr. Bliss is a missionary in so far as educational work, pure and simple, carried on along American collegiate lines, is of a missionary nature. There are nearly a thousand students on the college rolls—Syrians, Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Persians, Arabs, Egyptians, Sudanese, Turks—of every colour from lightest tan to deepest black. Among them are two cousins of the Khedive and a prince of the imperial house of Persia. But beyond the ten-minute chapel service peculiar to all American universities, there is no insistently religious side to the American College, as it is generally called, nor is there the slightest attempt made at proselytism among the students. In spite of their paramount aim, their zeal for God's service, that zeal is never obtruded. "Train their brains and their bodies," President Bliss once said, "and I will take a chance on their souls."

The American College is not alone in the work it is doing for the peoples of Asiatic Turkey, for there are similar, though smaller, institutions at Smyrna, Sivas, Harpoot, Sidon, Jerusalem, Scutari, and Constantinople. Though these various colleges graduate each year a considerable number of physicians, dentists, teachers, and business men, perhaps the most important work they are doing is in supplying the Near East with trained and competent pharmacists. Until very recent years the resident as well as the traveller in Western Asia had to depend

THE ROMANCE OF THE MISSIONARY

for drugs, medicines and the filling of prescriptions on the filthy, unsanitary chemist-shops—*drugeras*, they are called—kept for the most part by illiterate and unspeakably dirty Levantines, who mixed their prescriptions by chance rather than by formula. All that is changed now, thanks to the work of the American educators and missionaries; and there is scarcely a town or hamlet from the Cedars of Lebanon to the shores

had a lawyer brother, practising in New York with a partner named King, the firm name being, naturally enough, King and Jessup. The new father, filled with pride, cabled the tidings to his brother in New York, the cablegram running something like this: "King Jessup, New York, son and heir born to-day."

The native servant, taking the message to the telegraph office in the city, deposited it on the operator's desk, together with the money for the tolls, and disappeared. The operator, as was the custom in Turkey in those suspicious days, carried the message in to the censor before venturing to put it on



"Here we find King Edward of England, and King Alfonso of Spain . . . but of this King Jessup I can find no single mention"—p. 608.

of the Dead Sea that does not boast a neat, well-appointed, and prosperous pharmacy.

Humour in Perilous Places

There are many elements of humour in the life of a missionary, especially in the Eastern lands, where the natives are, after all, not far removed from children. No name is better known in mission work than that of Jessup of Syria. For close on half a century the two elder Jessups, later their sons, and now their grandsons, have covered the land of Syria with their endeavours, inland from Beirut to Damascus and the Hauran, southward from the Cedars to Jordan and the Samarian hills. In the course of time, a son was born to one of the younger Jessups, who lived in the outskirts of Beirut. Now the missionary Jessup

had a lawyer brother, practising in New York with a partner named King, the firm name being, naturally enough, King and Jessup. The new father, filled with pride, cabled the tidings to his brother in New York, the cablegram running something like this: "King Jessup, New York, son and heir born to-day."

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THE QUIVER

foreign ruler, some king—King Jessup, whoever he may be—and it informs him that a son and heir, a crown prince, was born in this very town to-day. It is doubtless a plot to seize the throne of His Imperial Majesty—whom Allah preserve!—but if we can only thwart it, Excellency, there are great things in store for us—for you a governorship in one of the European provinces; for me, perhaps, a *berat* as pasha and a grand cordon."

The old governor was a man of deeds, not words. "Summon the members of the council," he said, and orderlies clattered forth with orders to the various municipal officials to appear forthwith at the *Governorat*. In they came, the *cadi* of the city, the captain of the port, the commandant of the garrison, the chief *imam*, each salaaming profoundly in his turn. To them the governor revealed the treasonous plot. "Our futures are in our own hands," he ended. "If we discover this prince, we shall stagger under the honours which will be heaped upon us. If we fail to discover him, then may Allah have mercy upon our souls!"

Turkish *Governorats* seldom boast of libraries; but the censor unearthed an ancient copy of the *Almanach de Gotha*, and down its list of sovereigns he ran his finger. "Here we find King Edward of England," he read, "and King Alfonso of Spain, and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, not to mention two emperors and a czar; but of this King Jessup I can find no single mention."

"Perhaps," the chief of police suggested hopefully, "he may be one of those rulers of the Farther East of whom we sometimes hear."

But the commandant, who had spent a year in Vienna, rose in the scorn of his superior education. "Not at all, my brothers," said he, "I know the name well—this King Jessup of whom you speak. He is the King of those red Indians who inhabit that country of which the capital is New York, and to which the message is addressed."

The explanation seemed plausible (this may seem *outré* and absurd and impossible, but Turkey, remember, is all of these and more); so then came the problem of locating and seizing the Indian heir apparent.

"Why not get the messenger who brought the message?" suggested some one, saner

than the rest. And within an hour the servant, found in a coffee-house, was arraigned before the council. When he heard the accusation he could scarce forbear laughing, but as his feet still tingled from a recent application of the bastinado, he held his peace.

"Why not send for my master, the missionary, Excellency?" he inquired humbly. "I doubt not that he can explain all." So they summoned Jessup, the mission worker, born and bred in those parts and speaking Arabic as his native tongue. To him they told their suspicions, gravely, and with equal gravity he explained what the message really meant, for in Turkey gravity is a precious thing. So they drank the inevitable coffees, the signal of dismissal in the East, and made the inevitable profound salaams, and Jessup the missionary returned to dandle his firstborn on his knee, while the governor and the censor and the rest, puffing gloomily at their cigarettes, pondered over their lost honours.

The Story of the "Well-Beloved"

I have another story to tell of a Syrian missionary—one with a less happy ending; and I tell it less for the incident than to show the hold that the mission workers in strange lands gain over the hearts of men.

The missionary I have in mind was stationed at Sidon. As an itinerant worker he spent the greater part of each year in travelling through the remote portions of his parish, from Sidon eastward to Hermon, southward to Acre and beyond. Stifling heat and piercing cold, drought and flood, dust and mud, caravan routes and mountain paths were the same to him. He travelled much by night that he might work by day. He had a thorough grasp of that complexity known as Turkish law, and transacted the legal business of his people. Wherever he went, he relieved distress. He once gathered the necessary funds and bought outright from its unscrupulous Druse owners a Lebanon village, and then sold it on easy terms to the oppressed tenant farmers, hundreds of whom he had at various times tided over some trouble.

He lived with the people; none was too humble or too rough. Thieves and robbers he numbered among his friends and converts. He sat with his people in their coffee-houses and smoked their *nargilehs*;

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he hunted bear with them in the mountains of Samaria—working for his cause in day-by-day normal association. Do you wonder that from one end of Syria to the other the natives called him the "Well-Beloved"?

It was in an expedition high up in the Samarian hills that the end came. Eddy and his two boys, one twelve, the other ten, were in camp far up on the mountain slopes. Selim, the faithful body-servant whose life Eddy had once saved, and Mohammed, the old Bedawy hunter whom he had redeemed from a life of outlawry, had pitched the camp and prepared the supper. The wearied children had already gone to bed when a torrent of blood from mouth and nose brought the missionary the unmistakable death summons of heart failure. Calling in his faithful, frightened servants, he told them that in another hour he would be dead; then minutely he directed them how to get the children and his body down to the coast, and gave them messages for the hillfolk among whom he had spent his life.

Then the children were awakened. "My boys," he said, holding them to him, "to-night Dr. Ford [a fellow missionary] starts on his journey to Syria, and to-night I, too, begin a longer journey." Giving his last messages for the loved ones at home to the sleepy, frightened children, he put them back to bed. Then, with his Bible on his knees, he sat by the dying fire and waited for the end. At midnight his soul passed on to glory. I know of no more touching picture than that of this brave man, with his children, all unconscious, sleeping beside him, calmly waiting by his lonely camp fire under the Syrian stars for the unfolding of the Great Unknown.

It fell to me to represent the American

"Then, with his Bible on his knees, he sat by the dying fire and waited for the end."

Government at the funeral of Mr. Eddy, and, though it has been my lot to follow to the grave the remains of many of the great ones of the earth, I have never witnessed so spontaneous an outpouring of grief as was accorded to this simple missionary. It seemed as if all Palestine and Syria had come to do him honour. The route from the mission church to the little Protestant cemetery lay for two miles or more through the narrow streets and subterranean passageways of the ancient town, and every foot of those two miles the flag-draped coffin was carried aloft on the tips of the people's fingers—not Christians alone, but Mohammedans, Druses, and Jews struggling for a chance to do honour to Eddy, the Well-Beloved, in this peculiarly Oriental manner.

Unto Death

Another story of a missionary's unflinching courage, even in the face of the piled faggots and the torture-stake, is told by the officers and men of the Canadian Mounted Police who patrol the great North-west; for there, too, the missionary has played as great a part as the helmeted trooper in



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bringing law and order into the rough mining camps and the Indian tepees. From Vancouver to Great Slave Lake there is scarce an Indian tribe that does not know and honour the name of James Evans, a missionary who has devoted his life to bettering the physical as well as the moral lot of the Canadian Indians. On snow-shoes or in a bark canoe he traversed the lakes and rivers or crossed the barren grounds of the great North-west, sleeping out on the rocks or in the forests, in whirling snowstorms or in drenching rains.

On these journeys, Evans had as his interpreter a converted Indian, Joseph Hasselton by name. One day, while crossing a lake in the wilderness, the Indian, seeing some ducks, called for his gun, which was in the stern of the canoe, and Evans, not knowing that it was cocked (Ah, me, these people who "don't know"!), handed it to

him muzzle first. The trigger, catching on a thwart, went off, killing Hasselton instantly. After making a grave for his companion in the wilderness, the missionary, crushed with grief and remorse, resolved to go and give himself up to the avengers of blood in the wild pagan tribe to which Hasselton belonged. They lived far away, and "a life for a life" was their motto; but this quixotic missionary never faltered.

After a journey of many months through a wilderness which no white man had seen before, he reached the Indian village, and telling his story, gave himself up to the relatives of Hasselton for the usual death by torture. The braves were all for killing him, the death whoops rent the air, the stake was prepared, the prisoner bound to it, and the faggots were ready to be set alight, when the mother of the dead man, claiming a tribal privilege, intervened. Evans was taken into the family in Hasselton's place, given an Indian name, and formally adopted by the tribe, among whom he still lives and labours up there on the edges of the great unknown.

In Peril of Robbers

On the other side of the continent, in the Province of Quebec, lives a medical missionary, known among the rough *habitants*



"The stake was prepared, the prisoner bound to it,
and the faggots were ready to be set alight, when
the mother of the dead man intervened."

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and lumber jacks whom he tends as "old Doctor Spear." That is the title of respect which he goes by from La Prairie to the falls of the Chaudière. Down the dim forest road one night rattled the hooded gig of the old preacher-practitioner, bound on a hurry call, for at some lonely cabin in the big woods a new soul was about to see the light. Suddenly his horse shied, then halted, quivering, as a shadowy figure leaped from the bushes by the roadside and a shadowy hand grasped the bit. "Halt! Hands up!" came the curt command. "Hands up and be quick about it!" Three masked figures, sinister, menacing, ranged themselves beside the gig; three revolver barrels covered the startled doctor. "Come now, hand over your money or it'll be the worse for you," ordered one of the highwaymen, and flashed a bull's-eye in the physician's face.

"Why, boys, we've made a mistake," he exclaimed; "it's old Doctor Spear. Doctor, we surely beg your pardon. You see," he continued, apologetically, "we were looking for the paymaster of the mines, but we couldn't see who it was in the dark. But you can't keep on by this road, for the river bridge has been washed away; you will have to go by the lower road and cross at the ford. Jacques, here, will show you the way." The bandit called Jacques removed his mask shamefacedly and climbed in beside the doctor, his two companions raising their hats in respectful salutation as the gig turned down a path into the heart of the forest. The river was running high under the impetus of the spring freshets,



"Come now, hand over your money or it'll be the worse for you," ordered one of the highwaymen."

but the outlaw guided the vehicle across the treacherous ford in safety. "Doctor," he said, hesitatingly, as he alighted, "if you don't object, I'd feel proud to shake your hand. If there were more of your sort in the big woods, there'd be less of ours." Then he stood bareheaded in the forest until the sound of the gig-wheels died away in the distance.

An Outsider's Testimony

It has been my intention, in relating all these diverse incidents, to show in graphic form what manner of men and women are carrying Christianity and civilisation side by side to the four corners of the earth. Every great movement has its critics and abusers. The foreign missionary movement is no exception. The religious aspect of the question, so far as this article is concerned, at least, is no concern of ours. But among a not inconsiderable portion of our people it has become the fashion to deride and ridicule the missionary. In the clubs of Cairo

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and Constantinople, in the hotel lobbies of Yokohama and Shanghai, you will hear the missionaries abused *en masse* as busybodies who are for ever meddling with that which does not concern them. But that these twenty thousand men and women are doing practical good to mankind, be it Christian or pagan, is evidenced by the fact that there is no single field of modern effort for social improvement that is not represented in the work of the foreign missions. The ninety-four colleges and universities, 159 presses, 500 odd hospitals, 247 orphanages and foundling homes, 100 leper asylums, 156 refuges for rescue work, for the opium slave, and the insane, close to 27,000 schools—all these speak louder than any words.

The Business Man's Testimony

The hard-headed men doing business in foreign lands, men with scant sympathy for preachers and the like, welcome the missionary as a power for practical good. Alfred Smith, a field missionary of the Young Men's Christian Association, travelling by steamer from Calcutta to Rangoon, became acquainted quite by chance one evening with a sociable Anglo-Indian. Toward the close of the evening the Englishman pulled a cheque book from his pocket and, scribbling a few lines in it, handed to the astonished secretary a cheque for two hundred thousand rupees (about £20,000). "I believe in the work you are doing," he said; "this is to help it along," and, turning on his heel, he went into the cabin.

On the following evening, Smith, passing through the smoking room, found his erstwhile friend playing at cards and losing heavily, as he was considerably the worse for drink. With some difficulty he managed to get him on to the deck. As the Englishman began to sober up under the influence of a brisk walk, the secretary expressed his surprise that a man who gave gifts of such magnitude to a Christian institution, should so far forget himself as to drink and gamble.

"Now, understand me," interrupted the Englishman. "I'm no Churchman, and I don't pretend to be. I have a bit of a gamble when I want amusement and a bit of a drink when I'm thirsty, and all your

talking won't stop me. Then why did I give the money to help along the work you are doing? Because that work means pounds, shillings, and pence to me. I own the largest lumber business in all India. Before you came out here with your schools and mission stations and clubhouses, life for a business man was not worth living. My clerks stole from me, my foreman lied to me, my workmen fought and quarrelled. But after you established your Y.M.C.A. work, all this was changed. Now I can go away for weeks at a time, knowing that my employees will protect my interests and behave themselves. And, let me tell you, young man, that I am not alone in my appreciation of the work you are doing; every employer of labour in India will tell you the same. . . . Come and have a drink?"

The conception of the missionary as a mere proselytiser is obsolete. The modern mission worker ministers first to the first need. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose work in Labrador has given him a national reputation, went there as a preacher. But the people needed a physician. So he built his mission ship, the *Strathcona*, and goes up and down that ice-bound coast—as physician, chemist, letter carrier, friend, and preacher.

For Progress and Civilisation

Wherever he has gone, the modern missionary has stood for progress and civilisation. He has marched in the very van of history—Livingstone, giving England a new empire in the heart of Africa; Verbeck, opening Japan to Western civilisation; Alexander Duff, promoting an educational system for India; Cyrus Hamlin, founding a college that was to count mightily in the solution of the great "Eastern question"; and the great host of others who gradually raise the physical, social, and moral standards of a whole country. They have played a great part in the history of the world, have these courageous, self-sacrificing men and women. But all too often is their progress traced by trails of blood; all too often are their names found on the roll of martyrs. They have proven themselves the heroes, as well as the pioneers of modern civilisation.



“What Shall it Profit—”

A Story of Love and Sacrifice

By A. B. COOPER

MADEMOISELLE CINTRA, the world-famous *prima donna*, lounged wearily back into the recesses of one of the luxurious fauteuils with which her special saloon was furnished, and gazed out, though with unseeing eyes, upon the sweet English landscape through which the train was rushing. She had had a great triumph in the North; her concerts had been packed almost to the suffocation point; bouquets had been showered upon her; the music-loving factory workers, who can distinguish gems from paste where the exquisite instrument of the human voice is concerned, had gone wild with enthusiasm, whilst the people who had paid golden guineas for their seats had also risen to her and given her an ovation generally accorded only to a successful candidate at a General Election.

Yes, it had pleased her. As she stood before these enthusiastic thousands of her fellow country men and women—for in spite of her sobriquet she was English right enough—she had felt great surges of emotion come up into her throat, and that sense of personal triumph for which men and women toil and strive, and climb, and scheme. With that wonderful instrument, her magnificent organ-toned voice, she had felt that she could do what she liked with these people; she felt that she held over them a sort of hypnotic control; she could hold them spellbound whilst the 'cello notes of her voice quivered and thrilled and throbbed against the tense silence of their listening; she could make the tears start, she could set three thousand faces contracting with emotion or expanding with smiles.

Oh, yes, all these things had pleased her—and why should they not?—but to-day she was tired; she was experiencing the reverse of that beautiful Scriptural flower of poesy, “Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.” With her it was joy that had endured for a night, and sorrow—or, at least, a certain sense of desolation, of dissatisfaction, of

emptiness, of futility, of infinite longing—which had come with the morning. She could not wholly explain it, but this sort of thing had been growing upon her of late. She had thought that in following her vocation—for why was her glorious voice given to her if not to charm listening thousands with her song?—that she would find happiness, satisfaction, her chief delight, her crown of life. Occasionally she thought so still, and especially in her moments of triumph; but when these thinking times came, when silence and solitude bound her hand and foot and threw her to the hungry lions of her own thoughts—ah! it was then she knew the difference between peace and torture, between satisfaction and heartache, between rest and infinite regret.

Well, she had chosen. Chosen? Chosen what? The better part? Ah, that was doubtful. If success was the criterion of a wise choice, then had she chosen well indeed. It had not entered the wildest dreams of the village doctor's daughter that her name would ever get much farther than Little Compton; yet she had sung in Vienna, and Berlin, and Paris to delighted thousands. She, little Mary Arkhill, who used to sing in the village choir and see Valentine Henderson, her father's assistant, looking at her the while with something in his eyes which stirred her heart so; aye, and sometimes blurred her eyes so, that she could scarcely see her music or sing the notes that were there—it all seemed a dream, an illusion, a sweet idyll of the past, the irrevocable past.

But she had had her dreams. Oh, yes. She was not unaware, even in those days, of the special quality of her voice. Val, who was no mean judge, had told her that her voice was one in a million. But then he was biased, prejudiced in her favour. He had also told her many a time that she was the sweetest girl in the world. Ah! he was a man if there was one. Val Henderson was her hero still, even if she had sent him empty away. Empty? Was it he who had gone away empty, or was

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it—was it—she? She sighed heavily and drew her wrap closer about her shoulders, for it was late October, and though the saloon was warm, the flitting landscape looked chilly, and, besides, her thoughts were sad.

Perhaps, if she had never won that Royal Academy Scholarship things might have been otherwise. Aye, she might have been in the back-blocks of the Chinese Empire now, doing hospital work, bandaging sore eyes, and leprous limbs, being a mother to abandoned babies, and rescuing girls doomed from birth to a life of shame. She might have been! It was the scholarship which set her heart afame for fame, which put her on the straight road to the goal of her highest ambition. It had been the dream of her childhood, the absorbing ambition of her womanhood. Yes, and she would make Val proud of her. He was so clever, so splendid, so brave, so serious, so unselfish. She felt that she wanted to do something to make him glory in her. And this was the way. She would win fame for his sake, as well as for her own.

Of course, there was never any doubt as to her complete success at the Academy. Her name was inscribed upon the walls of the entrance hall in half-a-dozen places, for, not content with one honour, she had gone for many, and with invariable success. Thus, eighteen months had passed away, and already it was apparent to everybody that she was destined to a great artistic career, and during all this time Val's letters had been one of her chief delights. Yet he only wrote like a very very great friend. They were not love-letters in the ordinary sense, but she knew—oh, yes, she knew!

But then something happened which vaguely disquieted her. She thought that she must have had some intuitive, prophetic instinct with regard to what it meant to him—and to her. Val's letters had always been serious, like his nature, though hitherto he had always been very reticent with regard to matters of religion. But now they began to be full of talk about unselfishness, about taking up one's cross, about living for others, about self-sacrifice, about losing one's life to gain it, and the like. Oh, how those letters used to turn her heart inside out! What an unheroic girl they made her feel! Then the bolt fell. He wrote to tell her that he had been accepted

as a medical missionary by one of the great missionary societies, and that very shortly he should go out to China and devote his life and his medical skill to the service of the Chinese poor. And he told her in the same letter that he was coming to London to ask her face to face if she would go with him.

Go with him? Mademoiselle Cintra shuddered visibly under her furs. Her face wore a look of pain. The shock of that spectre of the past almost awoke her from her reverie, but her eyes were still far away, the landscape still flitted past unheeded, unseen. She was going through that interview with Val again, that terrible crucial struggle between love for a man, which meant self-immolation, voluntary exile, equivalent in her eyes to being buried alive, or the splendours and glories of a great artistic career—without him—without him.

Well, she had chosen the latter. But how he had pleaded! She could see him now, his grey eyes looking searchingly into hers, searchingly yet with such a great love shining in them that she almost said, "Yes, yes, yes; I will follow you, my knight, my hero, my man of men, to the ends of the earth. Put me to doing or suffering, to toiling, to fighting, let me be anything let me be nothing, so long as I am with you." Yes, she almost said it—yet she did not say it. Ambition had conquered. She could not forego the glorious career which surely awaited her, and now—now she had grasped it, grasped the glory, the fame, the applause, the triumph, and—and—here she was, sitting in this luxurious saloon, with the unheeded landscape of green fields and brown trees and sloping downs and little villages flitting past her—and her thoughts unutterable for sorrowfulness.

Then Mademoiselle Cintra sat up, shook herself, and looked about her as one who awakes from a depressing dream. There were half-a-dozen books scattered about the carriage, and a newspaper or two. She stretched out her hand and took one of the papers. She did not feel equal to any effort of concentration. Her mind was too tired. But she would just glance at the news. Ah!

"ANTI-CHRISTIAN RIOTS IN CHINA.

Murder of a Missionary."

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT—"

That heading attracted her strangely. It made her gasp as if she were short of breath. To think that even the possibility of this murdered missionary being her old friend, Val Henderson, should affect her so strangely when they had been parted five long years! But it did. Mademoiselle Cintra seldom read the newspaper. She was indifferent by this time even to the Press notices of her concerts, politics interested her but little, and the movements of Society still less. Yet, whenever she saw the word "missionary," either in the newspaper or anywhere else, it invariably attracted her. Because Val was a missionary all missionaries were interesting personalities.

Her eyes looked with feverish eagerness down the page. She was looking for a name. And she found it. The furniture of the saloon suddenly seemed to whirl round her. She felt a sensation of falling. She tried to cry out, but whether she did so or not, she could not tell, for it seemed only the ghost of a cry, as though a great wind had caught the sound and tossed it about and made it ineffective. Yet presently she found herself lying on the couch on the other side of the saloon, and her maid was bathing her forehead with eau-de-Cologne and holding a smelling-bottle to her nose at the same time.

"There, there," she said, as she saw her mistress open her eyes. "You'll be all right presently. I've told you before you should not sit with your back to the engine. I always feel faint myself if I do. Ah, here's a cup of tea coming for you. That will put new life into you." She helped her mistress to sit up, propped her in that position with half-a-dozen cushions, and held the tea-cup enticingly to her lips.

"Thanks, Miriam, thanks," said the great singer, looking up at her maid with a wan smile. "You're awfully good to me. Yes—perhaps I did sit with my back to the engine. I mustn't do it again. Leave me now, dear. I would like to rest. Yes, I am quite all right. Don't worry about me." But as soon as Miriam had gone, Mademoiselle Cintra staggered to her feet and picked up the paper which she saw lying upon the floor. She dreaded to read the account of Val's death, but read it she must, read it she would, though she felt that every word would be like death to her.

Yet she could scarcely read it for tears. A hundred times she had to stop to wipe her eyes before she could see the paper, let alone the print. The newspaper account read as follows:—

"There has been a recrudescence of anti-foreign feeling in the City of Yang-poo, and it has resulted in the murder of the medical missionary stationed there, Dr. Valentine Henderson. It seems that the doctor was visiting an outlying settlement when the disturbance commenced, and had he cared to stay there, he could easily have saved his life. But when the news came through by means of a runner that Yang-poo was in a ferment, and that the missionaries' houses and even the hospital had been surrounded by a howling mob evidently ripe for mischief, the doctor made all haste back to what he considered his post of duty. In so doing he went to his death, for the report has just been received that Dr. Henderson was killed by the rioters whilst defending the devoted and helpless women who were associated with him as nurses and Bible-women in his missionary enterprises.

"One of our correspondents, on hearing this sad news from China, sought an interview with Dr. Gregory Jackson, the Secretary of the missionary society under whose auspices Dr. Valentine Henderson went to China, and the Secretary's account of the circumstances under which Dr. Henderson met his death will be read with interest. 'Dr. Henderson,' he said, 'has been one of our most successful, most heroic, and most devoted missionaries. It is only five years ago since he went to China, but during that time he has done a work, the importance of which is incalculable both in itself and in its probable influence upon the future of medical and sanitary science in that great Empire. He risked his life a hundred times in the treatment of loathsome diseases, from which happily the Christian nations of the West are free, as well as in surgical and medical experiments, the results of which have, I fear, died with him.'

"The work in Yang-poo was entirely his. He has performed miracles in the brief space of five years, and we thought indeed that he had impressed the natives of the town so greatly with his healing mission and sincerity of purpose that he and those associated with him, chiefly ladies, had nothing to fear from the animosity of the Chinese; and, indeed, if the townsmen had been left to themselves, it is possible that this sad event would not have happened, although there has been of late a strong anti-foreign feeling in the province. We learnt the news from a brief cable sent by one of the nearest workers. From what we can make out, it seems that a band of men from a neighbouring town, as yet untouched by missionary influence, made an incursion into the place and roused the people to such a pitch of excitement that the mission-house and hospital were presently surrounded by a shouting, howling mob.

"At that time the doctor was away at a neighbouring village, and, of course, the moment he

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heard of these disturbances, he hastened back to his headquarters. He found the patients, the women, and the native Christians all gathered there, and in a great state of perturbation, for the disturbances had been repeated, and the mood of the mob seemed to be growing fiercer. That night must have been a terrible one. Whether wisely or unwisely, Dr. Henderson, with a courage which is natural to him, went out alone to face the crowd. Unfortunately some one in the crowd fired at him with an old flintlock. He received a wound in his head, which it is reported, proved fatal."

With a motion of infinite tenderness, her eyes suffused with tears, Mademoiselle Cintra raised the crumpled paper to her lips. "I was not—worthy" she murmured—"not worthy. But he loved me. Nothing can ever take that from me; and I sent him away—alone. God forgive me! I sent him away alone!"

Mademoiselle Cintra was glad that she was not engaged that night. Never before had she felt so unfit to face an audience. Neither could she stay in her rooms at her hotel. She wanted to be alone, and she wanted to be in the open air. So she put on her big coat and an inconspicuous hat, and went out into the streets of the town. The rain was coming down drearily, and the street lamps were reflected from the pavement in long wet streaks of light. But the night suited her mood. With her umbrella up, and the rain patterning down upon it, she had a sense of isolation, of aloofness, which was a comfort to her. Hers was a sorrow which she could not share. Who was there who could understand her? Her own father had been dead these two years, and he was the only one who could even remotely have entered into her sorrow.

Suddenly she was arrested by a sound of singing and, raising her umbrella, she saw in front of her a lighted church. Evidently there was some week-evening service proceeding. She could not hear the words, but the old familiar tune which came floating out into the moisture-laden atmosphere set itself to words which she had known from childhood:

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine."

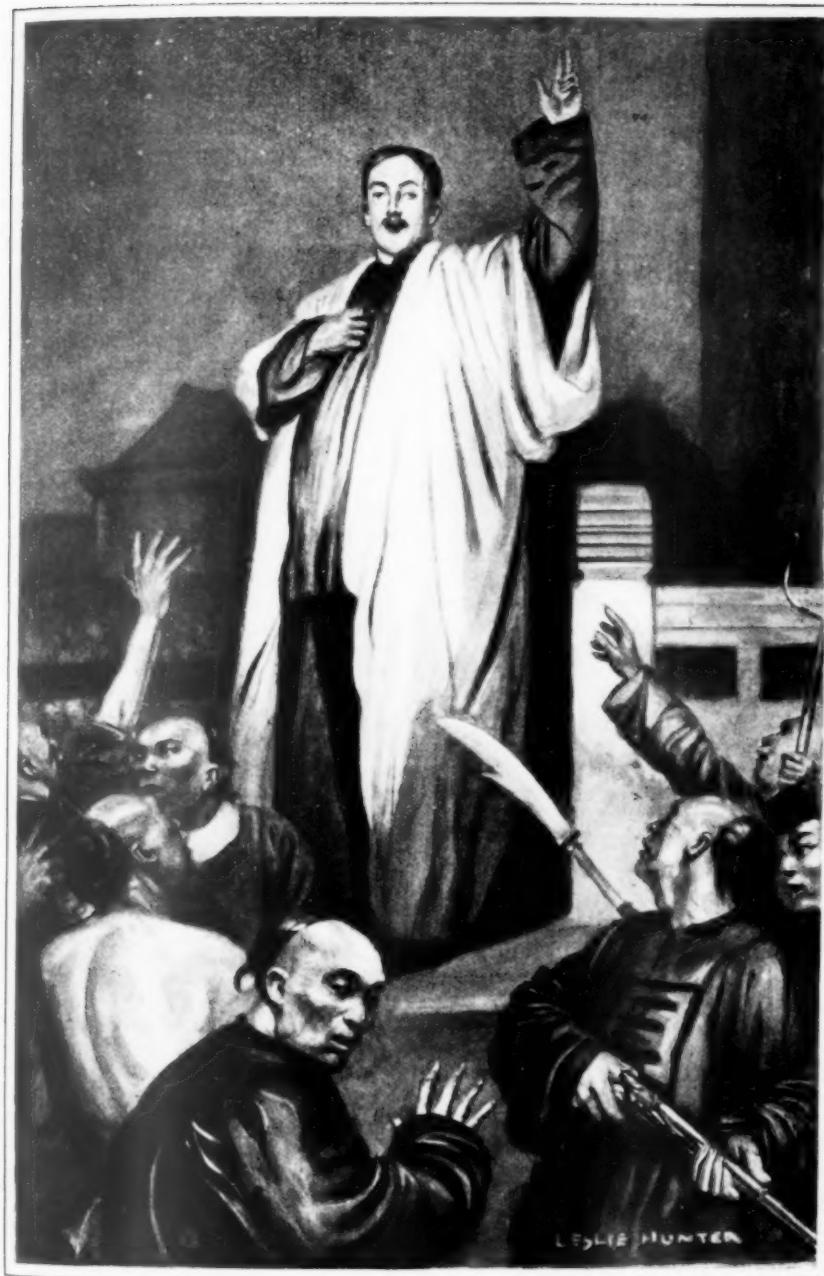
She felt an unaccountable desire, nay, an urging, to go inside. But why should she go into a strange place of worship? Then the singing ceased. If that was the end of the hymn she would pass on, for when the congregation was settled, her entrance would be too noticeable. No, the singing recommenced, and without a moment's hesitation she went up the broad steps into the portico. She stood for a moment listening to the familiar words of the last verse:

"When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove,
O, bear me safe above
A ransomed soul."

It seemed to bring all her life before her and fill her with a great surge of emotion. She opened the swinging door, and a gentleman within led her to one of the vacant seats near the front—much too near for her liking. A moment later the tones of the organ died into stillness and the congregation sat down.

It was soon evident that she had happened upon a series of mission services, and the preacher addressed the congregation, which occupied the body of the church only, from behind the Communion rails. He was a man well advanced in years, with a benign countenance—a countenance which glowed with an inward spiritual grace. As he spoke with a quiet earnestness, she seemed to forget that she was Mademoiselle Cintra; she was again little Mary Arkhill, a member of the village choir. The last five or six years seemed to slip away from her, and the triumphs, the fame, the glory of them seemed like a dream.

When he had spoken for some twenty minutes, the old preacher said: "I have a surprise in store for you. A stranger is going to add a few words to mine. A stranger I say. Yes, a stranger to you, but no stranger to me, nor indeed to the cause of Christ. He has been through fire and through water, through dangers and through deaths in order to spread the healing gospel of Love. I wished him to take the whole service to-night, but I could not persuade him to do so. But I did persuade him to say a few words to you. It is Dr. Valentine



"Whether wisely or unwisely, Dr. Henderson, with a courage which is natural to him, went out and faced the crowd."

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Henderson, the well-known and beloved Chinese medical missionary."

Mary Arkhill experienced once more that weird dream feeling. She felt again that strange faintness creeping over her senses which had overcome her during her memorable journey earlier on the same day. She rallied herself with a great effort. But tears had blurred her vision. She only heard a voice speaking in the listening stillness, to her a veritable voice from the dead. But, thank God, it was the old voice, though she could not see the face. Presently her vision cleared, and then she saw one face only, the face of her old lover, the man for whom she could have died, yet whose love she had put aside for ever—and for what?—empty fame, the applause of the world—a world which would forsake her to-morrow if her voice were to crack!

Then she found herself listening, listening with an intensity which was almost painful. Every word uttered by the young missionary, with the pale face and the scar upon his forehead, seemed addressed to her and her alone, and yet she knew he had not seen her although she was so near to him. It was only her awakened heart interpreting his words to its own uses, to its own individuality, to its own needs.

"There are those who make the great refusal," he said, "and who find when too late that the things most worth having are lost to them for ever. Do not be deceived. God Himself cannot recall the past. Its mark is indelible, branded upon the soul. Yea, even when you have come to the foot of the Cross for pardon and cleansing, the poignancy of that memory of stubbornness and pride and blindness to the truest and the best becomes more poignant still, because in the light of the new life the past looks its blackest, and sorrow for that past becomes a deeper sorrow.

"But though the past is irretrievable, though we can never wipe out its stain entirely, yet the future is bright with promise. 'He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust,' and though even God Himself cannot erase the refusals, the stubbornness, the pride, the self-seeking of the past, yet He can remove these things and their cause as far from us as the east is from the west—yea, even so far can He remove our transgressions from

us." Then, with infinite tenderness, he pleaded for the higher life, for the life which is life indeed, the road to which leads over Mount Calvary.

"Now, let us bow our heads in silent prayer," he concluded, "and while your heads are bowed and you are praying for yourselves and for one another, if there is one soul in this church which feels its load, and longs for its removal, which wishes here and now to begin life afresh on a higher plane, in a purer atmosphere, with higher ideals and more God-like aims, stand up in your place as a sign of your acceptance of God's conditions of peace."

Then the congregation bowed in prayer. Mary Arkhill knew, the moment she heard Valentine's challenge, that she must rise in her place. But though she knew it, knew it to be inevitable, her pride fought stubbornly against this public avowal. The darkness seemed peopled with shadows. Her heart burned within her, her brain was in a whirl. She had faced immense audiences with equanimity, with coolness, with perfect self-possession, but to stand up and reveal her identity before Valentine Henderson was a supreme trial for her. Yet she had come to another turning point in her life. She had made one great refusal; could she make another? The past was dead. Valentine Henderson could never be anything to her except a memory—a memory of a great happiness which might have been hers had she not finally refused it. But this choice was supreme. It involved all others.

These thoughts rushed through her mind in a torrent. An incalculable space of time seemed to be crowded into half a dozen palpitating moments. Then she rose in her place and lifted her head for a moment. If a spectre had appeared to him the young missionary could not have been more surprised. He told her so afterwards. But even in that brief moment when their eyes met she saw it in his face. That he recognised her instantly was evident. A great look of wonder came into his face, and she thought it turned a shade paler. But he bowed slightly, and said audibly: "Thank God, there's one. Will not others follow this good example?" And they did, one after another, in all parts of the church. "And now let us sing 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,'" said

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT—"

the old minister, coming forward. And the congregation sang it, and sang it again.

Then Valentine Henderson had a sudden inspiration, which he acted upon instantly. The old minister had taken charge of the meeting, and thus Valentine was free. He left his place, and tip-toed to the corner of the pew where Mary sat. She saw him coming, and wondered what his errand could be.

"Mary," he whispered, "I don't know what brought you here, but I think God sent you. Will you sing for us, and thus do your first bit of missionary work in the new life?"

He held out his hand, and she put her own in his.

"Yes," she whispered, "if you wish it—Val—I will."

Then, as the congregation once more sat in their places, these two old friends went within the Communion rails. Valentine whispered to the old minister, and he looked upon Mary with his benignant smile and said: "Thank you, my dear, thank you, indeed. It will be a great and beautiful service, and one which will help you more fully into the Light. What will you sing?"

Mary picked up an old familiar tune-book and passed its pages rapidly through her fingers. She knew what she was seeking, and she found it; and presently the organ pealed out a finely dramatic tune set to words of infinite tenderness and pathos, and when the first strains had died away, Mary's glorious voice filled the church with its exquisite melody, and with an intensity of feeling and compelling conviction which brought tears to flow unchecked from hundreds of eyes:

"Man of Sorrows," what a name
For the Son of God Who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

"Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
In my place condemned He stood;
Sealed my pardon with His blood;
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

Dr. Valentine Henderson did not go back to China alone when his furlough was over. The musical world said that Mademoiselle

Cintra was throwing her life away in abandoning her splendid career, and burying herself in the heart of China. Ah! but she knew she was buried in the heart of her husband also, and that where he was there was her true happiness. Indeed, if Valentine had not asked her again to go with him, it is safe to say that she would have been the most disappointed woman in the three kingdoms. She wanted to go along with him now just as completely and wholly as aforetime she had wanted to stay behind.

Besides, she looked upon the whole matter as providential, as a direct interposition of God's good spirit. If it had not been for the seemingly accidental reading in the railway train of a paper six months old, which had probably been used as part of the wrapping of some of her many belongings, she would never have been thrown into that softened state of mind which led her out on that wet October night in search of loneliness and communion with her own thoughts.

Moreover, had she read of Dr. Henderson's supposed death on the day on which it appeared in the Press, she would not have rested until she had searched the newspapers day by day for its confirmation. As a matter of fact, news of his miraculous escape had appeared within a few days of the report of his death, but as she was singing in Vienna at the time it is no wonder that she saw neither the original report nor its subsequent denial. Thus, the news of Val's death, and his actual re-appearance in the flesh came to Mary Arkhill on the selfsame day, and it was this dramatic juxtaposition which first broke her heart and then healed it.

To-day these two are working together in China—exiles, but happy, for where love is, there home is, and where home is, there is a woman's sphere, a woman's chiefest happiness, a woman's crowning glory, and when a man has the woman he loves at his side, is he not content? And these things, in spite of hardships, and trials, and toil, and journeyings, and privations, are the daily lot, the hourly joy, of Dr. and Mrs. Valentine Henderson, in the back-blocks of the Chinese Empire.

Few persons have had the opportunity enjoyed by Sir Andrew Fraser for obtaining an impartial view of the position and prospects of missionary work. His testimony to the value of the work is of the greatest importance.

The Future of Missions

By SIR ANDREW H. L. FRASER, K.C.S.I., LL.D.

Late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal

IN considering the future of missions, one is naturally led to inquire what are the promises, if any, in the Holy Scriptures regarding the work of the Church in the world, and what has been the experience of that work in the past. To the Christian man the first basis of faith is the promise of God. Now the Scripture is very definite in regard to the question under consideration. A clear revelation has been made of the purpose of God, which is, as stated by the Apostle Paul, that His Beloved Son should be "the first-born among many brethren," all of whom should be "conformed to the image of the Son"; that this great company should not be collected from one or two favoured nations only, but that the Lord Jesus should have "the heathen for His inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession." The purpose and the promise to the Son are clearly revealed, and though there may "be many devices in a man's heart, the counsel of the Lord shall stand." To make our faith the stronger we have the beautiful picture given us in Revelation, where, within the veil uplifted by the hand of the prophet, we see the great multitude that no man can number, from all nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, gathered together around the throne of God and of the Lamb. This revelation and these promises are the strength of missionaries in all parts of the earth where they are fulfilling the great commission which has been given to them—the ministry of reconciliation.

The Experience of the Past

The promises and revelation above referred to are supported and enforced by the experience of the past. There is a beautiful verse in the 111th Psalm which is well worth bearing in mind in connection with this subject: "The works of the

Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein." There are some, indeed, who bring us an unfavourable testimony in regard to mission work, who do not think that the results are commensurate with the efforts put forth, who tell us that not much has been achieved in the spread of Christianity in heathen lands.

Personal Testimony

We hear such evidence sometimes in regard to India; and it is of India that I intend mainly to speak; because a man should speak of what he knows, and testify to what he has seen. My experience is almost exclusively Indian. I think that the value of the adverse evidence to which I have referred will be easily ascertained, if the witness is examined as to his interest in the subject on the one hand and as to his acquaintance with it on the other. Has he been interested in mission work? Has he had missionaries amongst his friends? Has he taken the trouble to ascertain amongst the Indians of his acquaintance whether they are Christians or not, or how much they may owe of principle and motive to Christian teaching? Has he had opportunities of being acquainted with mission work? Has he visited mission institutions, seen medical or educational missionaries at work, heard Europeans or Indians preaching, attended any native congregation, and had any Indian Christians among his intimate friends? Unless such questions as these can be answered in the affirmative, surely the witness is not a competent witness, and it is sheer impertinence on his part to offer his evidence as authoritative.

Official and Private Evidence

My own evidence is to a very contrary effect. I have taken some interest in

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mission work. I am not a missionary, nor the son of a missionary. All my "direct interest" in the work is summed up in this, that, owing to the very high opinion which I have formed of the present state and future prospects of mission work, I have gladly seen my eldest son devoting himself to that work. I have had many missionaries among my friends. Officially and privately, during my thirty-seven years of service to the Crown in India, I have had occasion to see much of their work. I have been an elder in an Indian congregation, and visited constantly among the people. I have many intimate and highly esteemed friends amongst the Indian Christians. I have known Indian Christians of all classes of Society, and in most of the circumstances of life, in joy and sorrow, in prosperity and adversity. I have known some of them as intimately as I have known my Western friends. The impression which all my experience has made upon my mind is one of great thankfulness to God, of wonder at the results which have been achieved by so comparatively small an expenditure of energy in mission work, of great sympathy and much admiration for the Indian Church generally, and for many of its members in particular, and of assured hope that greater manifestation of

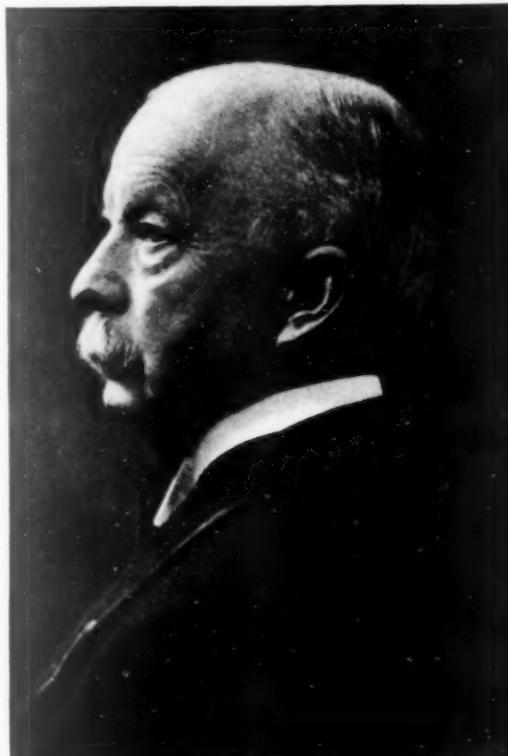
progress will be made in the near future. We all know or have heard of distinguished Indian Christians, whose praise is in all the Churches; but I could also give many touching instances of Christians in humble life exercising just such an influence as some of our unobtrusive and unnoticed Christians in this country do.

The Testimony of Obscure Christians

They have their constant study of the Word of God, their constant fellowship with Him in prayer, their constant sense of His presence, and their constant desire to mould their lives according to His will. They raise the tone of their families and surroundings, and are quietly doing much to advance the cause of Christ among their own people. I could give instances of men in high position

who have made great sacrifices so as to make a determined confession of Christ and devote themselves specially to His work. I could tell of many whose characters have been elevated and ennobled by our holy faith; for Jesus Christ is not only "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," He is also the same in the East as in the West, the great power to raise and enoble men.

Besides this, I have seen the wonderful diffusion of Christian truth and Christian principle out-



(Photo: C. Evans & Co.)

SIR ANDREW H. L. FRASER, K.C.S.I., L.L.D.

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side of the Church. I have known many who can only be described as "secret disciples," men who have firm faith in Jesus Christ as their Divine Saviour, and who seek to obey His commands and follow His example, but who have not yet seen the necessity for professing their faith in baptism. They persuade themselves that "this spiritual religion does not demand the observance of an outward form," and so they avoid the tremendous sacrifice which baptism often involves. I have actually known instances of men who have been led to accept Christ, and to confess Him in baptism, through the teaching of some who have themselves never taken that step. Further, there is no one who is intimately acquainted with current thought in India who does not know that there are thousands who are deeply imbued with Christian principle, though they have no present intention of embracing the Christian religion. What is wanted is a great movement of the Holy Spirit among these classes, the arising of some leaders full of the Holy Ghost and of power, so that they may be led to take up their position strongly and faithfully for the truth. When this comes there will, I believe, be such additions to the Church as will fill us with grateful astonishment.

The Outlook on the Future

The confidence which I have in the future of missions is based both on my conception of the purpose of God and of His promises, and on my experience of the past. But there is another element in the case which must not be forgotten. The future of missions depends on the spirit in which the Church will face its responsibilities and endeavour to do its duty in this matter. The Lord Jesus in His last words to His people on the earth declined to say precisely when He would receive the promised Kingdom from the Father; for the Father had, of His sovereignty, retained that matter in His own authority. But the Lord went on to say that the Father, in His sovereignty and grace, had determined that the great privilege and responsibility of winning that Kingdom for His Son, and of placing the crown upon His head, should be committed to the Church. His disciples were to be His witnesses in

Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost ends of the earth—the witnesses, the soldiers who were to win for Him the Kingdom which the Father had promised Him. The Church has but little appreciated the cry for help which goes up from heathen lands, or the great trust committed to her by her Lord. There seems, however, to be now a great increase of interest in the mission cause; and there is hope that the Church is awakening to her responsibilities, and that she will undertake this work with far more earnestness and devotion in the future. If so, it is impossible to limit the great blessing that may descend on heathen lands, and indeed also on the Church herself. It is essential that this work should be taken up, not by any one section of the Church, but by all sections, and that there should be devoted to it not only the zeal and energy of some of the clergy and some of the more devoted of the laity, but also the talents and devotion of the whole body of the people.

Revival in Canada and the States

There has been a very remarkable revival in this connection in Canada, and in the United States of America. I had the pleasure of visiting Canada a few months ago and of seeing the great enthusiasm that has been aroused there. It is enthusiasm for the work at home and for the work abroad. It takes the form of a determination on the part of ministers and laymen of all denominations, both that there shall be no part of Canada where the Gospel shall not be preached, and also that the responsibility of Canada for that portion of the heathen world which falls to her share in the evangelisation of the world, shall be fully met. This has been discussed, and is being carried through, with the capacity which characterises business men. It is most desirable that in this country also, and among all Christian nations, business men should give to the cause of Christ the great power of initiative, organisation, and systematic effort which characterises them in the ordinary affairs of life. If this were happily secured, the impulse to foreign missions would be incalculable.

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A Time of Crisis

It must be borne in mind that there is in the East a time of important crisis. A new spirit of nationality is being invoked, new life is beginning, new aspirations are animating the peoples of the East. The progress of civilisation has annihilated distance, and has bound the peoples of the earth, the East and the West, in one great community, where every separate nation exercises, or may exercise, an important influence on the nations around. It is of vital importance then to the Christian nations to see that the new life and the new powers which are being developed in the East are developed along the lines of the highest civilisation. The question is of vital importance, whether these new powers shall be exercised on Christian lines or on lines that are anti-Christian, and the answer to this question depends largely upon the extent to which the Christian Church, as a whole, rises to her responsibilities in regard to the evangelisation of the world. There is no doubt that the critical position in the East is largely

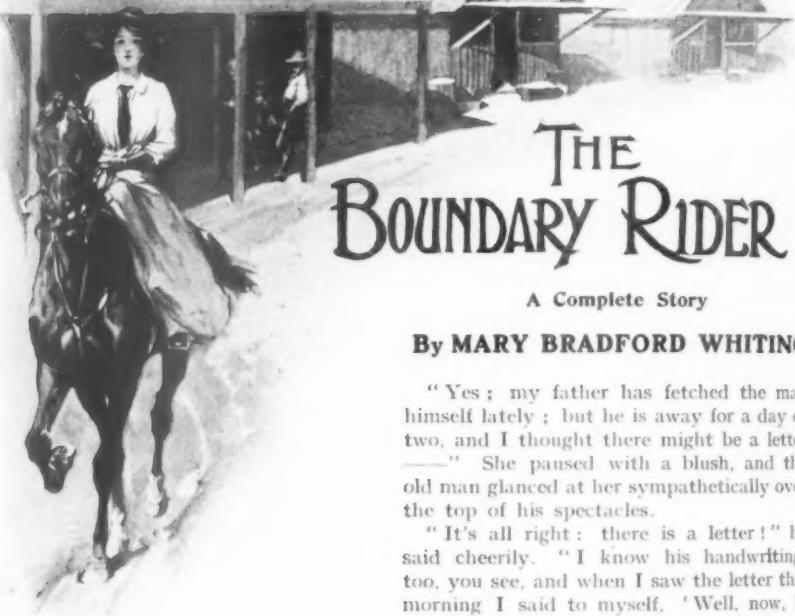
responsible for the fact that the Churches there are drawing together and concentrating their united forces for a great effort on behalf of Christ. The one elevating power that we know is the religion of Christ, which is also the one power that makes for peace, and for binding men together in bonds of sympathy and co-operation.

A Unique Opportunity

There is, to some extent at least, the same manifestation of the desire for union among the Churches of the West; but whether there is immediate union or not, there ought to be much greater co-operation in the mission field, and a more determined effort to fulfil our duty to Christ in respect of the Kingdom which He has purchased at so great a price, and which He has asked us to win for Him. In heathen lands the situation is almost everywhere critical. Opportunity is unique. There never was such encouragement for missionary effort, such urgent demand for it. To the loyal Christian neglect of opportunity is disobedience.



A MOUNTAIN MISSIONARY STATION IN INDIA.



THE BOUNDARY RIDER

A Complete Story

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING

"Yes; my father has fetched the mail himself lately; but he is away for a day or two, and I thought there might be a letter —" She paused with a blush, and the old man glanced at her sympathetically over the top of his spectacles.

"It's all right; there is a letter!" he said cheerily. "I know his handwriting, too, you see, and when I saw the letter this morning I said to myself, 'Well, now, it would be a funny thing if Miss Alison should fetch the mail to-day!'"

The blush rose again on Alison's cheek as he spoke, but his tone was too kindly to cause offence.

"You will excuse me for not staying any longer," she said as she fingered the precious packet; "but I think I ought to be getting home now."

"Just the same with 'em all!" said the postmaster, as he stood by the door and watched her ride away. "Ah, well, let 'em enjoy it while they're young; there comes a time when one isn't quite so fond of the sight of letters!"

That time seemed already to have come to Alison Douglas, judging from the look that gathered on her face as she read the letter that she had seized upon so eagerly.

"MY DEAR ALISON,—

"I think that you would hardly have written as you did if you had known how your letter would find me. I must

ALISON DOUGLAS rode down the main street of the little township of Amberley, her white habit and her hair of waving gold making a bright spot amid the dust and gloom of the stormy autumn day. She sat her horse with the easy grace of one accustomed to the saddle from babyhood, and more than one of the passers-by turned to look at her with a glance of admiration.

As for Alison herself, she looked neither to the right hand nor the left. The wealthy Squatter driving his pair of high-stepping horses attracted no more of her attention than the wayworn Sundowner with his swag on his back. Her eyes were fixed upon the whitewashed walls of the post-office, and as soon as she reached it she slipped off her horse and hastened in for the letters.

"Well, Miss Alison, it's a long while since you paid me a visit!" said the old postmaster with a smile as he came forward to greet her.

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try and write a few words in answer ; but though it costs me much pain to do so, it is nothing to the mental pain caused by your cruel words. You should be more careful, little woman, when you are dealing with other people's feelings. But I had better tell you at once what has happened. Don't be frightened ; it might have been worse, but still I have had a narrow squeak, I can tell you ! We were rounding up cattle for branding. It is not my proper work. I have too much on hand as it is with looking after my boundaries and keeping my fences in repair, but one of the stock-riders was ill, and of course I did not like to refuse when Denbigh asked me to go. We had a river to ford, and half-way over the beasts began to ring. You know what that means : a surging mass of red and brown in the water, with a wheel of horns on the top ! We plunged in, men shouting, whips whizzing, and managed to get them apart ; but my horse was a young one and not used to the work, and as they were fighting their way across he got scared somehow, and just as I was bringing him to land one of the beasts stuck his horn into my back. Another inch or so and it would have been through my heart. It was bad enough as it was, for there is little doubt that my spine is injured. I will write again soon, or get one of the others to write for me. Too tired for more now. Good-bye, dear. I forgive you for all you said.—Your loving

“ DICK.”

Alison had dropped her reins on the horse's neck as she read, and it was well for her that he was too sure-footed to stumble, for her tears fell fast, and she was lost to all consciousness of her surroundings. Dick was dying ! That was the one thought that filled her mind. Dick was dying, and she should have no chance of asking his forgiveness for her cruelty ! Again and again she went over the words of the letter that she had written to him. She had not meant to reproach him, but his long silence had wounded her, and perhaps she had said more than she intended.

Her trouble was all the greater, because there was no one to whom she could turn

for sympathy. Her mother had long been dead, and, much as she loved her father, she knew that he was not in perfect accord with her on the subject of her engagement. He had not refused his consent when Dick Stapleton told him that they loved one another, but the restrictions that he made chafed the young man sorely.

Dick had not long come out from England, and as his father was a man of good position, he looked upon himself as immeasurably the superior of the hard-working farmer who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. Restless and idle at home, he had been sent out to try his fortunes in the Colonies, and idle he would like to have remained ; but an occupation was one of the conditions imposed by Douglas, and there was no escape from it.

It is perhaps even more difficult in Australia than it is in England for the unskilled labourer to find employment, and had it not been that Dick possessed an introduction to a man who was under an obligation to his father, he might have been months without finding work. Mr. Denbigh had no opening for him on his own place ; but his son was managing an up-country station, and hearing that he had dismissed his Boundary-rider, he sent young Stapleton to fill the post.

Dick did not dislike the idea. He was a good horseman, and he imagined that all he would have to do would be to ride a spirited steed round the outlying parts of the station. But the trouble began when the head stock-rider reported that the fences had not been properly examined, and that when he had spoken about it to Stapleton, he had been told to mind his own business.

Hugh Denbigh took the matter up sharply, for the neglect of fences is the greatest crime that a Boundary-rider can commit, and on receiving an insolent answer he had quietly informed Dick that a second discovery of the kind would mean his dismissal. To fling an angry retort in the manager's teeth was Dick's first impulse, but to be turned off in disgrace would probably mean his separation from Alison, and much as he despised John Douglas, he did not at all despise his money. Alison was an only child, and to drop into her father's savings would be a provision for the rest of his life, that he could not afford to lose. When her sad little letter reached

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him, therefore, he felt that he must rivet a fresh link in the chain that bound her to him, and his slight misadventure seemed to him quite providential.

"It is no good, Elspeth. I must go to him!" said Alison that night. "It may be too late if I wait until father comes back."

"He's none so near death as that," said the old woman astutely, but Alison was past reasoning with, and as soon as morning came she mounted her horse and set off for the station.

"Them as goes out in folly comes home in sorrow," muttered Elspeth, as she stood on the doorstep to catch the last glimpse of the "bairn" whom she had tended since her babyhood; but Alison did not look back. She saw but one sight: Dick with the shadow of death upon his face, with his ear deaf to her voice and his hand unresponsive to her touch.

Hour after hour she rode, heedless of all around her. She knew the road well, and the people who lived at the wayside travellers' house were old acquaintances; but she would not be beguiled into telling her errand in spite of all their questions, and as soon as her horse was rested she mounted and rode on. Night had fallen by the time that she reached her destination, but her nerves were still at too great a tension for her to feel conscious of fatigue, and she sprang quickly from the saddle and opened the gate that led into the station yard.

There was no one about, and, hitching her horse to a post, she walked across the yard and knocked at the door of the long low-roofed house at the further end. It was some time before anyone answered; but when her timid knock had been more than once repeated, a heavy step was heard in the passage, and the door was flung open by a tall man with a bushy grey beard and a sunburnt face.

"I came to see how Mr. Stapleton is," said Alison. "Can you tell me where he is?"

"Here, of course!" was the answer in surly tones, and without another word the man marched off again.

Alison felt sick and exhausted now, and seeing an empty room just inside the passage, she ventured in, and sat down upon one of the rough wooden chairs. The man had not dared to tell her of Dick's state, and as

she thought of all that his silence might imply, she hid her face in her hands, while a shudder ran through her frame. The sound of a脚步声 soon roused her, however, and, looking up, she saw a dark figure in the doorway.

"Can you tell me how Mr. Stapleton is?" she said in a trembling tone.

"Alison!" exclaimed a well-known voice, with an amazement that had much of dismay.

Alison, for her part, started back in sudden terror. The conviction of Dick's death had become so impressed upon her brain that she could only believe that she was confronted by his ghost.

"I am too late!" she cried. "My punishment is more than I can bear!"

"Too late? What on earth do you mean?" said Dick angrily. His words roused her from her stupor; it was evident that they came from a living man, and she faced round upon him with tears running down her cheeks.

"Dick," she said, "how could you play me such a heartless trick?"

"I played you no trick," said Dick in a sullen tone. "It is quite true that I was hurt, and when I wrote to you I was in bed. I told you no lies."

"But you made me believe that you were dying."

"That was entirely your own idea. I am not to blame for it."

"But you said that you might never see me again, and that you forgave me for my unkindness."

"At any rate, I am not inclined to forgive you now," said Dick, bursting out into sudden passion. "You have put me into a most awkward position, and I don't see how I am to get out of it."

"What do you mean?" asked Alison faintly.

"I mean that I don't know what to do with you here! What explanation can I make to Denbigh for your coming?"

Alison started as he spoke, and her heart beat quickly.

"You need not make any explanation," she said. "I will ride straight back again."

"I wish to goodness that you could," returned Dick; "but you know perfectly well that your horse can't do it. I must go and ask Denbigh to lend you a mount."

He flung out of the room, muttering

THE BOUNDARY-RIDER

something between his teeth as he went. But Alison heard the last words, and they seemed to turn the blood in her veins to ice : "I wish I had never set eyes on her ! "

Dick dashed down the long passage that ran through the manager's house and passed out into the large room at the back where the men had their meals. Sheep-shearing was just ended, and Denbigh had invited them to supper, and it was in the midst of the festivities that Dick had been summoned from the table.

"Can you come outside a minute ? I want to speak to you," he said, going up to Denbigh's chair.

"What is the matter ?" asked the manager, as he followed him out of the room. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I wish I had !" said Dick. "It's Miss Douglas come up here, and what I am to do with her I haven't a notion ! "

"Miss Douglas !" exclaimed Denbigh, who had met Alison at his father's house, and thought her a world too good for his incompetent Boundary-rider. "What has brought her here ?"

"Oh ! it's all a stupid mistake," said Dick impatiently. "I merely wrote and told her about that accident of mine, and she flew off, thinking I was dying. Such utter folly ! "

"If she thought that you were dying, you must have given her a very highly-coloured account of your accident !" remarked Denbigh dryly. "But it is no use going back on that. The only thing to be done is to put her at her ease and make her comfortable. Mrs. Gregson can take care of her to-night, and you can see her home to-morrow. Go and explain it to her while I speak to Gregson, and be sure you don't make her feel that she has put herself into an awkward position."

Dick did not answer. He knew very well that this caution came too late, and he was not going to confess it. But he had no sooner reached the room where he had left Alison than he called hastily to Denbigh.

"She's gone !" he said.

"Gone ?" cried Denbigh. "Nonsense, you must be dreaming."

He hurried along the passage and into the room, but though he struck a match and peered into all the corners, not a trace of Alison could he see.

"She must have gone out to get her horse," he said, running into the yard ; but neither horse nor girl were to be seen, and the gate stood open.

"There's no need to saddle," said Denbigh ; "her horse can't go far if it has come all the way from Amberley. We shall catch her up on foot."

There was a tone of reproach in his voice that roused Dick's fiercest resentment. He dared not express his feeling, however, and followed the manager silently down the road.

"She can't possibly have got so far as this," said Denbigh at last. "She must have made a mistake and turned in the wrong direction. We had better get back as fast as we can."

They passed the gate again and hurried on for some distance, but there was nothing to be seen or heard, and Denbigh halted and looked at his companion.

"She has missed the track and got bushed," he said. "We must go for help at once."

He took no notice of Dick, and in ten minutes' time he had the whole establishment round him, telling the story in short incisive sentences, while Dick stood in the background with lowering brow and hands thrust deep in his pockets.

"I thought there was something amiss when I saw the raindrops in her pretty eyes," said Gregson, who had a soft heart under his gruff exterior. "'Can you tell me where Mr. Stapleton is ?' she said, and I says to myself, 'A Boundary-rider as neglects his fences will neglect other things, too, or I don't know nothing about it !'"

A grim chuckle followed his words, for most of the men shared his dislike of the young gentleman who not only scamped his work, but gave himself airs at the same time. Dick ground his teeth savagely as he heard it, but there was nothing that he could say in his own defence.

"We will do all that we can," said Denbigh ; "but I fear that there is no real hope of tracking her before morning."

"Not before morning, and perhaps not then, God help her !" said Gregson solemnly, and the men turned away in silence.

As soon as day dawned the search party was organised. Looking at the road by daylight, it seemed impossible that anyone should miss it, but there were wide tracks

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which might easily lead a traveller astray in the dark, and as the weather had been dry there were no hoof-marks to tell them when she had wandered into the Bush. As the day wore on, however, they came upon a horse pushing its way through the undergrowth, riderless and without a saddle.

"Where is Stapleton?" said Denbigh. "He will know if this is Miss Douglas's horse."

But to everybody's surprise Dick was nowhere to be seen.

"The mean skunk has cleared off!" exclaimed Gregson, and a chorus of indignation went up in answer to his words.

There was no time to waste on Dick, however. If the horse belonged to Alison she had evidently turned him loose in the hope that he would make his way to the station, and the thought that she might be near by inspired them with fresh energy. But night came down and day dawned again, and still no success came to them. Denbigh stood watching the men as they beat out the camp fire before starting, and his face was gloomy, for even if they should find Alison to-day he had no hope of finding her alive.

On and on they went, forcing a way through tall grass and tangled bushes, until a sudden call from Gregson made them hurry up to him eagerly.

"I told you I wouldn't give up!" he said, and as he spoke he pointed to a glove that lay at his feet.

"She may be far enough away, for all that," said Denbigh despondently; but Gregson did not heed him. With a triumphant cry he broke his way into a small clearing and ran to the foot of a tree where a prostrate figure lay.

Alison's hat was gone, and her loosened hair lay in masses about her face; but as Denbigh knelt down beside her and saw the pallor of the sunken features, he felt that his worst fears were verified.

"Try her with this," said Gregson, as he handed his brandy flask to Denbigh, and taking the cold hands in his, he began to chafe them with all his might.

It was a long while before any sign of life rewarded them, but at last her eyes un-closed, and she looked up into Denbigh's face.

"I knew you would come to me, Dick!" she said feebly.

A great wave of compassion rushed through Denbigh's heart, and he lifted her on his arm.

"We must get her back," he said huskily. "Here, give me a couple of blankets."

An improvised hammock was soon ready, and placing the half-unconscious girl within it, they began their return journey.

"We've found her!" shouted Gregson, as soon as the station came in sight. And in answer to his cry an eager group rushed out to meet them; but Denbigh would let none of them approach, and having delivered Alison over to Mrs. Gregson's care, he despatched a mounted messenger to fetch the doctor and to take the news to her father.

It was not until all was done that he went to his own house, and as he entered he saw a piece of paper lying on the table with a few lines scrawled upon it:

"You have spoken to me in a way that I will not stand from any man, and I shall leave this place at once. I am going to Melbourne. I hope——"

But here the letter broke off abruptly, and whether the hope referred to Alison's safe return or to her forgiveness of his conduct, was a matter of conjecture. Denbigh crumpled up the paper angrily as he finished reading it; but on second thoughts he smoothed it out again and put it into his desk. Alison might ask some day why Dick had gone away.

It was long, however, before Alison was in a state to ask questions about anyone. The exposure and the terror that she had endured brought on a fever, and for weeks she lay between life and death. Her father came backwards and forwards continually, and old Elspeth, who had hurried up from Amberley ready to empty the vials of her wrath upon everyone in the place, nursed the sick girl, with Mrs. Gregson's aid. The kindness and sympathy shown by all soon softened her, and when she saw the joy that greeted Alison's first appearance upon the verandah, the tears that she had kept back all through the time of danger ran down her weather-beaten cheeks.

But Denbigh was almost inclined to wish that the patient's convalescence was not quite so rapid, for each sign of improvement was a step nearer to the departure that he dreaded.



"As Denbigh knelt down beside her and saw the pallor of the sunken features, he felt that his worst fears were verified"

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"How glad you will be to leave this place!" he said one evening, as he came up to lean over the verandah railing while she lay in her long chair, enjoying the evening breeze.

"No, not glad," said Alison, "you have all been too kind to me for that." She paused a moment while a look, half-pained, half-puzzled, came over her face; then, raising herself from her cushions, she spoke in a lower tone.

"What has become of Dick?" she said.

Denbigh looked at her with some alarm, for he felt that he had blundered upon dangerous ground; but there was no help for it now, and he was obliged to answer.

"He has gone," he said. "He left while we were still searching for you. He is in Melbourne, but I have heard that he is going back to England."

He felt it was best to tell the truth at once, and after a moment Alison steadied her voice to speak.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. "It is better so. I thought that I was wiser than my father; but we will not talk of it any more. Will you let me thank all the men for their kindness before I go home?"

There was quite a little court on the verandah next evening as all the men filed past Alison's chair to receive a present and a word of thanks; but when it was all over, and she had been laid upon her bed to rest, Gregson entered his house with a savage look. "That's the nonsensicalist thing I ever came across!" he said, as he pitched his hat into a corner.

"That's just what I say," said Elspeth, looking up from the tray that she was preparing. "Why can't they let the poor bairn go in peace?"

"That's not what I mean," growled Gregson. "Why should she go at all?"

"Do you think she'd care to stay where one has been so false to her?" cried Elspeth.

"No; but I think she might care to stay where one will be true to her!" retorted Gregson.

The two combatants were glaring fiercely at one another as they exchanged remarks; but at this point they came to a sudden pause, for an unexpected figure appeared at the kitchen door.

"What is the matter?" asked Denbigh in much amazement.

"She says she'll be glad to go!" muttered Gregson sulkily.

"He says she'd be glad to stay!" cried Elspeth resentfully.

A sudden light broke over Denbigh's face, and he came a step nearer to Elspeth.

"Do you think the day will ever come when she will be glad to come back?" he said in a low tone.

Elspeth shot a keen glance at him, and as she did so her mood changed. His honest eyes, his quiet straightforward manner, pleaded for him as no eager protestations could have done, and she knew that her much-loved bairn would be safe in his hands.

"Ask her that yourself, laddie," she said.

And Denbigh did ask her—asked her that very next Christmas, when he came down to spend a short holiday at his father's house.

"Could you ever bear to come back to a place where you have suffered so much?" he said wistfully, as he looked into the eyes that he had learned to love so well. "I feel as if I had no right to ask such a thing; but you are all the world to me, and I cannot live without you!"

It seemed to him as if the whole world stood still to wait for her answer; but when it came it fully satisfied him:

"And I cannot live without your love to be my strength and stay!"

"Who was right, you or me?" said Gregson triumphantly, as he found himself seated next to Elspeth at the feast with which Denbigh celebrated the homecoming of his bride.

"No quarrelling to-day; it's unlucky!" said Elspeth. "But if you were right, I wasn't wrong, for your eye was on the future and mine was on the past."

"Ah! well, we won't talk about the past," said Gregson. "I'm Boundary-rider myself now, and I'll make a better job of it than Stapleton did."

He looked at her complacently, but if he expected a compliment he was disappointed, for her eyes were not fixed on him, but on the face of proud tenderness with which Denbigh bent over his bride.

"You think quite enough of yourself," she said; "but all I say is this: if you take half as good care of your fences as your master is going to take of my bonny bairn, you won't be so much amiss!"

A World Parliament on Missions

THE MEANING AND METHODS OF THE EDINBURGH CONFERENCE OF 1910

By Mrs. ASHLEY CARUS-WILSON, B.A.

"I MUST look out for some other career; for I am no longer thinking of holy orders. The fact is that after this recent trouble and other things, I cannot believe the Christian creed as I used to do." A young man made the above sad confession to a former college friend, now a clergyman, and got this answer:—

"Promise me that you will come to no final decision for six months. Meanwhile, I shall be very grateful if you can give a hand with my work for the Missions to Seamen on its philanthropic side." He agreed, and those months of co-operation in active religious work, of close contact with temptation and sin, with suffering and deep spiritual need, warded off and healed and satisfied by a living Christianity, and by that alone, scattered the mists of doubt born of anxiety and perplexity through adverse circumstances and acquaintance with speculative unbelief. The Church regained a member strong in the faith as he had never been before.

That actual crisis in the life of an individual Christian may be taken as typical of a chapter now being written in the story of the Church as a whole. Sometimes it appears weary and discouraged, distracted by interminable controversies, bewildered by multiplying and persistent questionings and criticisms. Surely the remedy lies not in mere in-

genuities of argument, or in unwise concession to prevailing ideas that may have no permanent hold on men's minds, but in going forth to minister to human need with the gospel of Christ, the one true comfort in all sorrow, the one satisfactory solution of all problems. In a word, the Church will be strong and pure at home, as it shows itself missionary-hearted abroad. This is the thought that is to be brought home to us all in a striking way by the WORLD MISSIONARY CONFERENCE which meets at Edinburgh this year from June 14 to June 23. Its first aim is to educate the Church as to its missionary obligations, and, through that education, to quicken its own spiritual life. Conferences with a similar aim have been held before, but this Conference promises to be unique because it has yet another aim.

Besides being a demonstration to the general Christian public of what missionary work means and why it should be supported, it is an earnest attempt to do a serious bit of work by gathering together experts to discuss missionary problems and methods, so that the Church may be enabled to see more clearly its task of taking the gospel to the world, and may do that task more efficiently.

It is after all only during the last century that Reformed Christendom has to

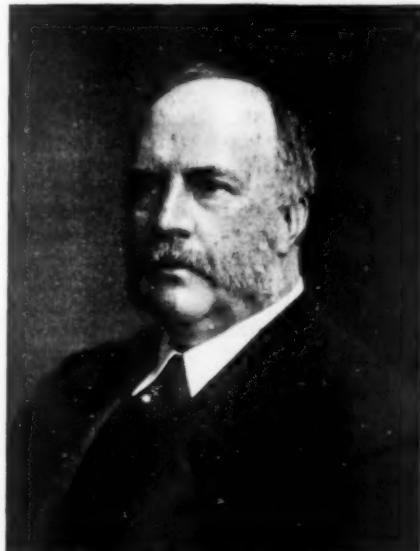


Photo: Lafayette, Edin.
LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, K.T.
(President of the World Missionary Conference).

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any extent recognised the missionary obligation. With one exception, the societies now carrying it out are little more than a hundred years old. Pioneer missionaries whose enthusiasm and gallantry and devotion we cannot honour too much have laboured in many lands, and if we measure achievement by the amount given in men and means, we cannot deny that their success has surpassed the expectations of all who did not sincerely believe that the prospects of the enterprise were as bright as the promises of God. But if we compare what has been done with what remains to be done, we must acknowledge that the task is only begun. It is true that we have seen paganism discredited and vanishing away in not a few parts of North America, Australasia, and Africa; but the great ancient organised religions of Asia still confront the Church, and in assaulting them it undertakes a harder conflict than any waged by those who prevailed over the heathenism of the ancient world or of barbarian Europe. And now, with the greatest missionary age hitherto, the nineteenth century, behind us, a fresh start must be made so that the twentieth century may become a yet greater missionary epoch.

The Conference then will concern itself with what has been done; still more with what is going to be done; and most of all with how it may be done. It will endeavour to co-ordinate missionary experience from all parts of the world, in order to arrive at a concerted policy as to the wisest plan for distributing gospel agents and agencies; subjecting all existing plans and methods to searching investigation. It will endeavour to be a beginning, not an end. Its characteristic feature was not inaptly suggested by a tradesman, who, getting a little mixed as to its designation, addressed a bill to the offices of "The Working Missionary Conference."

A Programme of Work

How then, and by whom, is its work to be accomplished? Definite preparation for it began when an international committee met at Oxford in July, 1908, to spend six days together planning its programme. Eight Commissions of about

twenty members each were appointed to deal with eight different aspects of missionary enterprise; and every effort was made to secure that they should be fairly representative of that enterprise as a whole. Three of the chairmen are Americans—one being, however, by birth British; and of the five British chairmen, four are Scottish. Of 165 members, 92 are British, 51 are from the United States, and 22 from France, Germany, Holland, Switzerland, and Scandinavia; which corresponds to Professor Warneck's figures showing that Great Britain contributes nearly twice as much as the United States, and the States rather more than twice as much as the Continental Protestant Churches. Again, of the 92 British members about half are Anglicans, about a quarter Presbyterians, the remaining quarter being Congregationalists, Baptists, and Wesleyans in about equal proportion. There are 55 laymen and 14 women; of the remaining 96 ordained members, eight are bishops of the Anglican communion, two of them American, and there are two Moravian bishops and one bishop of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. A very large number of them have extensive and intelligent acquaintance with the mission field all over the world, and many are or have been missionaries. Four other classes are also represented, viz. leaders of the Church, responsible officials of missionary societies, statesmen and Empire-builders abroad, and students of missionary subjects at home. Each Commission is in touch with several hundred "corresponding members," mostly missionaries of long experience and prominent "native Christians," as we call them for lack of a happier phrase. And if we wanted proof that the Conference is already recognised as promising more than mere talk of the lips that tendeth to penury, we should point not to the fact that nearly £4,000 has already been contributed voluntarily towards its expenses; or to the fact that all who attend—even the chosen delegates for whom hospitality will be provided—find their own travelling expenses, and pay for the privilege of being at its meetings; we should point rather to the time and thought given by 165 notable people, with countless claims on them already,

SOME of the LEADERS
of the
WORLD
MISSIONARY
CONFERENCE

(Photo: *Borsberg*.)
THE MASTER OF POLWARTH
(Joint Chairman of British Executive Committee).

(Photo: *P. W. Hardie*.)
THE REV. PROF. D. S. CAIRNS
(Chairman, Commission on Missionary Message in Relation to Non-Christian Religions).

(Photo: *A. Ashton*.)
MR. DUNCAN McLAREN
(Joint Chairman of British Executive Committee).

(Photo: *Russell and Son*.)
LORD REAY
(One of the Vice-Presidents).

MR. JOHN R. MOTT, M.A.
(Chairman of Commission on Carrying the Gospel to all the World).

(Photo: *Moffat*.)
THE BISHOP OF ABERDEEN
(Commission on Native Church and its Workers).

(Photo: *Elliott and Fry*.)
THE REV. J. C. GIBSON, D.D.
(Chairman, Commission on Native Church).

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to attending the sessions of the Commissions, and to mastering the voluminous material forwarded in answer to elaborate questions, by these hundreds of correspondents abroad. At one meeting of two days held in New York for American members, two were present who had to spend two nights each way in their trains in order to come. And several American members have crossed the Atlantic more than once to attend sessions in this country.

The subject for the first Commission is "Carrying the Gospel to All the World," and on it, as on the sixth, there are no fewer than eight Americans, including the chairman, Mr. John R. Mott, the general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, New York, well known personally to college students in almost every part of the globe. British members include Bishop Montgomery, late of Tasmania, and now secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; Dr. Eugene Stock, late editorial secretary of the Church Missionary Society; Dr. George Robson, of the United Free Church of Scotland;

and Mr. Marshall Broomhall, the editorial secretary of the China Inland Mission. All four have written books familiar to everyone interested in missions.

"The Native Church and its Workers" is the subject for the second Commission; which contains nine missionaries, whose periods of foreign service add up altogether to almost 150 years. Its chairman, Dr. J. Campbell Gibson, was in China for thirty-five years, and became joint chairman of the Shanghai Conference of 1907. The Bishop of Aberdeen heads, and the secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society ends the alphabetical list, and side by side on it appear Dr. Wardlaw Thompson and the Rev. Duncan Travers, secretaries respectively of the London Missionary Society, the leading Nonconformist missionary agency, and of the Universities Mission in East Africa, officered and supported by the "Highest" of Anglicans. It includes Mr. Duncan McLaren, chairman, with the Master of Polwarth, of the British Executive Committee, which is responsible for the Conference as a whole.

"Education in Relation to the Christian-



INTERIOR OF THE U.F.C. ASSEMBLY HALL, WHERE THE CONFERENCE WILL MEET.

A WORLD PARLIAMENT ON MISSIONS

isation of National Life" is the subject of the third Commission. Its chairman is the Bishop of Birmingham, and it includes nearly a dozen other Anglicans, and three women—the vice-principal of Westfield College, and the late principal of St. Mary's College, Paddington, and Miss Dodge of New York.

"The Missionary Message in Relation to Non-Christian Religions" is the subject for the fourth Commission; and here foreign students are more numerous than anywhere else. Professor Cairns, of the United Free Church of Scotland College, Aberdeen, is its chairman, and Mr. Robert Speer, its vice-chairman; and their colleagues include the Bishop of Ossory, Canon Robinson, editorial secretary of the S.P.G., and Dr. Garvie, the principal of New College, London, all authors of well-known books.

"The Preparation of Missionaries" is considered by the fifth Commission, and more women—four in all—sit on it than on any other. Its chairman, Dr. W. Douglas Mackenzie, is president of Hartford Theological Seminary, U.S.A., and son of John Mackenzie, the missionary of whom the *Pall Mall Gazette* once said that "he would live in the annals of the Empire as the man who saved Africa for England." He is supported by nine other heads of colleges, the Masters of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and of Magdalen College, Oxford; the Dean of Oberlin University, U.S.A.; the principals of Mansfield College, Oxford, of Wycliffe College, Toronto, of Harley College, London, of the Women's Missionary College at Edinburgh, of the Training College of the Swedish National Missionary Society, of the Scarrit Training College, U.S.A.—and the Warden of the House of the Sacred Mission, Kelham.

The sixth Commission considers "The Home Basis of Missions," and ten laymen sit on it. Its chairman is Dr. James Barton, secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the oldest missionary society in the United States. With him are Mr. Campbell White, general secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement of New York; the hon. secretary of the Anglican Central Board of Missions; and the home secretaries of the Church Missionary Society and the London Missionary Society.

"The Relation of Missions to Governments" occupies the seventh Commission. It is presided over by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, president of the whole Conference, and Secretary for Scotland in Mr. Balfour's last administration, and includes several prominent public men:—Mr. Seth Low, leader of the struggle for Municipal Reform in New York; Sir Robert Hart, since 1854 in the Chinese Consulate and Customs, whose distinguished service to two Empires is known to all; Sir Andrew Wingate, who after thirty years' service in India became a member of the Viceroy's council; with two members of the United States Senate, and the adviser on missionary matters to the German Government.

The eighth and last Commission considers "Co-operation and the Promotion of Unity," and has another distinguished public servant for its chairman in Sir Andrew Fraser, late Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, whose son is principal of Trinity College, Kandy. Bishops and officials of the great missionary societies are conspicuous on its list. Its vice-chairman is Mr. Silas McBee, editor of the *New York Churchman*, and it includes, besides the Bishops of Southwark and Albany, U.S.A., the Dean of Westminster and Professor Warneck.

The views, or rather judgments, of these important Commissions of highly qualified men, will be published in volumes which promise to be a valuable addition to missionary literature. The meetings of the Conference in the Free Church Assembly Hall, before which they will be brought in the first instance, will be attended by only the 1,100 delegates sent to it as representing the various societies. Simultaneous meetings will be held in the Synod Hall, which holds 2,000; and, for these, tickets can be obtained through the missionary societies by their subscribers. Further meetings of a more popular kind will take place in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and doubtless elsewhere, to bring home to the general public the instruction and inspiration of the World Missionary Conference. Meanwhile, all who have at heart the advancement of our Redeemer's Kingdom are urged to help forward this carefully organised effort on its behalf, not only by intelligent interest, but also by intercession.

Love's Barrier

By ANNIE S. SWAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

CLAUDE SECRETAN, Rector of Midcar in Yorkshire, whilst on holiday in Paris, falls in love with Helen Revell, a beautiful and cultivated woman. Returning to the parish, he tries without avail to forget her, and on receiving a note from her asking advice in a difficult position he at once goes to Colchester, where she is living. She tells him her story—how her lover, a captain in the army, has deserted her, and that life with her stepmother, a heartless woman of different tastes from her own, has become impossible. Secretan promptly declares his love and offers her marriage, and after some hesitation Helen accepts, though she tells him frankly that she does not love him.

Secretan's house is kept by his sister Jane, a very fine, strong-minded woman, who has been his right hand in all domestic and parochial affairs. Naturally, the news of her brother's impending marriage comes as a shock to her, though she loyally accepts the change, and does her best to aid him in what she cannot help seeing will be a risky experiment.

The marriage takes place in London, and, after a brief honeymoon at Brighton, Secretan brings his bride to Yorkshire. At the railway station they meet Geoffrey Hayes, a wealthy manufacturer of kindly disposition. His wife is a woman of great social ambitions, especially in regard to their daughter Audrey.

Secretan's earliest disappointment comes when his wife refuses to attend church on the first Sunday after their home coming. Instead, she takes a quiet walk on the moors, much to the astonishment of the people, who had turned out in full force to see the Rector's bride. She persists in this attitude of abstention from church and takes no part in the affairs of the parish, much to the perplexity of the Rector and the distress of his sister Jane, who finds herself speaking to Helen on the subject during a visit.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RENT VEIL

JANE hesitated a moment, and under the glow of the firelight on her cheek the slow colour rose.

"Well, since you ask me, Helen, I don't actually think he is looking very well."

"He certainly is thin. I noticed it as he went down the path this morning. But why is he thin? Why should he not look well? I look after his creature comforts well, and I think he eats enough."

"It is not a question of food," said Jane, calling a spade a spade with her usual frankness. "Of course, he is worried, anybody can see that."

"About me, I suppose?" said Helen a little hardly.

"About you, of course, what else would there be to worry him?"

"Two lumps of sugar, is it? I have forgotten for the moment; and don't knit your brows at me, Jane; I won't have it at any price. The house of defence should never have a frowning portal."

Jane smiled a little unsteadily as she took her cup. Helen lifted her own, and they drank their tea in a silence that could be felt.

"I am going to tell you, Helen, Claude came to see me yesterday."

"He did? That was where he was for a long afternoon, and why he did not need any tea when he came back. But why couldn't he tell me frankly where he had been?"

"Well, if you wish the truth, and indeed I think it best always to be truthful, I

suppose he did not wish you to know he was talking about you."

"To you?"

"Yes."

"But I should not have minded that. He has a perfect right to talk about me to you. You see, I have a perfect confidence in you both. You are my friend, aren't you? If I thought you were not, everything would be impossible."

"Well, and what have I done?" asked Helen, and the tone of her voice was not very encouraging.

"It is not what you have done—that is perfect, and Claude loves you to distraction. It is rather what you leave undone. He loves something else, the work to which he has consecrated his life, and your attitude towards it is killing him."

"But I promised him nothing. I did not pose as a religious woman. I told him all along, even on the very day of our marriage, that I would fall far short. I think, honestly, Jane, that I have kept my part of the bond, the part I undertook. I have made him a home."

"A home!" repeated Jane. "What is that? I have never had one. I have lived in several houses, but I don't think I know what it is to have a real home. But so far as I have thought about it, a home does not seem to me to be summed up in material things."

"They are the groundwork, the essentials, you may believe that," said Helen primly. "A man will say he is indifferent to externals, but he isn't, not even the best of them. Claude likes his creature comforts as well as any man I have ever met."

LOVE'S BARRIER

"But surely, Helen, there is something else?"

"Well, I am very amiable. I strive not to lose my temper, though once or twice I have felt frightfully provoked. What else is there?"

"Personal sympathy, warm personal interest, community. I am a single woman, but surely I am right in saying these must be the essential basis of a happy marriage."

"I never expected a happy marriage, and I warned him. He was passing good to me in my extremity, and I was tempted. It was a mistake, but it can't be undone. Why can't he accept me with all my limitations, and leave the rest?"

Jane set down her cup and leaned her elbows on her knees. She had not expected that the veil would be so suddenly rent, but, on the whole, felt glad of it.

"Perhaps you will tell me exactly what Claude said yesterday, what is the ground of his complaint? Indeed, you must tell me, it is my right."

Jane did not dissent, but cast about in her mind for the fitting word. She had not Helen's choice of words, her clear, sharp, incisive tongue, her quick woman's wit; but she had her own strong native common sense and her unswerving devotion to the truth—no bad weapons to match against the other. And because she loved these two creatures—her brother and his wife—above and beyond anything else, because they represented her all, she prayed that she might use her weapons aright.

"I don't express myself very well, dear," she said very quietly. "But it is your continued absence from church, your standing absolutely outside the work of the church, which is killing him. It is doing him harm, mentally, morally and spiritually, and it is not a good thing for the parish. Don't you see it weakens his influence, for if a man has so little spiritual power over those of his own household, what must people think?"

Jane spoke with great deliberation, realising that the time had come for plain speech, and not afraid of offending Helen. She believed that the understanding between them would bear even this heavy strain.

"Mentally, morally, and spiritually, he is the worse of me," said Helen with a sharp

note in her voice. "It is rather a heavy indictment, isn't it?"

"It is true," replied Jane invincibly. "Don't you see he loves you so devotedly that he can't bear that you should shut him out of your life like this, that you should absolutely refuse to share his interests. What is it that keeps you back?"

"Nothing, except what I have said. I have never been a church-goer. I think there is a lot of hypocrisy and even wickedness done under the name of religion; why, my stepmother, who is one of the worst women in the world—I say it quite deliberately, because she is absolutely without a heart—is both devout and exemplary in her church attendances. She, who would not move a little finger to save another woman pain, would get up on the coldest winter morning to the early celebration. She would not miss it for the world. I have no use for anything that bears that kind of fruit."

"She is only one woman," said Jane stoutly. "Think of all the others you have known who bear a different record."

"I have not known any, only you. You are certainly the best woman in the world, Jane Secretan, but I believe you would have been that had you been brought up among the heathen. It is your natural goodness, which is totally independent of outward aids."

Jane shook her head.

"There you are quite wrong. My faith has made me what I am, though I fall far short of what you say about me. Listen, dear. I am naturally a bad-tempered woman, hot, jealous, and I could be vindictive. In the old days I used to be very angry against my brother, especially in his Oxford days, when it cost so much to keep him, and we were stinted at home, and he took it all as a matter of course, never seeing how our father aged, nor how the lines deepened on our mother's dear face. I was angry for myself, too, for I wanted things. I wanted to be educated, to have his chances to go abroad even, and I was often cross and horrible to him. It was only God who showed me the hardness of my heart and helped me to overcome it."

"But I don't in the least see that you were called upon to overcome it. It was a perfectly legitimate indignation. I should have felt it myself. Indeed, I feel it now every time I look at you. Claude has been polished

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at your expense, Jane, and there is no fairness in it."

Jane, a little breathless, even shamed at secret confession, sat back in her chair. "He was worth it. See what a power he is in the pulpit, and how much beloved in the parish. Supposing I had had the chance instead? What should I have made of my life? I could never have used such talents as I possess in that way. No, no, Helen, it is right that men should have the best. It is they who carry on the work of the world."

But Helen only shook a rebellious head.

"The best of them are inferior to us, Jane, and in your heart of hearts you know it."

"To come back to the question of the real religion and the false, let us come nearer home, Helen. What was it, do you think, that gave me power over myself so that I was glad instead of angry when you came? I had my sharp hour, my battle with the powers of evil, but God was by my side, and showed me the hardness and selfishness of my heart. And when I saw you that day come so sweet and smiling into the house, my heart was just melted within me. I don't know whether you saw it."

Helen set down her cup and ran to Jane's side, and kneeling by her threw her arm about her waist, and for the moment they held one another close.

"Dearest," said Jane with the sweet mothering note in her voice. "It is the true thing, the great thing, the only thing in life, it consecrates everything. For your own sake and Claude's sake, and—and for the sake of those who may come after, don't harden your heart."

"There will never be anybody to come after," said Helen with her face hidden. "No, no, don't talk about it. It was a frightful mistake I made to marry without love, and without realisation of all marriage meant. I would go back if I could."

"There can't be any going back; but don't you think, Helen, that in time you will feel different? Claude is very lovable. I found him so, and many women have thought so, I am sure."

"It isn't that. He is far too good for me; but I'm done with that sort of thing, Jane. My heart is seared. Claude understands, I have told him. He quite promised

that too much should not be expected of me, and though I don't mind you and he talking about me like that, still it hurts a little, don't you see. I don't think it is quite fair."

Jane was silent a moment. "We had not seen one another except on Sundays for quite a long time, and I was very glad to see him. Helen, I think he knew that, and blurted out things in a little rush of—of feeling. He did not come to the Court with the intention of discussing you with me. I am quite certain of that."

Helen did not for a moment reply, then Jane went on again, speaking with great earnestness.

"Couldn't you at least brace yourself to go to the morning service regularly?"

"I have been there two or three times, Jane; don't speak as if I had never gone at all."

"But, regularly, Helen, make it a part of your day. I think you might do that just in the same spirit as you arrange the house, or order the meals."

"Ah, but that is different, there would be hypocrisy in that, Jane, and I am surprised to hear you. But why won't Claude and you let me alone? I—I try to do my best, and I think the village people at least don't misunderstand me. Ask Ann Coyne for my character."

Jane smiled.

"I don't need to do that; I love you, dear. Well, don't let us talk any more about it. I'm no believer in too much talk. It is worse than silence. Please God it will come all right one day. I shall go on praying. I'm full of worries about the Court this afternoon. It's incredible how foolish a man can be."

"You mean Tom Courtney?"

"Yes. The new squire came to see him this afternoon. Have you seen Sir Anthony, Helen?"

"Oh, yes, we dined at Mardocks the other evening!"

"You dined at Mardocks! The Duchess looks very nice. Her face is so interesting. She looks as if she has had a great deal of experience."

"She has. Her life story would fill a book. She would like to know you, Jane, and I'm going to bring her to call at the Court one of these days, only you must let me know when Tom Courtney is out of the way quite safely."



"It was a frightful mistake I made to marry without love, and without realisation of all marriage meant. I would go back if I could."

"Didn't he get on with Sir Anthony then? He's a dear, a man anybody could love, so clean and honest and wholesome. He has never made any money, and the fortune which enabled him to buy Mardocks was left to him. I feel sure he will squander it unless somebody looks after him."

"He was very nice to Tom, and Tom was rude, yes, quite rude," said Jane vexedly. "But then he had been drinking. Do you think, Helen, I might take it upon myself to remove all the drink out of the house? Sometimes I think I will."

"Try it. I should if I were you. And if he cuts up rough, all you have got to do is to pack off and trundle over here. I shall never put anybody in that cherry-coloured room, Jane. It's sacred to you."

Jane smiled a little tenderly as she jumped up.

"You are very good, dear, and though I don't say much, I think about that cherry-coloured room you fitted up for me. It gives

me a warm, cosy feeling about my heart just to feel that it is there."

"Why are you in such a hurry? It isn't much after five. I suppose you can't stop to dinner and see Claude?"

"Not to-day; I must go and see Ann Coyne. I'm hunting for a daily governess for the children, and her niece would suit, if she still wanted to come home. Good-bye, dear Helen, I am often thanking God for giving you to me."

"And I, if I prayed, would thank Him, too," said Helen with a sudden full note in her voice. "My house of defence."

She sat pondering on the talk they had till the fire nearly burned out on the hearth, then she bestirred herself to find how the evening meal was progressing. Helen gave her whole attention to her household details, and was not above giving Hannah practical instruction in the art. She had taught the raw country girl, trained only in the rudiments of household science, all sorts

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of dainty dishes and dainty ways, with a surprising result.

Hannah did not lack intelligence, and her ambition was now awakened, never to sleep again. Helen did not know that their joint achievement in the Rectory kitchen was the subject of much boasting at the girls' club, which still met once a fortnight, under the supervision of Miss Jane. It was the only parish work she had retained, and that only because Helen refused, and she could not bear the idea of dropping it.

About ten minutes to seven Helen heard her husband's key in the door.

She moved out to the hall to greet him, and saw at once that he looked unusually tired and pale. She, on the contrary, had a high and rich colour, and her eyes were brilliant.

"I'm afraid you've had a horribly tiring day, Claude. Is it necessary to sit out these dreadful diocesan things?"

"There was no meeting, dear," he answered mechanically. "I went to see the Bishop on a private matter. He was to be in Bradfield, and said he would spare me an hour."

She stood quite still with her hands lightly clasped in front of her, looking at him with a mute inquiry in her eyes.

He came near to her, laid his two hands on her shoulders, and turned her sweet face to the light.

"Helen, I don't think you have any idea how precious you are to me, how you fill my whole life, to the exclusion, I had almost said the shameful exclusion, of everything else."

Her colour deepened ever so slightly, and she drew herself away with a touch of genuine embarrassment. She did not permit much love-making, but sometimes she could not keep it back. And nobody knew, least of all Helen herself, that slowly but surely some responsive echo was beginning to awaken in her heart.

"What did you want to see the Bishop about? Remember, Claude, I don't want to leave Midcar. I'm happy here. I should simply hate and loathe a new place, so if that was your business with the Bishop, it is off."

His heart beat a little faster as his hungry eyes cleaved to her face. Never had he heard such an intimate note in her voice, and the admission that she was happy meant much

to him. There were moments when he had feared the reverse.

"We'll talk about it after dinner. I'm hungry, Helen, and you have spoiled me with your Parisian feasts. I can't go into the country inn as I used and revel in the eighteenpenny ordinary."

She laughed spontaneously.

"I'm glad I'm educating you. Dinner will be on the table as soon as you are ready for it. Jane was here this afternoon."

"Jane? Ah, yes, Jane," said Secretan, and a little uneasiness crept into his expression. But looking at Helen's serene face he decided that Jane had been quite loyal. She had not even hinted to Helen the subject matter of their yesterday's talk. Yet as he ascended the stairs to his dressing-room to remove the dust of his journey, a scarcely perceptible sigh escaped his lips.

CHAPTER XV

UNDER THE STARS

JIMMY BATES having taken coffee into the study, and settled his master and mistress for the evening, retired beaming to supper in the kitchen beside Hannah. Secretan threw himself into his own chair and watched Helen while at the side table she made the coffee to his liking. She was mistress of all those delicate arts which make a man prize his home; she never forgot the cigarette, the match case, the last new book, or the paper he most wished to see, the page turned at the choicest bit. Her figure where she stood with the heavy folds of the velvet falling straightly about her feet was all grace. Where the lace fell from the sleeve, he caught the white beautiful contour of her shapely arm. Secretan was very much in love, and his heart ached intolerably. But his spirit was heavier still, because of the burden that had not been lightened by his visit to Bradfield, and his conference with his Bishop. The Bishop was an austere man, married, it is true, and possessing an exemplary family, but he put church and creed before the ties of the flesh, and had left Secretan in no doubt as to the course he must pursue. He had been kindly, sympathetic, and deeply interested, but absolutely decided.

"I hope you are feeling better now, dear," said Helen as she handed him his cup.



"Her figure, where she stood with the heavy folds of velvet falling about her feet, was all grace."

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"You shall not have any sugar to-night. I recommend black coffee unsweetened as the first of stimulants. Try it. Did I tell you Tom Courtney had had a tussle with Sir Anthony Brede?"

"No, tell me about it," said Secretan, eager to gain time.

Helen related the incident, and laughed over it a little, and passed on Jane's comment.

"Jane and you seem to have had a long confab this afternoon," he said, when he had drunk his coffee, but he did not offer to touch the cigarette.

"We had, she was quite delightful, I can't think how you lived so long beside your sister, Claude, without discovering her."

Secretan smiled.

"It is all right, if you are the discoverer."

"Well, but your blindness does not do you any credit."

She set down her cup, and took her own chair, which had come from Colchester with one or two treasures which Cynthia had been obliged to give up. It was a prie-dieu, very straight in the back, with a strip of faded needlework which Helen prized because it was the only piece of her mother's handiwork she possessed. She liked the chair with the straight back, because she did not belong to the lounging order of women.

"Claude," she said, looking straightly at him. "Why didn't you tell me you went to see Jane, yesterday?"

His face reddened a little, at which she laughed.

"Did you think I would mind? I should never be alarmed at your discussing me with Jane, so please don't forget to tell me next time you do it."

"Did Jane tell you what passed?" he asked awkwardly. "You will believe I did not set out with that deliberate intention, Helen. As I took my walk I seemed to turn naturally to the Court, and, of course, when I was so near I went in."

"Precisely what Jane said, but, dear, I do assure you there is not the smallest need to be apologetic about it. I am quite pleased really."

Secretan sat up suddenly, and his face seemed to harden, or at least to set itself into a line of purpose.

"I am rather glad that you mentioned this, Helen, it gives me an opening. I suppose Jane told you that—well, that I am

very much concerned about the way we are going on."

"She did not say that exactly. She said you did not like my not going to church, and all I said was that you and she must have a little patience. I promised nothing. I believe that I have even been a little better than my promise, and I am very sorry you are so dissatisfied."

Her voice took a colder note, and Secretan visibly winced.

"But, Helen, will you let me say something without taking instant and dire offence? When you promised nothing, as you say, I did not quite realise what it meant. I took it relatively to myself, and I have no complaint to make of your treatment of me. I hope you can say the same."

"I? Oh, I am perfectly satisfied," she said, dropping her eyes on her lap, where her fingers played. "I—I appreciate your kindness and forbearance, and consideration more than I can say, and I have tried to show it. I sometimes thought I had succeeded."

"I appreciate all you do for my comfort. As for the more personal side of things, I was prepared to wait, seven years, I think I said, and think them short if I could win you, but that is not what I wish to speak about to-night."

"I know, you think I'm a heathen, and you're tired of having a heathen wife," she said hardly.

"You express yourself rather strongly," he said, trying to speak gently, though every word stung like a two-edged sword. The Bishop, however, had been insistent on patience and forbearance, even while he made clear the pathway of his duty as a man, a husband, and a Christian priest.

"It is not for myself I plead, Helen, I have known many church-goers far more remiss in their duty than you. But it is the example. My people are a simple people, and they do not understand. I want you to reconsider the whole question. Let us talk it over, and see whether we can't come to a fresh arrangement, whether you will not concede something for the sake of others."

She made no reply.

"Your continued refusal to recognise the ordinances of the church, your complete abstention from Holy Communion, have filled everybody with astonishment, distrust, and

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a little pain. They talk of it to me everywhere, asking me why. I am dumb before them, and I feel that my influence in the parish is being slowly undermined."

"It cannot be built on a very solid foundation, if that can undermine it," she said in a low voice, which, however, had no softness in it.

"If you will only try to look at it for a moment from my, from their point of view, you might be able to grasp the situation. Meanwhile you see only one side of it," he said slowly. "There is so much in the parish only a woman can do, the mothers' meeting, the Bible-class, the sewing guild, are all suffering. I mean they are missed, because they do not exist."

"Then you should have taken my advice and kept Jane in the parish. Remember, I wished it, and if you had insisted there is no doubt that she would have stayed on in the Rectory."

"But I did not wish it, nor would it have been advisable from any point of view, yours, or hers, or mine. Besides, it would not have altered the situation in the smallest degree. The duties I have mentioned are yours, and not hers."

Again she gave him no answer.

"Helen," he said, leaning forward, his face flushed in his extreme earnestness, "won't you concede something even for appearance' sake? I don't know what foolish and stubborn objection you have to attending the church services, what you are waiting for. If, as you say, you are grateful for any small personal consideration I may have shown you, though Heaven knows, that is the last point I wish to press, think it over, and for the sake of that meet me at least half-way."

She sat looking down, her fingers working nervously. He did not know what headway he had made, but his next words were fatal, and undid any good he might have done.

"The Bishop says that there cannot be two opinions as—"

He did not finish the sentence, for Helen sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing.

"The Bishop! Then that was your business at Bradfield, your diocesan business, to discuss me with the Bishop!"

"I went for that purpose," said Secretan quietly, though his face began to flush ominously. "I could not bear my own thoughts any longer. I felt I needed the

counsel and opinion of someone in authority, on what the Bishop very rightly calls a public scandal."

Helen smiled an exceeding bitter smile.

"So that is what I am, 'a public scandal,'" she said slowly. "Thank you very much. Now I know where I am, and now I know, too, the hideous bondage in which you so-called religious people live. I was not mistaken in them after all."

Secretan clenched his hands. He loved her, but above his love for the woman, loyalty to his faith stood high as the stars above the earth.

"I forgive what you say, Helen, though it is not to me you are showing such disrespect. I see that I have been too weak all along, that I ought to have insisted more on such poor authority as the law gives me. I ought to have required your obedience in matters which affected—affected my work, and the paying of outward reverence, at least, to the church ordinances."

"Obedience!" she said. "Obedience! Are we living in the twentieth century? Was it bread-and-water or the scourge the Bishop recommended for the refractory wife?" she asked mockingly. "I have been trying slowly to walk along the pathway of duty to learn things, and I have learned from Jane, never from you. You are a hypocrite. What you would have me do, to go and kneel there in the church with a lie on my lips and in my heart, is hypocrisy. But that apparently is of no account, so long as a good appearance is made before the world. And I thought you were different! Oh, what a mistake it was, what a mistake!"

She wrung her hands passionately like one distraught, and ran out of the room. Secretan, with great beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, sank into his chair and covered his face with his hands. Even in the anguish of the moment, when he had come for the first time in actual conflict with her strong, passionate nature, he felt a strange peace. For he had not wavered. Indiscreet, unwise in his choice of words, in his method, he might have been, but he had risked something for conscience' sake. It was an agony to be at war with the wife he loved, but he must be true to his vow of consecration. "Whosoever loveth father, or mother, or husband, or wife, more than Me, is not worthy."



"'Mercy me, Mrs. Secretan!' said Ann, 'it's nivver yo!'"

He fell upon his knees. Helen sped upstairs to the small quaint sitting-room she had arranged for herself, and where he dared not follow her. With one of the little flashes of mystery and reserve which served only to bind him to her, she had told him that there he must not come without invitation, that it must be her sanctuary. She had played upon his heart like a harp of ten strings, and now that growing and dear intimacy had been sharply cut by his own hand, and the seven years of waiting seemed to lose themselves in space.

Helen did not long remain in sanctuary. It had no message for her soul that night. She drew a pair of overshoes over her house slippers, put a hooded cloak about her head and shoulders, and slipped downstairs. She must have the big sky in this crisis, space, wideness, the protection of the kindly night. So light was her footfall that Secretan did not hear it, nor the slipping of the belt back in its well oiled groove.

It was bright moonlight overhead. Although March was now well forward, the world in these high latitudes was still in the icy grasp of winter. The moor was not far off. A short walk across the churchyard, a step through the wicket, and it lay before her in its immensity, its great awe.

She had no fear, nor need she have had; there were no evil beasts in Midcar to molest simple people in their walks. The moor had no tales of blood or woe to terrify the imagination. It was a kindly place, where flowers were wooed to blossom, and wild things were safe. The night-wind was cold, but Helen let her hood fall back, so that it played unhindered on her hot face and stinging eyes. She was very proud, and her pride was outraged by the vision of two cold Churchmen discussing her and dissecting her motives, deciding how she would be brought to a better frame of mind. That Claude, the man who had behaved with such forbearance and chivalry through-

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out, should have lent himself to this, proved him in her estimation on a level with all the other selfish male creatures she had known. They were all alike, she told herself passionately, they must dominate whatever defenceless creature they had in their power. But she would not be dominated; only that morning she had been so full of kindly feelings to the little place, full of appreciation of her husband's character and standing in it. She had paid a visit to a poor home, where a little child lay ill, and there heard of his tenderness, his true and practical kindness of heart. They had thanked her for it with tears in their eyes. Even against Jane her anger burned. She was no longer a house of defence. For though she had not said very much that afternoon yet her few words brought her in line with her brother's argument. Helen went back to the intrigue, the suspicion, the disbelief which she thought she had put from her as a garment for which she had no further need. She told herself that brother and sister were in league against her, and that Jane had known of the visit to the Bishop and its object. She wandered up the beaten road which the feet of many moorland folks had made hard, and losing touch with the lights of the scattered village, felt herself alone with the stars.

Something seemed to lay a caressing, healing touch upon her panting heart, and even a small quiet smile stole to her lips. She felt a sudden shame of the passion that had rent her. The occasion was hardly worthy of it, a cold invincible front would have been at once more dignified and more convincing. But certainly she would not be driven like a sheep to the sanctuary. They would find she could be as determined as any Bishop. If only he would have the courage to come to Midcar Rectory and give her a chance to assert herself. She sat down presently on a heap of boulders that rose grotesquely by the wayside, and then became conscious that someone was approaching from the opposite direction, a woman's figure of ample proportions, carrying what appeared to be a market basket. Helen sat still to wait her approach, conscious of that swift weariness which so often follows upon an ebullition of unusual force. The figure looked like Ann Coyne's in the elusive distance, though why Ann should be on the middle of the moor after nine o'clock on a winter night, passed her comprehension. It did not

occur to Helen to think that whoever the pedestrian might be, she was bound to feel surprised at the sight of the Rector's wife in that lonely place.

It was Ann. The full moon shone upon her comely face, and her startled eyes.

"Mercy me, Mrs. Secretan, it's nivver yo!" she said with a great deep breath drawn up from her ample bosom. At the same time she set down her basket and incontinently stared.

"Yes, it is I, Ann; I fancied a mouthful of fresh air, and I'm not at all afraid. Lovely out, isn't it?"

"Yus, it be. Well a breath ov the fresh air be Goad's own gift, sure, but it's a tidy bit to coom for it. What does th' Rector say to them neet wanderins?"

"Same as Coyne says to you, I suppose," replied Helen with a short laugh. "Won't you sit down for a moment and tell me where you've been? Then we can walk back together."

Nothing loth, though not yet recovered from the shock of surprise at her meeting with the Rector's wife, Ann seated herself on one of the opposite boulders where she could obtain a good and clear view of Mrs. Secretan's face.

"A'a been a'a the day at Isaac Brettle's, t'other side ov th' moor near by Lips-Ghyl. His wife Lisbeth, shoo died at three this afternoon."

"How did we not know about it, Ann? Mr. Secretan went to Bradfield this morning, and if he had known that anyone was so seriously ill he would, I am sure, have stayed at home to visit her."

"Shoo beaint in Midcar parish. Shoo's wan ov Iffley folk. Nobbut it wad ha made anny difference. Lisbeth needed no parson. Shoo wur a varry good parson her-sen. Manny's th' lesson A've larnt fra her."

"Tell me about her. How did she manage to be so good? I suppose she had everything her own way over there; was she a farmer's wife?"

"Noan, her man is bailiff to Lord Durham. An' she nivver 'ad 'er own way to ma knowledge fra the day she was born to the day ov her death."

"Dear me, was the bailiff such a tyrant?"

"I doan't wish to speak ov him, Mrs. Secretan. A'a promised Lisbeth not. Men, they canna help theirsens. Some's good, some's reet bad, but th' great peck ov them's

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middlin'. Says I to Lisbeth one day when Coyne he war verry tryin', 'If theer's to be anny men fowlk in Heavin, A'am not goan theer.' And she smiled at me an' gave her quiet laugh. A'a was young, then, an' my temper wur often oop. Says shoo verry gentle loike, 'Think av the lonesomeness, Ann, if thou and I had nobbut to mother.'"

There was an undercurrent of tenderness in Ann Coyne's voice which went home in some strange way to Helen Secretan's heart. Ann had a wonderful gift, she had read the expression on Helen's face, and guessed that all was not well.

"Theer's noan manner ov doot, ma dear," she said as she folded her arms across her broad bosom. "That Goad has a verry special worrk fur us wimmin to do here in this world. It begins with patience, and middles with patience and ends with patience. Theer beant annything else. Lisbeth, she understood the Lord's will reet alang, she nivver medd noan foight like, like the maist ov us dew, and now she's left it aa, an' a man thet would gie his reet hand, aye, and his left, to git 'er back. No, he wur noan guid till her in life, but thet's theer wey, puir creeturs, they dinna understand."

"Ann," said Helen with a startling suddenness, "you have been very kind to me since I came to the parish, and tonight somehow I feel that you are my friend. What do they say about me here? Have I sinned and come so very far short?"

Ann drew a small, quick breath, and sat forward eagerly.

"Ma dear, yo've gotten many friends in th' pairish, becos ov they sweet ways and thet winnin' look, which soometimes mekks tha luik so loike a babby aboot th' eyes. But there's manny a sore heart in th' pairish becos tha nivver darkens th' kirk door. It confuses them loike. They dinna understand, an' we looves oor Rector. He be an owd friend, an' he's gettin' to look as if somethink has gaan ooten his life. Ma dear, A'am an owd woman, and yo're a young one. A'am a poor common body, and yo're a real leddy, but this A'a can tell tha an' A'a will—tha's on th' wrong tack aathegither."

"But why? Do you think it is not possible to do one's duty without all this church-going? I don't care for it. I have never been used to it. It doesn't mean any-

thing to me. I should be making a hypocrite of myself, Ann, if I were to go to church feeling as I do."

"A'a nivver heerd as how th' church wur to be kep' speshul loike for guid folks. If it wur, it wad be empty enow. We go theer to learn to be better an' because it's oor Feyther's haas. Thet's how A'a luk at it, and how it be, ma dear."

"But what I can't understand is why the people should trouble about me," said Helen insistently. "I am only one small insignificant creature."

"Nay," said Ann with a touch of loving pride, "tha's oor dear Rector's wife, an' we looves him. In tha pew ov a Soonday wi the Soonday light upon tha face, yo'd be a loight to manny a heavy 'eart. Take it loike thet, and leave the rest wi' Him that's yander."

Ann rose, took up her basket, and pointed upward to the stars. Helen rose, too, and turned to walk by her side. They had further converse as they walked, and somehow the whole inwardness of Helen Secretan's heart passed into the keeping of the plain moorland woman, who, by reason of her communion with the Unseen, had a compelling power.

They parted under the shadow of the Rectory yews, and Ann Coyne went home to pray.

Helen let herself in very quietly, with the latchkey, which never left the pocket of her cloak, and without waiting a moment, may, bracing herself to what was a mighty effort, she marched straight to the study door. At the moment that her hand was on the door the clock struck ten.

Secretan was sitting at his desk writing busily to the Bishop, no doubt, Helen thought, but she pushed back the hardness which would have arisen.

She came forward swiftly and laid a very light touch on her husband's shoulder. He lifted his face, a little haggard and worn, to hers, and she was struck by the sharpness of its outline, its purely ascetic look.

"I have been wrong, Claude," she said in a low voice but very clearly. "I am sorry for it. I see now that one cannot live altogether to oneself. You may write and tell the Bishop," she added with a faintly wandering smile, "that no discipline will be necessary. I will come."

[END OF CHAPTER FIFTEEN]



(Photo: J. S. Reward, Littlehampton.)

On the Hills

"I will lift up mine eyes to the hills."

*LIFE hath many a shadowy valley
Dark with care,
Thorny brake and tangled thicket
Everywhere,
Anxious fear the soul with doubting
Sadly thrills,
But our faith and hope grow stronger
On the hills.*

*Far away the lands of promise
Sweetly shine,
In the west the sunset glory
Glowes divine,
There below all softly murmur
Silver rills,
God's own promise comes to cheer us
On the hills.*

—AMY CHAMBERS.



Christ's Smile

THERE is no record in any one of the four gospels of any incident in the life of Christ in which we are told He smiled. Is it then supposed that Jesus in His perfect manhood never allowed Himself this most humanising relief to His feelings? Or is it too trivial a matter to have claimed the attention of the evangelists?

Twice we are told that "Jesus wept." Once at the grief of His dearest earthly friend, and again over the coming destruction of Jerusalem, the holy city.

The great Italian masters picture unto us our Lord always as the grave, unsmiling Christ, whose beautiful face is fitly framed by the inscription, "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows." No expression than

that more fitly describes the mission of the Saviour, but what does it mean? It simply means He came to bring happiness, to save life, to heal the sick, and to bind up the broken-hearted.

Only the most pessimistic could read His life without noticing the rays of sunshine that slant here and there across His path—a path beset with briars and thorns, but upon which the light of God's presence continually shone.

It is true that the closer study we give to the life of Christ only brings home to us more the grave facts that He came to His own people, but they received Him not, and we are made to stand face to face with the rock of opposition that beset Him on every side, from the jealous hatred of the Scribes and Pharisees to the treacherous behaviour of the fickle and unbelieving Jews. But there is another side to this picture of sin and sorrow upon which the sun is always shining. On the one hand, the ignorance of sinful men, and on the other the perfect love and confidence of God the Father. "Thou art My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased." In this alone there was happiness for the Son of God which the world had no power to touch.

If the Saviour's earthly triumphs were few, yet He found not once, but many times, that among the pure in heart love has many converts.

Mere words sometimes convey so much expression with them. We read a book and come across a sentence spoken by one of the characters that is so whimsical and full of charm, that we know instinctively before we are told, even should the author enlighten us, that the speaker must have smiled out of pure joy when he uttered it.

We find this often in the gospel story. First, take for instance when the children

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were brought to Jesus to be blessed. Love guided the mothers of Israel to His side, and we need but to read the words He spoke as He took them in His arms : " Suffer the little children to come unto Me," to see the smile illuminate His features—a smile more of Heaven than of earth, as He blessed the children of His Father.

Or again, let us take the case of the poor woman with the issue of blood, faithfully recorded three times, who pushed her way through the throng that she might touch the Master's garment. Christ immediately felt that touch and stopped to inquire who had done it. The woman, feeling His eyes upon her, knew she was found out, and came forward, trembling with fear, and knelt at His feet. How Jesus must have smiled His encouragement as He realised the faith which had prompted her to approach Him, and He comforted her with these words of love : " Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole."

We have only touched on two instances out of the many that he who runs may read ; but they are enough to show us that there were times in Christ's life wherein He rejoiced and was glad.

However small the mark of faith, it never escaped His notice, or failed to receive His commendation. And His smile of approval shines yet down from Heaven on those who are true of heart.—W. V. KNOCKER.



GOD has not given us vast learning to solve all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' lives ; but He has given to every one of us the power to be spiritual, and by our spirituality to lift and enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch.



Provision for Help

QUR little church in the country had been struck by lightning. The bolt had torn a great hole in the side of the steeple, and the slates were scattered about the pavement at the church entrance. The gaping hole was so large that it seemed impossible to fill it or cover it up. Above and about it the steeple was torn and ragged. Consternation was in our hearts and minds. Had our insurance expired, or was it still in force, and if in force was there a " lightning clause " which would bring us help to meet the loss ? Otherwise we would be in extremity, for our means were limited and

we had but recently strained our utmost to meet an urgent need. A search was made for the policy. It had not expired, but was in full force, and the " lightning clause " was there. We had full provision against our severe loss.

Sorrow may come suddenly and from unlooked for sources. Have we provided for the emergency ? Have we a refuge when beaten down by adversity ? When trouble like a cloud has overwhelmed us, have we a shelter against the blast ? Have we a haven of rest ? Listen to the Master's voice. " Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." " Trust in the Lord and ye shall find rest unto your soul."

Take no risk—" Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found. Call ye upon Him while He is near."—HENRY TAYLOR GRAY.

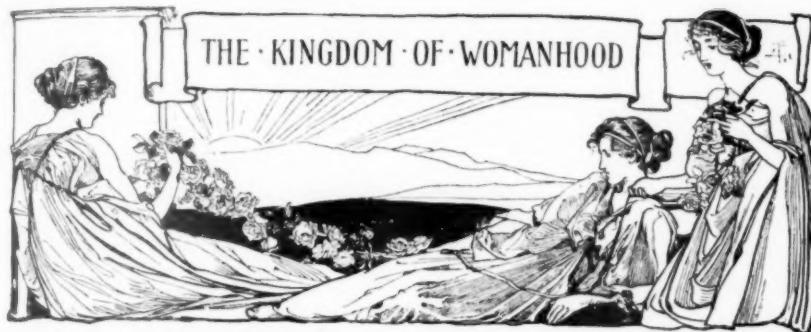


DO not look forward to what might happen to-morrow. The same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.



Daily Prayer

IT is a thought to me awful and beautiful—that of the daily prayer, and of the myriads of fellow-men uttering it, in care and in sickness, in doubt and in poverty, in health and in wealth. A man whispers it by the bedside where wife and child lie sleeping, and he goes to his early labour with a stouter heart—as he creeps to his rest when the day's labour is over and the quotidian bread is earned, and breathes his hushed thanks to the bountiful Giver of the meal. All over this world what an endless chorus is singing of love, and thanks, and prayer ! Day tells to day the wondrous story, and night recounts it unto night. How do I come to think of a sunrise which I saw twenty years ago on the Nile, when the river and sky flushed and glowed with the dawning light, and, as the luminary appeared the boatmen knelt on the rosy deck and adored Allah ? So, as thy sun rises, friend, over the humble housetops round about your home, shall you wake many and many a day to duty and labours. May the task have been honestly done when the night comes, and the steward deal kindly with the labourer.—W. M. THACKERAY.



ON SELF-DEVELOPMENT, OR THE SECRET OF YOUTH

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSER, M.B.

ONE of the saddest phases of human life is displayed by the woman without resources face to face with the realisation that youth is slipping past with incredible rapidity. It takes a fine philosophy to see the wrinkles come and the grace of youth give way before the rotundity or angularity of middle life without a pang. Many women suffer intensely in "growing old." Their vain efforts to cheat time and the world by toilet devices and youthful dressing are pathetic to anyone who sees below the surface of things. The preservation of youth cannot be accomplished by external devices *per se*. The only way to keep young is to *be* young, young in the sense of preserving one's enthusiasm, in cultivating personal interests and resources. The reason why most women grow old sooner than men is because man's circle is wider, he has more opportunity of self-development. Women, especially domesticated women, tend to get into a groove. They confine their interests to their family and social circle and deteriorate intellectually in consequence. One of the dangers of happy domesticity is mental slothfulness. The wife and mother concerns herself so much with the routine of daily life, the preparation of meals, the buying of clothes, the ordering of her household, that she is apt to think that she has no time left for things that are more vital still. I do not desire to disparage domestic duties. There is something uplifting in the faithful performance of simple house-

hold tasks; something peculiarly satisfying in the daily round of duties conscientiously done. Home-making and child-rearing are woman's highest sphere. Her first duty is to do that work well, and the average woman, in spite of all that is being said regarding the neglect of "mother craft," is a good wife and a good mother.

Mental Deterioration

The danger is rather that she absorbs herself so entirely in her woman's work that she neglects her own development as an individual. How many girls, when they marry, shelve their intellectual and artistic interests! How many married women of forty have given up all their personal interests and resources for domestic and social affairs! The majority of domesticated women are old before their time simply because they devote themselves entirely to their household affairs, their narrow social circle, and lose touch with the wider interests of life.

The other day I met a woman who had been a keen lover of books when I last saw her ten years ago. Domesticity and society had absorbed her so completely that she had not read a daily newspaper for years, nor opened a book more serious than a type of fiction which would have bored her to death before her intellectual gifts had atrophied from disuse. Reading in its best sense is too often neglected by the home woman. Light ephemeral novels, "fashions," the doings of a

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society outside of their social ken, suffice as the intellectual nourishment of nice women, intelligent women, clever women—or at least, of women who would be clever if they developed their resources. The reason why the tragedy of waning youth exists for so many women is because they do not cultivate those qualities of mind and brain which will compensate them for a lost complexion and hair that is turning grey. Youth is not preserved by face massage and artificial coiffures, not even the appearance of youth. Whether we are thirty, forty, fifty, we all look our age to within a year or two. Self respect and the artistic sense makes a woman desire to look her best. She is only foolish when her whole aim is directed towards preserving the outward appearance of youth while she allows her mind and character to deteriorate. After all, it is one's attitude towards life and the big things of life that keeps the heart young and the mind and body vigorous, even to old age. There are women who feel old and look it, too, at thirty-five. There are men and women of sixty who combine all the alertness and charm of youth with that knowledge and understanding of the meaning of life which is only acquired in maturity.

If women would but try the experiment of getting up an enthusiasm for some new interest outside of their usual groove! It is lack of real interests that makes women dull and dispirited. Learning a new language may be the best cure for the "blues." Idleness of mind brings discontent and dissatisfaction with one's sphere in life. The woman who cultivates her brain by systematic reading, whose thoughts are occupied with bigger things than passing fashions and the vagaries of the maid servants, keeps her youth, her husband's admiration and her own self-respect indefinitely.

The Home Woman as Citizen

The day when it was considered "unwomanly" for a home woman to take an interest in social reform, municipal affairs, politics, is happily passing away. It has been proved that women can do splendid work for temperance reform, industrial reform, and social problems, and at the same time fulfil all the duties

of an excellent housewife, a wise mother. The domesticated woman has her hours of leisure which she can fritter away or utilise profitably for self-culture and for the welfare of those with a less fortunate environment than herself. The great pity is that so few women take a real, practical interest in the world's work. They are "citizens" in the very narrowest sense of the word, and yet many of them have plenty of leisure apart from their home duties. The great lack in the lives of many well-to-do women is lack of serious work. They do not absolutely require to do the honest manual labour in their homes which is the salvation of poorer women. They have every temptation to drift into slack, idle habits, and drifting spells degeneration and early decay. A life which is empty of work for others is a pinched, pitiful, feeble sort of life at best. I can never understand the type of person who yearns for elegant idleness, who is envious of anybody who does not "need" to work. Life destitute of effort is a barren thing, a great gift which has not been utilised. Growth of mind, muscle and morals can only be achieved by effort. Regular physical exercise makes for the development of the muscular system. By moral and intellectual effort we grow in mind and soul. Without self-development we deteriorate, we are old, out of date before our time.

To strive to do the best work that is in us is one of the secrets of happiness and eternal youth, whether the work be with the hands or the head. The knowledge that we have cooked a dinner, written a book, painted a picture, scrubbed a table, or bedded out the geraniums to the very best of our ability, makes us feel in harmony with our surroundings. That is happiness, a happiness which the idle person can never know. Apart from higher motives, it is only common sense to do the best we can with the means we have at hand, to read and study, and take an interest in life generally, to utilise any gifts of mind we may possess—thus we shall know the happiness of achievement. We shall strike a note of harmony in the world and win a joy which no material benefits nor worldly wealth can impart.



NOON DAY

(By Col. J. Gate.)

Leo, the Clown

BY WINIFRED MARY GRAHAM



THE large circus tent was crowded with people, for Denman's Circus was always popular at Sandgate-on-Sea, and its yearly visit was eagerly looked forward to, especially by the younger members of the population. It was a stormy night, and the wind howled against the canvas, and blew the flames of the oil lamps hither and thither, making them cast a shifting, uncertain light on the circus ring. But the audience paid little heed to such trifles, for they were eagerly awaiting the entrance of Leo, the new clown. There were rumours circulating that the new clown was far superior to old Tom, whose jokes had become threadbare through constant repetition, and whose clumsy antics had ceased to entertain. Pneumonia had carried off poor Tom the winter before, and the handbills announced that Leo—the Wonder of the Age—would be the chief performer that evening.

After a pause, during which all heads were craned towards the ring, the band struck up, and with a leap and a cry of "Here we are again," Leo the clown bounded in, and the fun began. The audience roared with laughter at his jokes. He seemed able to draw his face into impossible contortions, and everybody in the ring was kept alive. He bubbled over with fun and merriment, and when he sang some comic songs his fine tenor voice brought him rounds of applause. As the people streamed

out of the tent when the performance was over there was general assent that Leo was the success of the evening, and that Denman's had surpassed itself in that night's entertainment.

Meanwhile, in a small tent close by, Leo was divesting himself of his clown's garb. As the lamp glimmered and flickered above him it disclosed a man of moderate height, with thick, curly brown hair, blue eyes, with a wistful, melancholy look, strangely at variance with the clown's erstwhile merry mood, and a handsome face bearing marks of stress and trouble. This was no ordinary clown, but a gentleman. Every gesture and movement showed it. His long, slender hands and quick, graceful movements were not those of the ordinary run of circus men. The new clown of Denman's Circus was evidently a cut above his fellows.

As he finished dressing, and was putting on his thin, shabby overcoat, the flap of the tent was lifted, and the proprietor of the circus entered unceremoniously.

"Well, Cunningham," he said cheerfully, rubbing his hands together. "You did well to-night. I've never seen a bigger audience here, and you kept them alive to the end. Come and have some supper with me, I'm putting up at the Dragon Inn, and we'll drink to your health and success."

"Sorry, but I must get home," replied the clown, abruptly. "It's nearly eleven o'clock now."

LEO, THE CLOWN

"What a man you are," said Denman, half contemptuously. "You never seem to care for pleasure. You always rush off to your lodgings. Why don't you join us sometimes, and have a little fun?"

"You forget the boy," returned Cunningham, with a flicker of a smile crossing his melancholy face.

"The boy!" repeated Denman with a laugh. "Why, you are always thinking of your boy. You should rouse yourself a little, man, and keep yourself alive. You'll injure your own prospects, if you don't take care. A gloomy clown is no use to anyone."

"You need have no fear of that," said Cunningham, a little shortly. "I will look after myself."

"Very well," returned Denman, rather piqued. Then, as he remembered that it was necessary for him to be on good terms with his clown, who meant money and success, he added more cheerfully: "You must take a look round Sandgate in the morning. It's not a bad place. I'm always glad to get back here. Perhaps you know it, though!"

The remark was a casual one, but a spasm of pain crossed Cunningham's face. He bit his lip, then answered quietly: "Yes, I have been here before."

"Oh, then you know all the points of interest." Denman eyed his companion keenly. Cunningham was a continual puzzle to him. Of his former history he knew absolutely nothing, and his curiosity was aroused because he realised that his clown was a gentleman, and he wondered what had brought him to his present position. Six months before Cunningham had applied, in answer to Denman's advertisement, to fill Tom Warner's place, and his evident ability, and the high references from the proprietor of the circus with whom he had been working, had gained him the post. But though he had proved himself eminently satisfactory, not one syllable in reference to his past life ever escaped his lips. He kept himself aloof and steadily refused all advances from his companions.

Denman, finding that he elicited but little response, left the tent, and Cunningham, putting on his cap, and turning up his coat collar, plunged bravely into the darkness on the way to his lodgings. The rain lashed his face, and he was almost

lifted off his feet at times by the fury of the wind, but he hardly felt the elements, for his mind was in a whirl as he strode along the deserted streets.

Did he know Sandgate? Denman's unconscious remark had roused old memories which he thought had been securely lulled to rest. His mind went back twenty years and more, when as a boy he had played on the downs there, and bathed from the rocks, and ridden his pony along the country roads. His father, Colonel Sherbrook Cunningham, owned a large estate on the outskirts of Sandgate, and Leonard, his only child, had been his idol. Left motherless when a baby, the boy had grown up petted and indulged, accustomed to have every wish gratified, and every desire fulfilled.

At nineteen he went up to Cambridge, and soon won for himself a host of friends by his happy, easy-going temperament and natural gifts. His prowess at all games, his power of mimicry and splendid voice, attracted men to him, and he might easily have been influenced for good had he had anyone to guide him. But warm-hearted and impulsive as he was, his friends proved his undoing. They led him into debt, he got into disgrace, and was sent down to rusticate for a year. His father's anger and grief were terrible to witness, but in the end Leonard was forgiven. Then, only a few months later, he met and fell in love with the daughter of a farmer in a neighbouring village, and they were married secretly. Rose Tennant was as good as she was beautiful, but Sherbrook Cunningham, when he heard of the marriage, refused to see either his son or daughter-in-law, or to hold any communication with them.

Thus turned adrift on his own resources, Leonard tried to get work, but he had not been brought up with the idea of earning his own living, and all his efforts were in vain. Too proud to apply to his friends, he and his wife sank lower and lower, till, about eighteen months after their marriage, Rose faded out of life leaving her husband a baby boy of six months as a parting legacy. At first Leonard Cunningham was almost stunned by his misfortune, but the necessity of providing for his son roused him. In desperation he applied for a place as clown in a travelling circus, mindful of the days when he had kept his friends amused for hours together by his wit and fun. To his

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surprise he got the post, and having written to his father, and told him of his wife's death, and the birth of the child, and his present occupation, he deliberately set himself to forget his old associations, and to make the best of his new life. The child was his salvation. The innocent, baby face and clinging hands kept him straight, and as the years went by, and the baby grew to boyhood, delicate and fragile, the strongest love, amounting almost to worship, grew up between father and son. The father lived only for his boy, and denied himself everything for his sake, while little Leonard thought his father absolutely perfect, and loved him with all the strength of his pure boyish nature.

II

ABSORBED in bitter reflections at the irony of fate which had brought him once more to his old home, Cunningham was at length roused to the fact that he had reached his lodgings. He turned in at the little wooden gate, and went up the narrow flagged path. The door stood ajar, and he entered the dark hall, divested himself of his wet clothes, and opened a door on the right. As he entered the little front room a boyish voice welcomed him eagerly from the depths of an armchair.

"Hullo! dad, you've come at last. What a long time you have been. Mrs. Forrest has been in twice to try and make me go to bed, but I told her I always talk to you while you have your supper."

Cunningham turned up the gas, and crossed over to the chair where his boy sat. There was a strong resemblance between father and son. The same dark, curly hair, broad forehead, and blue eyes, only the wistful look was lacking in the child, though the thin, white face bore marks of pain which made it unchildlike.

"How have you been, old man?" Cunningham asked gently, laying a hand on the dark head.

"Oh, pretty fair, thank you, dad. The pain was rather bad after you went, but it's better now. Will you have your supper, and I'll talk to you?"

Cunningham sat down at the table on which was spread the remains of a joint of mutton, bread and butter and cheese. Lennie got up from his armchair, and made

his way with a slow, halting step to a seat opposite his father. The boy had suffered for the last three years from hip trouble. Doctors had said that the disease was due chiefly to weakness, and was not incurable, but the long sea voyage and medical methods necessary to effect a cure were quite beyond Cunningham's purse. So he had to watch, with secret agony, the boy's continued weakness, and writhe under the knowledge that he could do nothing to restore to health the being whom he loved most dearly on earth.

They chatted cheerfully while the father ate his supper. Lennie questioned eagerly about the evening's performance, and Cunningham described the crowded tent, the ponies' tricks, and the dresses of the girls, as though he took the keenest interest in his occupation, instead of feeling, as he felt that night, perhaps more than he had ever done before, a sickening sense of disgust at the depths to which he had descended.

"But you looked the best of them all, dad, I know," said Lennie, eagerly, as his father paused. "I should like to have seen you and heard the people cheer you."

Leonard Cunningham winced at his son's enthusiasm. He never allowed Lennie to go to the circus performances. He felt he could not bear his son to see him in his clown's dress. And Lennie, with childish faith in his father, acquiesced in his decision, though sometimes he longed to see the gaieties, of which he heard and to join in the applause which he felt sure his father always evoked. But the father's word was always sufficient, and Cunningham, touched to the heart by the little lad's ready obedience, would exert himself when he came home to tell of all that had taken place, to amuse his son.

He smiled now, half sadly, at Lennie's eager face. "Well, I wouldn't say that, Len, but I did get some encores. Now you must be off to bed, and if it's fine tomorrow I will take you down to the sea. We must get some roses into these pale cheeks. A fortnight here ought to do wonders. Come along, let me help you upstairs."

"Oh! dad, isn't it lovely? Now I know what they mean by sea horses. Look at the waves, how they splash and shake their white manes. Oh! it's too glorious." Lennie fairly gasped as he uttered these last words the following morning. He sat

LEO, THE CLOWN

proped up against a boat on the beach, and watched the sea splashing on the shore with sprays of foam.

"Yes, it's an ideal morning, old man. This fresh air will do you good. Do you think you will be all right here, while I go to the rehearsal? I'll ask that boatman over there to keep an eye on you. I shan't be more than an hour."

"I shall be all right, dad. I could sit here for ages, and I've got my book, too. Don't hurry, though of course I want you back as quick as you can come."

Cunningham stooped and rearranged Lennie's cushion, then crossed the beach

to the promenade, and set off in the direction of the market-place, where the circus tents had been pitched. As he passed a florist's shop he was attracted by a tall, elderly gentleman who was looking at the flowers. The upright carriage, military bearing, and air of alertness and vigour seemed strangely familiar. In a moment Leonard Cunningham recognised his father!

The sudden encounter was a shock, but, recovering himself, Cunningham made a step forward. The old man, however, did not see him, and entered the shop, and the son, pulling himself together with a great effort, went on his way. But the sight of his father, after twelve years' absence, touched him deeply, and he groaned as he thought what a wide gulf separated them.

He was absent-

Cunningham looked with a sense of



"It is thirteen years since I last spoke to you, Leonard, and I said I would never have anything to do with you again"—p. 656.

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foreboding in the direction in which Lennie pointed. Yes ! it was his father. Had he recognised the family name ? What would he do ? Well ! he must make the advance if there was to be a reconciliation. Cunningham's heart beat so fast that it nearly stifled him. He answered Lennie's question evasively, and tried to dismiss the matter from his mind, but he was not very successful.

III

A WEEK had gone by, and every day the mysterious old gentleman visited Lennie on the beach. Cunningham no longer doubted whether his father recognised him, but the Colonel was careful only to appear when his son was away, and by the time the latter returned Lennie was alone again. The boy was full of his new friend, and longed for his father to know him. But no inkling of the truth reached him. Evidently his grandfather had not revealed the relationship, and Cunningham kept silence. Only another week, and the circus would be moving on, and they would leave Sandgate. Though his father was evidently determined to ignore him, Cunningham had not the heart to keep Lennie at home when the sea air was doing him so much good. But he could not understand the feeling of misery which hung about him, and the strong desire he felt to get Lennie away without knowing who this old gentleman really was. Dim forebodings oppressed him, and he was powerless to shake them off.

One morning as he was coming back from a rehearsal he suddenly ran against his father at the end of the promenade. It was a gusty morning, with occasional showers, and Lennie had not been able to get out as usual. For a moment father and son stood and faced each other in silence. Cunningham felt himself staggered by the suddenness of the meeting, but the Colonel had evidently been waiting for him, for without any greeting whatever, he said abruptly : "It is thirteen years since I last spoke to you, Leonard, and I said I would never have anything to do with you again. I never break my promises, but I am willing to do something for your boy."

Cunningham tried to speak, but something seemed to rise in his throat and choke

him. His father continued quietly :—"The boy is a true Cunningham, and I have no heir. I will take him and bring him up as befits his name, and have the best doctors to attend him, and restore him, if possible, to health ; but only on condition that you give him up absolutely. There must be no further communication between you. The boy will be mine entirely."

As the Colonel paused his son found his voice. "Give up my boy," he cried fiercely. "Why, he is the only thing that makes life bearable. You did not help us when we hardly knew how to keep ourselves alive, but we did without help then, and we can do without now. I will never give up my child."

The Colonel's brow clouded, and his eyes flashed angrily. "You ought to be thankful to me for offering to take your son from his present position. What do you suppose he will feel when he gets older and realises that he is a Cunningham, and yet the son of a clown? If you choose to throw away your prospects you have no right to blight his. Besides, at the rate he is going on, he will not live long. He wants the best medical advice and treatment to save him."

Cunningham was silent. His tongue seemed tied before these scathing words, which cut him like a knife. His eyes were being rudely opened to the truth. He was dragging down his child. To what position could the child of a mere travelling clown ever hope to attain ? Nevertheless in his pride, he resented his father's hard words. He began to protest again, but the Colonel cut him short.

"You can think it over. If you decide to save your son he must be at the Court by five o'clock to-morrow. But remember, he becomes mine absolutely, and you hold no more communication with him."

Sherbrook Cunningham turned on his heel as he uttered these last words. In his hard, stern nature, warped by the resentment of years, there was no thought of forgiveness for his only son. His pride and desire for an heir bade him demand his grandson, but forgive a Cunningham who had so far forgotten himself as to become a clown—never !

Leonard stood rooted to the ground, then suddenly he sprang forward with an exclamation. "Father ! Won't you say one kind word to me ? Won't you forgive me ?"

LEO, THE CLOWN

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But the old man walked on, and paid no heed to his son's cry.

In a moment the latter recovered himself, and laughed bitterly at his own folly. Then with lowered head he made his way back to his lodgings.

IV

THE clown was as entertaining as ever at the circus that night. But no one knew the storm that was going on in Cunningham's mind as he played his part. Must he give up his boy? What could he do? His father's face rose before him, stern and unyielding, accusing him of spoiling the child's life, and he groaned within himself.

When he reached his lodgings supper was waiting as usual, but he hastily rang for it to be cleared away, for he felt as if food would choke him. He had made Lennie promise to go to bed early, for the boy had been in a good deal of pain all day, though he made no complaint. Cunningham crept upstairs to his bedroom, and found the boy asleep, lying with his curly head pressed into the pillow, and one thin arm flung across the coverlet. The father bent and lightly pressed a kiss on the bare warm flesh, then drew back hastily as Lennie muttered in his sleep "Dear Dad." He made his way downstairs again, and spent the next few hours pacing up and down the little sitting-room, his mind one whirl of agony. How could he give up his boy, his little lad? It was impossible, he muttered fiercely under his breath. But the vision of the thin, white face, growing daily paler and more worn with pain, came before him. Surely to save his life, to ensure that Lennie would grow up well and strong, he could even bear to lose him! But what would the boy himself say? Cunningham could not bear even to contemplate that. He went over to the window and threw it open. The dawn was just breaking, and the sight seemed to calm him. He stood in silence for a long time, gazing out, his mind busy with thoughts of his dead wife. What would she have said to this offer? He knew that she would have made any sacrifice for her boy's good. Presently he turned away, saying brokenly to himself, "For your sake and his, Rose, I'll give him up. It's best for him, and after all I deserve it. He's too good for me. Better separate us now, before I drag him

down, too. I must 'dree my own weird' alone." And having reached this decision Cunningham flung himself, utterly worn out, on to the hard horsehair sofa, and slept restlessly till the little maid of all work came in to sweep before breakfast.

How he broke the news to Lennie, Cunningham never knew. He had a dim recollection afterwards of the boy's startled, terrified face, and of his agonised cry: "Oh! father, you won't send me away from you!" and then the little lad crept into his arms and father and son were silent for a long time. By and by Cunningham roused himself and tried to talk cheerfully. He told Lennie that he would have a pony to ride, and everything he wanted to amuse him, but he could not get an answering smile. To Lennie the whole world seemed suddenly to have become black and dreary. He could not realise the magnitude of the awful change that was coming so quickly upon him. Only instinctively he grasped the fact that his father was doing this awful thing because he could not help himself, and after his first cry the boy was silent, battling with his feelings, and trying not to hurt his father more than he could help. There was evidently no other way—something inexorable was dragging them apart, and Lennie made no more appeal to stay with his father, but only clung to him with a dumb misery in his eyes, which almost overthrew Cunningham's decision. But even in his distress of mind he stood firm. It was his boy's life that was at stake, or so it seemed to him, and to save him he would suffer anything.

The few hours left seemed to fly, and in the afternoon Cunningham took Lennie to the Court, carrying the boy's few possessions with him. How familiar the way was. Old memories thronged upon him, but through all he felt the convulsive clutch of a small hand, and again that great lump rose in his throat.

When they reached the lodge gates Cunningham turned silently to the little limping figure beside him, and in an instant the boy was in his arms. Not a word was uttered, only there was a long, close, silent embrace between them, and a gentle, tender kiss, and then Cunningham put Lennie down again, and they walked up the avenue.

The footman opened the door. Cunningham did not recognise him, but he evidently



"Cunningham raised his head hastily, and saw before him - his son."

expected the boy, for he politely requested him to come in. There was a moment's hesitation, and then Cunningham found himself stumbling blindly down the avenue, with a great pain tearing at his heart, and the memory of a pair of agonised blue eyes. He felt that the iron had indeed entered into his soul.

The next week seemed a dream of misery and pain. In the evening at the circus Cunningham forced himself to play his part by sheer will power. But all day, and the greater part of the night, he spent in wandering about, unable to bear the solitude of his lodgings. He kept away from the direction of his father's house, but once he saw Lennie, driving in a carriage. The boy sat by his grandfather's side, and Cunningham drew back hastily lest he should be seen. The listless, weary look on Lennie's face almost made him cry out. Was his sacrifice in vain? He bit his lip fiercely, and turned away, struggling with an overwhelming rush of pain that almost made him reel. In those dark days Cunningham

suffered more than he had ever done before, and often it was only by physical power that he prevented himself from going to his father's house and demanding his son. He would even have welcomed an invitation from his companions to join them in their evening pleasures so as to drown his misery, but they, remembering how he had ignored past advances, left him to go his own way, shrugging their shoulders at "Cunningham's eccentricities."

At the last performance given by Denman's Circus before it moved on to its next destination the tent was, as usual, packed. Never had Leo, the clown, been so amusing. The audience rocked to and fro with laughter and encored him again and again, demanding another song. At last, however, it was over, and Cunningham made his way home feeling utterly exhausted. An early start was to be made next morning, and after swallowing a few mouthfuls of food, he began to pack his belongings. As he was stuffing his things into his portmanteau, his eyes fell on Lennie's photograph standing on the

LEO, THE CLOWN

mantelpiece. Cunningham crossed the room and took it up, and gazed long and earnestly at the boyish face, whose straightforward, childish look seemed to pierce his very soul. Then, with a sudden rush, came the full realisation of what his future life would be, childless and lonely. Up to now, he had at least been near his boy, but now he must leave him altogether, never to see him again. With a groan the bereaved father flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands. His frame shook with suppressed sobs, the hard, bitter tears of a strong man.

Suddenly there was a step in the hall, and then someone gently opened the sitting-room door and entered. Cunningham raised his head hastily, and saw before him—his son!

With a rush the boy was once more in his father's arms, and with a sigh of infinite satisfaction the curly head was laid on the broad shoulder waiting to receive it.

To Cunningham it seemed a dream of delight which he feared to dispel if he uttered a word. To feel the slight, fragile form of his son once again, and to press his lips to the dark head, was overwhelming joy. But presently he roused himself and asked, "What brought you back, old man? Did your grandfather send you?"

"No," and the blue eyes looked trustfully into those bent on him. "But I couldn't bear it any longer, dad, without you. I've tried to be good, on my honour I have. But oh, dad, it was too awful. I would have died if I had stayed there without you."

"Wasn't your grandfather kind to you?" questioned Cunningham, drawing the boy a little closer.

"Oh, yes, he gave me everything I asked for, and he told me he'd made his will, and I should have everything after he was dead. But he wouldn't let me speak of you, dad, and I wanted you so very badly. And then to-day I remembered that it was the last day of the circus, and you would be going away, and I couldn't bear it any more, so I got out of bed to-night, and dressed, and came back. You won't send me back again, will you? I can't—oh, I can't live without you."

All the father's determination was broken down at the touch of the boy's clinging fingers, and the tears in his blue eyes, and his voice was very tender and full of a great contentment as he replied, "No, old man, I won't send you back. I've found that I can't do without you, either. We will never be parted again."

Two days later Cunningham received a letter in an unknown hand. It proved to be from the manager of a high-class travelling concert company, who had been present at the last performance of Denman's Circus, at Sandgate, and had heard the clown sing. The purpose of the letter was to offer Cunningham a place in the company at a much increased salary.

Cunningham read the letter in silence, then looked across at Lennie, who was hanging out of the window, playing with a kitten. "So the career of Leo, the clown, comes to an end," he murmured whimsically, "and that of Cunningham, the singer, begins. After all the boy shall have proper treatment—for evidently it is so ordained."

Home Life in Germany.

One of the most notable features of "Cassell's Magazine" for May is an interesting article on "German Manners and Customs," by A. Ireland Robertson. The doings of Germany have attracted considerable attention in England of late, and in this article Mr. Robertson gives us some fresh and original information concerning home life in the Fatherland. Sir Malcolm Morris contributes an article on "The Stress and Strain of the Literary Life," and Miss Ette Slack deals with a common weakness of human nature in her article entitled, "In the Eyes of the World." The number contains some excellent fiction, contributed by such well-known writers as J. J. Bell, Max Pemberton, Baroness Orczy, Owen Oliver, and Henry A. Hering.



Our Doll Competition

By THE EDITOR

AS I write I am surrounded by hundreds of friendly faces—pretty, smiling, but immovable. Patiently they sit and watch me, in all their glory of fine and wonderful clothes, meant to be admired, but asking no praise. In other words, half my office for the past week or two has resembled a huge dolls' shop. Shelves have been erected, cupboards commandeered, and from floor to ceiling, tightly packed, yet all showing, are the dolls sent in by kindly folk all over the world for our doll-dressing competition.

One's first thought on seeing them is that of the immense amount of labour represented. Each one of these dolls has been carefully dressed, in most cases with a full set of garments made to take off. On many of them hours and hours must have been spent, and the total amount of time needed to dress all these dolls must represent several years.

Dolls from Town and Country

It is curious to study the places represented by this "sea of dolls." Most of them seem to come from the country, the smaller towns and rural districts of England, the fastnesses of Scotland and Wales, remote places in Ireland being

well represented. Last month I published the full list of prize winners, and it will be noticed how few of them come from the larger towns—London is hardly represented at all. I think the explanation of this is that it is becoming more and more difficult amid the distractions of city life to give hours to quiet work such as is necessary for doll dressing. Of course, I may be wrong in this.

Not only the British Isles, but the Empire beyond the seas and foreign countries were represented. Several dolls came from the West Indies, one of the prize winners is from Victoria, Australia; a fine doll was received from India; while one doll from Paris came several days late owing to the floods that were then playing havoc with the French capital and its postal service.

I am very pleased to state that, such was the care taken by the competitors in packing their parcels, practically all the dolls reached this office in good condition. I think that there was one case of a stray limb, and another where the eye apparatus had suffered; but otherwise the huge family safely survived transportation, and arrived in the best of condition.



SOME OF THE DOLLS.

A peep at a corner of the Editorial Office during the Competition.

THE QUIVER

Judges and Prizes

As may be imagined, the work of judging was by no means easy. To assist the Editor's merely masculine eye, four ladies were called in, among them experts in needlework and dressmaking, and all the dolls received most careful consideration. A preliminary examination revealed a score or so "in the running." In order, first of all, to settle the principal prize this selection was narrowed down to five or six. A most rigorous and detailed scrutiny was made of these, each garment being taken off and critically examined. It must be admitted that there were several well deserving of the highest award. The doll sent by Miss Janet Clowser, which is marked "1" in the group below, drew early attention. It is a delicately tasteful doll, with a lilac frock of fashionable style. It has a lovely hat of home-plaited straw, trimmed with flowers, the whole presenting a very dainty appearance. The underclothes,



FIRST PRIZE WINNER.

too, were most neatly and skilfully worked, the drawn-thread work on the little petticoat being finely done.

This charming damsel was run very close by Nos. 2 and 3 in the same group. No. 2, sent by Miss Catherine Howell, has a reversible silk frock, very cleverly made, so that when its wearer grows tired of one side, she can turn it inside out, and, behold, a new garment is there! No. 3, sent by Miss Lucie Adams, was also dressed in silk, on which had been painted most pretty flower effects.

Perhaps the best-worked doll of the whole competition was

that marked "4," sent by Miss Winifred Hexter. Smaller than the other dolls, the stitching must have been more difficult, yet the work on this doll can only be described as marvellous. Each little garment was carefully made, and was marked with the doll's initials, even including the tiny handkerchief. The minute stitching on some of the clothes was almost microscopical. Un-



WINNERS OF THE THERMOS FLASKS.

OUR DOLL COMPETITION

fortunately, the general outside effect was not sufficiently striking to warrant its taking first prize.

The First Prize

There was one other doll of supreme merit—that sent in by Miss K. Waller, Old Rectory, Waldringfield, Woodbridge. In the large group it at once attracts notice. Dressed in dark brown velvet, with beautiful flowers worked in silk round the bottom, and a pale blue silk yoke and sleeves, it is a perfect picture of a charming little maiden in her Sunday best. The hat shows the same combination of colours—blue and brown, with pretty blue flowers and gold braid. A necklace of gold and yellow beads, white knitted socks, and white home-made shoes with clasps of small blue beads, completed the appearance.

It was felt that the choice really rested between this handsome doll and the lilac No. 1. A careful examination of the underclothes, however, showed that, good as were those on No. 1, the work on this was even better. Every garment fitted perfectly, the drawn-thread work and plain needlework on the petticoat being exquisite, the other garments also being all that the most fastidious child could desire to wear or the most critical needlewoman wish to behold. By unanimous vote of the judges, the first prize goes to Miss K. Waller, and we have accordingly despatched to her address the magnificent Frister and Rossman's vibrating shuttle, hand and treadle sewing machine.

The next six prizes—of "Thermos"

flasks—go to the group already mentioned. It was a great relief to the judges that they did not have to further differentiate between them, for it would be difficult to say precisely in what order of merit they should come. I have already mentioned four of them. That marked "No. 5," sent by Miss Helen Wargent, is a tasteful combination of dark blue and red; whilst No. 6, from Miss M. Hansford, is a pretty doll in shantung.

It should be mentioned that all of these seven dolls were hand-worked throughout.



OF DIVERS NATIONS AND KINDS.

The Destination of the Dolls

The task of distribution is by no means an easy one. Many of the competitors had allocated their dolls, and of course their wishes are being carefully carried out. But in most cases the disposal of the dolls was left to the Editor's discretion. By the time this is published, the dolls will be in the hands of those for whom they are intended. A large consignment is being made up for the Church Missionary Society, the Church of England Zenana Society also receiving a generous number. The London, Baptist, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian Societies are receiving their share, whilst smaller parcels have been sent to such societies as the India and Ceylon General Mission, etc.



Their Grandmother's Picture

By BEATRICE ROSENTHAL

ARCHIE
WATKINS

AT last the kettle, which Miss Prissy Rillbird had been anxiously watching for some time, showed signs of coming to the boil. On the table was a tray spread with a clean cloth, on which stood a cup and saucer, and a plate with some slices of bread and butter. Near by was another cup and plate, a tin of cocoa, the remains of a loaf, and a morsel of butter.

The little fire, on which the kettle was cheerfully singing, was the sole point of brightness in the shabby room, with its two small windows opaque with the fog that obscured the daylight, though it was scarcely an hour past noon.

Miss Prissy measured cocoa into the cup on the tray and filled it up from the steaming kettle; then going to the marble-topped chiffonier, she brought out a tin of sardines from which she extracted three, ranging them side by side on a plate, which she placed with the cocoa and bread and butter. Then, taking up the tray, she went out on the landing, tapped at the door of an adjoining room, and stood listening intently, her head on one side like a watchful sparrow.

"Are you awake, Sophy?" she asked, so softly that it seemed as if the sound could not possibly reach the other side. However, it did, for an answer came back in a voice like the echo of her own.

Miss Prissy opened the door of the back bedroom, which, with the drawing-room, formed what Mrs. Wilks, the landlady, called her best "sweet" of apartments. A dreary enough little chamber on the sunniest day; it was now dense with yellowish gloom, through which could be dimly seen a figure lying on the bed covered with a rug.

"I got lunch early so as to be off in good time," said Miss Prissy, bringing the tray to the bed. "Have you been able to get some sleep?"

The elder Miss Rillbird sat up, the black

woollen muffler round her head and shoulders giving her a ghostly appearance in the semi-darkness.

"Yes, and I feel much better," she replied, taking the tray on her lap. "But, Prissy, dear, you don't really mean to go in this weather?"

"Oh, it's ever so much clearer than it was!" said Miss Prissy. "But perhaps you don't feel up to being left," she added, rather wistfully.

"No, I shall be all right: I was thinking of you," answered Miss Sophy in her gentle voice.

"And I shall be all right," Miss Prissy declared; "I do believe in doing a thing when one has made up one's mind. It may rain or snow to-morrow."

She tugged at the topmost knob of the ill-made chest of drawers that served for a dressing-table, and took out a black bonnet, which she proceeded to put on before the looking-glass—a mere matter of guesswork. Miss Sophy, eating her simple meal, watched her movements with interested eyes.

"I shall get up soon and begin the tracing of that pansy design, if it gets lighter—you know about the paints?"

"Rose madder, sap-green, Chinese white—I've written them down for safety."

"And the brush—number five size."

"And the brush—number five size," repeated Miss Prissy. "Well, I'll just get my lunch and start. Good-bye, dear. Take care of yourself."

She threw her cloak over her arm, kissed Miss Sophy's thin cheek, and went back with the tray to their sitting-room, where she partook of a repast even more frugal than her sister's. She brewed a very weak cup of cocoa, looked at the butter with a calculating eye, and put it away with the sardines before cutting herself a slice from the loaf. Miss Sophy's severe neuralgic

THEIR GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

attacks, necessitating frequent bedroom meals, gave Miss Prissy opportunities for private personal economies, which meant the providing of a few extra comforts for her invalid sister.

She drew a purse from her pocket and took out of it a folded paper, which she opened and studied by the firelight.

"Chinese white, sap-green, rose madder, and the brush," she read. "I wish those paints weren't so expensive. Then there's something for tea—and the present." She drank some cocoa and counted the money the purse contained—one or two small silver coins, and, in the inner compartment, a half-sovereign wrapped in a screw of tissue—the price of many hours' secret toil spent by Miss Prissy over an elaborate piece of drawn-thread work, finished and paid for just in time for Sophy's birthday.

The Miss Rillbirds were long past the age when such anniversaries are usually kept, but they never forgot each other's. Miss Sophy's offerings in the form of specimens of her flower-painting were prized as the choicest artistic treasures by Miss Prissy. Her own gifts took more practical shape. Last time it had been the hot-water bottle, now it was to be a pair of padded slippers; Sophy's feet got so cold as she sat over her painting.

They had "come down in the world," as Mrs. Wilks informed her neighbours in Cranham Green Road. Like other "poor ladies," they managed to eke out a tiny income by their own labour. A fancy repository took Miss Sophy's painted lampshades and table-centres, also Miss Prissy's embroidered tea-cloths and cushion-covers "on commission," and the Miss Rillbirds were thankful for the scanty pay they received. Lodgings cost so much—even in the neighbourhood of Cranham Green. Sometimes on summer evenings, sitting under the trees that dotted the small railled-in space where urchins played cricket and slumbering tramps stretched their unsightly forms, Miss Sophy and Miss Prissy would talk of a cottage in the country with a climbing rose bush over the porch, and a garden with pansies, forget-me-nots, sweet-peas—

"And potatoes and cabbages," Miss Prissy the practical would add. "With a few fowls we could housekeep for next to nothing. The rent would be a mere

trifle compared with what we are paying now."

But the difficulty was furnishing. Their only remaining possessions were the two or three bits of Spode on the mantelpiece, some old family photographs and quaint black-paper silhouettes in oval frames, and a small painting that hung above the place where the piano used to stand. They had parted with the piano during Miss Sophy's long illness that winter. A dealer had given five pounds for it, well aware that the inlaid rosewood casing was worth at least five times that sum. He was a smart man in his trade and understood such things. Pictures were not in his line, so he did not waste a glance on the landscape in the tarnished gilt frame.

"It was given to my grandmother by the artist who painted it," Miss Prissy told the clever young doctor, who, when calling one day to see Miss Sophy, had looked with interest at the painting. "She was artistic herself, it is from her my sister inherits the talent—only more so," she added, being of the opinion that Miss Sophy's latest *chef d'œuvre*—clusters of apple-blossom on pale blue satin—was a far finer work of art than this relic of their better days.

Miss Prissy put the purse back in her pocket, donned the cloak and a pair of well-darned thread gloves, and arming herself with an ancient umbrella, sallied forth. The fog was worse than it had looked from indoors, and there was a bitter rawness in the air. But Miss Prissy went on undaunted. She had set her heart on getting the slippers in time for her sister's birthday on the morrow; Sophy's painting was at a standstill, too, for the colours; and a shopping expedition, whatever the weather, was the greatest of treats to Miss Prissy.

The ride on the heavy motor-bus was the least pleasant part of the outing. But the ordeal was brief. Indeed, it seemed to Miss Prissy an incredible short space of time, in spite of her discomfort, before the bus stopped with a final jerk, and she found herself landed safely on the pavement.

Unmindful of the fog and cold, Miss Prissy lingered in front of the brilliantly-lighted shops in the fashionable West-end thoroughfare, making mental notes of all she saw to describe to Sophy afterwards. What a vision of tropical beauty was the florist's window! Miss Prissy pressed her face close

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to the pane as though to inhale the fragrance of the flowers. "If only Sophy could see them!" she sighed. There was a sale going on at a large drapery establishment. The roadway was blocked with carriages, motor-broughams, taxicabs: a crowd hung round the plate-glass windows, and among them the little old spinster in the dowdy cloak tip-toed eagerly for a glimpse of the fashions. She gazed at the array of smart Parisian millinery, marvelling at the beauty and naturalness of the artificial flowers with which those "latest creations" were loaded; she revelled in the delicate sheen of silks and satins. Then suddenly in a corner, almost hidden by a heap of ribbons, Miss Prissy caught sight of a row of quilted slippers in blue and crimson, astonishingly low-priced for so grand a shop. Her heart gave a leap of excitement. She pressed forward to the swing doors.

"No," she said to herself, "I'll go and buy the paints first, and then come back and get a pair of those red ones."

A kindly policeman piloted her over the crossing, and she hastened down the side street in which was the big artistic emporium, where materials for Miss Sophy's productions could be obtained at wholesale prices.

The large shop was full of people, all too busy to notice her; and she took her stand timidly in front of some beautiful panels of clematis and wistaria. She was ever on the look-out for ideas to take home to Sophy. Presently a shop-walker espied her, and having inquired her wants, conducted her to the right counter and procured her a chair.

Close by a tall man in a handsome fur coat was laying in a stock of colours, sufficient, as it seemed to Miss Prissy, to paint a whole exhibition full of pictures. She was so engrossed with watching him, that she started when a dapper young man came up to take her modest order.

He brought the three neat little tubes, and a box of brushes, from which Miss Prissy carefully selected one of the right sort and size. Then, as he made out the bill, she put her hand in her pocket. A thrill shot through her. She uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Anything the matter, madam?" queried the assistant blandly.

"My—my purse!" gasped poor Miss Prissy. "It's gone!"

She pulled the pocket inside out with shaking fingers. There was only her hand-kerchief and latchkey.

"I know—I'm certain I had it in the omnibus," she cried.

The shop-walker, seeing a difficulty, came up. It was part of his duty to be on the look-out for shady customers. But the poor little lady's distress was obviously genuine. Moreover, he remembered having seen her before in the shop.

"Pocket picked, madam?" he said, grasping the situation. "How unfortunate! I trust the amount was not large. Anything we can do? May we send the things to your address?"

"No—no, thank you, I will call again some other time," and poor Miss Prissy, clutching her umbrella, fled from the shop. Outside she stopped, feeling utterly lost and bewildered as she realised her loss. All the money gone! No present for Sophy—not even the paints she needed for her work. The purse must have been stolen while she stood looking at the shops—her selfish thoughtlessness was to blame. Now, there was nothing for it but to trudge home empty-handed. She felt spent and exhausted, her limbs were trembling, the shop swam in a blur before her eyes. Shock, fatigue, and excitement told heavily on her ill-nourished frame.

The tall man in the fur coat had been a witness to the little scene at the counter, and caught sight of Miss Prissy's face as she made her exit. The crowds standing round Hugh Vaddell's pictures in the Academy were always struck by the amount of expression he put into his faces. But he told himself that he had never managed to depict such a scared, stricken look as that.

"Enter these to me," he said to the assistant, slipping Miss Prissy's purchases into his pocket. The young man bowed respectfully. The great R.A. was a well-known customer.

"Can I be of any help, madam? You are in a difficulty?"

Miss Prissy started violently, and raised her faded blue eyes dim with tears to the face of her interrogator. It was no case of beauty in distress, but a poor little elderly spinster alone in the great welter of London that

THEIR GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

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appealed to his chivalry.

"Have you far to get home?" he asked, as though she were a child.

"Magnolia Villa, Cranham Green Road, West," and Miss Prissy's voice broke with a sob.

"Cranham Green," he repeated; "you cannot possibly walk all that way. I have my motor here; you must allow me to drive you home."

He made a sign towards the roadway, and a handsome electric car glided up to the kerb in front of them.

Miss Prissy made a feeble expostulation, but, as she subsequently told Miss Sophy, there was something — she didn't know what else to call it — commanding in his manner, and she simply found herself obeying. Hugh Vaddell took his place beside her after giving the address to the chauffeur, and the car started with smooth, noiseless motion. He asked particulars of the loss, and Miss Prissy, recovering herself, timidly confessed her foolishness in loitering to look at the shops.

"It is just as likely that it was taken from you in the omnibus," he said. "We can go to Scotland Yard if you like, and give information, but I don't think it will be much good; the thief has abstracted the cash and dropped the empty purse into a pillar-box — that's what they do with them."



"Anything the matter, madam?" queried the assistant blandly."

"Is it really!" exclaimed Miss Prissy in horrified simplicity. "No, thank you very much: I think I will go straight back to my sister. But indeed I ought not to take you all this distance."

"Not very far by motor," he said, smiling.

"It does go so beautifully," said Miss Prissy, with a gasp of admiration, "I have never been in a real private one before — only a motor-omnibus."

She leaned forward looking out of the window at the lights gleaming dimly through the thickening fog, her hands in their mended thread gloves, clasping the old umbrella tightly. It was a tremendously exciting adventure. How much she would have

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enjoyed it but for the dreadful loss of the money—a loss that would take some time and a great deal of pinching to make up.

She gave another gasp, as looking down into her lap she saw the three shining tubes and the brush.

"Don't be offended with me," he said. "It is too bad to have had your journey for nothing on such an afternoon as this."

"But indeed I couldn't think of it," faltered Miss Prissy.

"Indeed you must," he insisted, with the authoritative air she had already noticed. "Pray let a fellow-artist have the pleasure of rendering you this small service."

"But it is my invalid sister who is the artist," she explained.

"Then all the more reason not to disappoint her," was his prompt rejoinder. "I know what it is when one can't work out an idea because one hasn't the necessary materials handy."

Miss Prissy was conquered at this. The thought of those apple-blossom sprays to remain unfinished till they could afford more colours, had been lying very heavy at her heart.

"It is very, very kind," she said earnestly, "and I do thank you for Sophy's sake. If you were to see the lovely things she paints—" She broke off, and a tear splashed down on the tube of Chinese white.

"I should like to see them immensely," said Hugh Vaddell, sincerely touched and interested.

"Then will you come in with me?" she said, flushing shyly as she gave the invitation. "Sophy would be so glad to see you, I know, and to thank you herself."

He assented, and took the opportunity of introducing himself by name, amused to find that it conveyed nothing to his companion—an uncommon experience with the famous portrait painter.

However, Miss Prissy followed suit by disclosing her identity, and so soothed and cheered was she that she forgot her shyness, and in the short time that elapsed before they reached Magnolia Villa, Hugh Vaddell had learned a good deal and guessed still more than he was told, of the circumstances and struggles of the two Miss Killbirds.

He lingered behind to give, as he said, some instructions to his chauffeur, in reality to allow Miss Prissy a minute or two with

her sister. When he appeared on the scene the gas was lighted, (Miss Sophy had been waiting Miss Prissy's return in the dark), and the Spode cup and saucer from the mantelpiece, rapidly washed, was on the table beside the chipped specimens of common blue crockery.

"You will stay and have tea with us," they begged, when he had been presented in form to Miss Sophy, and she had expressed her gentle gratitude for his kindness to her sister.

She made the tea, while Miss Prissy unfolded the sheets of tissue paper that enshrouded the apple-blossoms. She never thought of exhibiting her own beautiful needlework, which seemed very insignificant to her beside Sophy's painting. There was something so pathetic in her eagerness for it to be admired, that Hugh Vaddell felt it would have been cruel to criticise the draughtsmanship—not Miss Sophy's strong point. He gave what praise he could to the shading of the very pink and white sprays.

Then they sat down to the table, Miss Prissy ruefully thinking of the cake she had meant to buy, and the very insufficient supply of butter. But their guest seemed not to notice these deficiencies.

"This is a beautiful old cup," he remarked, handing it to Miss Sophy to refill.

"It came from our old home," she replied with a sigh that was a tribute to happier memories. "We have a few odd pieces left. It was a complete service when we were young, my sister and I."

He glanced at the mantelpiece, at the oval-framed silhouettes, and then round the room, quick to observe the traces of refinement amid the cheap lodging-house appointments, the drab wall-paper with its ugly sprawling pattern, worthless cracked ornaments on brackets hung with discoloured string lace, common cloths, and the one small painting above the blank space where the piano had stood. His trained eyes lighted on it at once.

"May I look at that picture?" rising from his chair as he spoke.

"It belonged to our grandmother," said Miss Prissy, ever ready with this piece of information, "given her by the artist who painted it; she was quite an artist herself, and it is from her that my sister inherits the gift."

THEIR GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE

Hugh Vaddell scarcely heard. He was absorbed in the picture.

"Would you allow me to bring it to the light?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" they both said together.

He lifted it from the nail and brought it to the table, where he scrutinised it carefully under the one gas jet.

"It used to hang in the parlour of our old home," said Miss Sophy with another soft sigh, "I believe it is a foreign scene. I don't quite recollect the name of the painter—"

"Turner, beyond a doubt!" burst forth their guest in a tone that startled them both. "See here, madam," turning to Miss Sophy, "the initials in the corner, 'J. M. W. T.' and it is his style—his best style, too. Look at the blue transparency of this distance; what other man could paint air?—The dream-architecture, — this absolutely real pine-tree with the wind in its branches!"

They looked at him in amazement, hardly grasping what he meant. Miss Prissy at least knew no more of Turner as an artist than of Hugh Vaddell, R.A., himself, but she was the first to speak, as usual.

"It is wonderful that you should be able to find out at once like that," she said. "I seem to remember now that the name sounded something like Taylor."

"I believe I have heard of Turner," murmured Miss Sophy thoughtfully.

"Probably so," said Hugh Vaddell, restraining a shout of laughter with difficulty, out of respect for the simplicity of the two Miss Rillbirds. "I may tell you that this possession of yours is of considerable value."

"We have always looked on it as a family relic," she answered falteringly, but Miss Prissy interrupted.

"Should you say it would be worth five pounds?" her mind running on the things that Sophy might have for such a sum—as much as they had got for the piano.

"Twenty times that—at least," he answered, standing with the picture in his hands. "If you and your sister will entrust it to me, I will get it valued by an expert. At an auction sale it would probably fetch a good deal more."

The Miss Rillbirds looked at each other; and suddenly Miss Prissy, thoroughly overcome by all the excitement of the afternoon,

burst into a storm of tears. The delicate invalid sister proved the stronger for once, and soothed the younger in her arms.

"Oh, Sophy! Sophy! our country cottage!" sobbed Miss Prissy.

"If I'm mistaken, I must make it up to them, poor little souls," Hugh Vaddell reflected, as the car bore him swiftly away from Magnolia Villa. In the seat beside him which Miss Prissy had occupied, was the Turner, carefully wrapped up, after having been dusted with one of Miss Sophy's best handkerchiefs. He switched on the electric lamp fixed in the handsome upholstering of crimson morocco, pulled off the brown paper wrapping, and studied the picture again.

"But I'm not mistaken," he said to himself. "Goodness, what a find!"

"And to think that if I hadn't had my pocket picked that afternoon it never would have happened!" cried Miss Prissy, after they had read the letter three times over, and assured each other that they were in their sober senses, and it was true that the dealer to whom Mr. Vaddell had submitted the picture had offered two hundred and fifty guineas for it! And as if that were not enough, their artist-friend sent a description of a cottage that belonged to him—a red-roofed cottage with a porch and garden nestling in the bosom of the Surrey hills. Would Miss Sophy and Miss Prissy care to be his tenants?

"Makes me giddy ter think of it," said Mrs. Wilks when they told the news to her. "Not but what I'll be fair sorry to lose yer both. I shall 'ave ter come an' be your lodger for a week, summer 'oliday time."

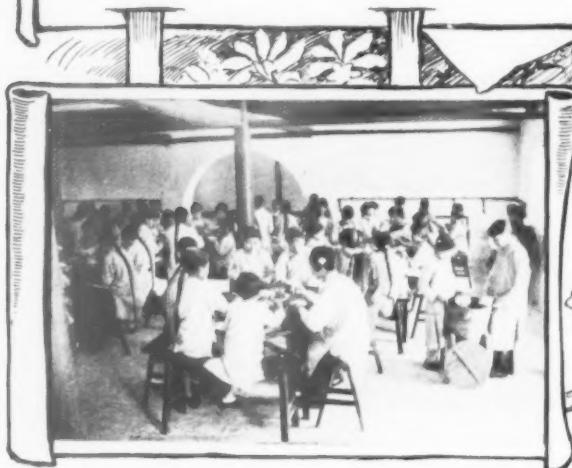
"No, indeed, you must be our guest," chorused Miss Sophy and Miss Prissy.

"Well, I'm sure nobody could be better pleased at such a bit o' good luck fallin' in," said the honest woman heartily. "All that money fer a bit of a thing—not near as much to look at as them flars and butterflies on settin', seems ter me. I've read in the papers that there's pickshers worth thousands an' thousands; and look at that there hartist gentleman 'issell with 'is lovely motor-car. I shall let my Tommy go in fer the business. 'E's won a prize fer free-and drorin' at school."

SCHOOL LIFE IN CHINA



Perhaps there is no more important work on the mission field than that of reaching the children. Prejudice and custom die hard with adults, but the child heart is much more open to receive the Gospel message. In this series of photographs we get glimpses of what life is like in a mission school in China. Here the children are entirely under Christian influence, and are imbibing Western teaching adapted to native ways. Later on they will act as Christian witnesses among their own people.



BREAKFAST TIME





A GEOGRAPHY LESSON.



IN THE PLAYGROUND.



A CLASS AT WORK.



HOOP EXERCISES.

中華人民共和國文化部圖書出版社



THE USES OF RHUBARB

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IT is probably on account of the cheapness and plentifulness of rhubarb that this delicious and exceedingly wholesome fruit is not more valued in the culinary province, for one often finds that it is despised even by those economical and thrifty housewives who pride themselves on being able to concoct a dainty and appetising dish from the most ordinary ingredients. Perhaps one reason why "spring fruit," as it was called by our great-grandmothers, is not more used is because recipes in which it is the principal ingredient are neither numerous nor well known, and one quickly tires of an unvaried course of stewed rhubarb and rhubarb puddings and pies.

There seems, too, a prevalent idea that rhubarb jam and jelly—both excellent in flavour—will not keep for any length of time. The remedy for this lies in the fact that rhubarb jam requires more boiling than does preserve made from other fruits, in order to reduce the extraordinary amount of juice which it yields. A good supply should certainly be made, for it is invaluable for winter cooking, and costs very little more than the sum paid for the sugar. Rhubarb also possesses the useful quality of absorbing other flavours, and may be used with great advantage to eke out the quantity of other more expensive fruits, such as strawberries and raspberries. Plain rhubarb jam, if well boiled, is equal in flavour to that of greengages, and is delicious in suet "roly-poly" and other boiled

puddings. The juice may be extracted from the fruit by cooking it in a large stone jar in the oven, and this, added to currant or other jelly, will increase the bulk without altering the flavour.

Rhubarb wine is better than cider, but requires careful preparation and must not be disturbed for nine months after it has been put into the cask.

In cooking rhubarb, there are two points to be remembered: First, that only the smallest quantity of water, if any, is necessary; and, secondly, that the fruit must be cooked very slowly.

As in all matters, culinary or otherwise, there is a right and a wrong way to proceed—even in so simple a dish as stewed rhubarb. The right way is as follows: Wipe the stalks with a clean cloth, cut them into suitable lengths, peeling, if necessary, and place them in a stone jar, or deep pie-dish. Strew plentifully with white sugar, cover the jar, and stand it in a moderately warm oven. If this plan is followed the fruit will be thoroughly tender, whilst retaining its original form, and the juice thick and well flavoured, whereas if the rhubarb is boiled in a stew-pan and water added, the result is that some pieces are hard, whilst others are reduced to an unsightly pulp, and the juice thin and insipid.

Boiled rhubarb pudding and rhubarb tart are too generally known to require any special comment. The following recipe may be new to my readers, and is a favourite

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with boys and girls who appreciate a substantial sweet.

Baked Rhubarb Pudding

Make a light suet crust from 4 oz. of beef suet, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour, and a pinch of baking-powder, moistened with a cupful of cold water. Butter a basin and sprinkle it thickly with brown sugar, line with crust, and fill with cubes of rhubarb. Strew in 4 oz. of sugar, cover with crust, pinching the edges well together. Stand the basin in a tin (to catch the juice, which will probably boil over), and bake the pudding in a very moderate oven for two and a half hours. If the crust shows signs of becoming too hard on top place a buttered paper over it.

Rhubarb fool is another much-liked sweet. Prepare 1 pint of custard in the usual way, either from eggs and milk or a good custard powder, and pass the same quantity of stewed rhubarb through a coarse sieve. Stir the pulp into the custard until both are thoroughly mixed. Served in custard glasses with or without the addition of a little whipped cream on the top of each portion, this makes a delicious and dainty sweet, or it may take the place of stewed fruit as an accompaniment to a rice mould or plain blancmange.

Rhubarb Meringue

Weigh 1 lb. of young rhubarb stems after they have been carefully wiped and cut into short lengths. Put them in a stewing-pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of caster sugar and the grated rind of half a lemon. Stew very gently until they form a smooth pulp, then place the pan over the fire and boil until the pulp is considerably reduced, stirring all the while. Turn the contents of the pan into a deep pie-dish, and allow them to become quite cold. Meanwhile put the whites of four eggs into a large bowl, and beat them until they gradually assume the appearance of snow. (N.B.—This is easily accomplished by regular, not violent, whisking, and is best done in a cool place.) When every drop of liquid has disappeared, and the mass is firm enough to stand up, mix with it, a little at a time, 4 oz. of the finest sugar. Pile the meringue on the rhubarb, arranging it so as to have a heaped-up appearance, and place the dish in a moderately hot oven until the meringue is well coloured all over. It requires constant attention in order that every part may be crisp and golden-brown.

It is a great improvement to this dish if a thick custard is poured over the fruit before the meringue is added.

Rhubarb Mould

The deep-red "champagne" rhubarb is best for making this dish. Cut up sufficient sticks of the fruit to fill a 3-pint basin. Put the rhubarb into a stew-pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of loaf sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water, the juice and rind (grated) of a lemon. Let them stew gently until thoroughly and well cooked; then boil for a few minutes to reduce the juice. Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sheet gelatine in a little cold water, and add this to the boiling fruit. Stir briskly over the fire for five minutes, then add a few drops of cochineal and essence of almonds. Turn into a china mould that has been well soaked in cold water; serve with milk pudding, custard, or cream.

It is a matter open to discussion as to whether rhubarb should be peeled or not before it is converted into jam, jelly, or wine. Authorities differ on this subject; but personally I think a good deal depends on the season and fruit in question. The earlier rhubarb makes delicious jam for immediate use, whilst that of more mature growth has a fuller flavour, and makes excellent jam for the winter. The colour is certainly better when the peel is not removed, but in this case the fruit must be brought to the boil very gradually or the outer peel will harden before the inner parts are tender.

Early Rhubarb Jam

To every pound of fruit (cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. lengths and weighed) allow an equal quantity of sugar. Mix well together and let them remain for half an hour before they are placed in the preserving-pan. Heat very slowly, but as soon as the fruit is tender, boil rapidly for half an hour, stirring constantly.

Another method, and a somewhat cheaper one, is to stew the fruit in its own juice until it is tender, then boil hard until most of the juice has evaporated. Add half its weight in sugar and boil from twenty to thirty minutes. The grated rind of lemons or a little powdered ginger may be added if desired.

I shall be pleased to forward recipes for late rhubarb jam, rhubarb jelly, and wine to any QUIVER readers who may be interested and wish to have them.

A SWEETING GARDEN Or, Old-Fashioned Herbs and their Use

By MOLLIE KENNEDY

"Here's flowers for you :
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

—“THE WINTER'S TALE.”

IN Elizabethan days there existed a pretty custom called “sweeting the house” whenever guests were expected, fragrant-smelling herbs of all kinds being gathered and placed in every room, lavender-scented bed linen placed in the guest-chamber, and “dying strawberry leaves, which give out a most excellent cordial smell,” were placed in a perforated china jar, together with rosemary, bay, and sweet marjoram, giving a welcome to the newcomer that was very refreshing. To-day such a custom would be somewhat difficult to follow, for herb gardens are but little known, save in one or two instances where they have become a cult.

Yet there is no reason why “my ladye faire” to-day should not possess “a sweeting garden” such as her great-great-grandmother loved, since old-fashioned herbs flourish and require little attention; and certainly she will find such a garden a boon and a blessing as a culinary lean-to. Instead of having to buy the hundred and one essences and flavourings she requires for all her dainty dishes, she needs but to step out to her herb garden, where a pinch of one and a sprig from another will supply what she requires. She may easily prove the truth of Shakespeare's words :

“Rosemary and rue : these keep
Seeming and savor all the winter long.”

whilst balm and basil, with sweet marjoram and summer savory, will find a place beside myrtle and pennyroyal, the latter a most useful herb to travellers as a preventive against mosquito bites. The pink-flowered thyme, called by Spenser “bee-alluring and honey-laden” and well-beloved by Shakespeare, must have a corner of its own, since to the careful housewife it is invaluable. Many quaint traditions hang about the plant, which in ancient days was written “Thime.” Through its magic power one was said to be able to see fairies, and in

“The Haven of Health,” written in 1366, it is reported to have great power “to purge melancholy away and splenetic humours.” Bacon, in his “Essay on Gardens,” mentions it almost lovingly, and Pliny wrote of eighteen sovereign remedies made from thyme.

Lavender, too, with its spikes of greyish-blue blossoms, should bloom in every herb garden. It grows vigorously in any place, together with sweet-briar and rosemary, “that's for remembrance,” of which the Herefordshire peasants say “it only grows where the missis is master.” Camomile, again, is a herb invaluable as a medicine, whilst its flowers make a hair-wash that is most beneficial. Marigolds, or Mary-buds, to give them their old name, were regarded by the monkish botanists as holy flowers, and tradition says they were named in honour of the Virgin, who is said to have carried one in her bosom. Chatterton speaks of “the marigold that shutteth with the light,” and Shakespeare of “the marigold that goes to bed with the sun.” Upon the Continent they are regarded as very lucky flowers, and are scattered as a finishing touch to soup, a practice which is followed by an old cottager of my acquaintance, and who declares that “tay-kettle broth 'ud be nought wi'out 'em.” The purple-spiked hyssop of the Bible, the yellow-flowered rue, and the blue borage, with its silver leaf, are other herbs that should be welcome, for besides being used in cookery, many of these old-fashioned plants are really invaluable in times of sickness, as our ancestors well knew, the making of “simples” being an art acquired by every careful housewife in bygone days, thus saving many a doctor's bill. The leaves of borage, for instance, are invaluable as a remedy for sleeplessness, whilst pennyroyal is held in Oxfordshire to be “a fine medicine for quickening the wits.”

Erasmus wrote of his garden, “Nothing here but sweet herbs, and those only choice ones too, and every kind its bed by itself,” and his example has been copied by several society ladies of to-day. The Countess of Warwick has her herb garden at Warwick

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Castle, which she calls her "Garden of Sentiment." Here every plant is labelled with a pottery marker, bearing in ineradicable colours the flower name and its significance, a pretty fancy that might be copied in more homely herb gardens. Her sister, the Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, has a delightful "Olde Herbe Garden" at her country house near Banbury, one of the most quaint old-world spots it has been my privilege to inspect. Lady Beauchamp, too, at Madresfield Court, has had thyme and rosemary planted between the stones that pave the paths of her kitchen garden.

Gervaise Markham, that serene old herbalist, was very wise in herb lore, and believed that the plants must be gathered in certain phases of the moon, in order to be possessed of their greatest efficacy. This belief was shared by our grandmothers, whose still-rooms were almost devoted to the

storing of these herbs and the manufacturing of their products. Such work was never entrusted to servants, and old Thomas Tusser wrote :—

"Good huswives provide, ere an sickness doe come,
Of sundrie good things in house to have some.
Good aqua composita, vinegar tart,
Rose-water and treacle to comfort the heart,
Good herbes in the garden for agues that burn,
That over strong heat to good temper turn."

Besides this, think of the pleasure the owner of a sweet-smelling Herbe Gardyne may give to the blind. To them colour and beauty of shade mean nothing ; but give them a spray of sweet-briar, a bunch of lavender blossoms, a sprig of rosemary, mint, or basil, and you will see their faces light up with pleasure, and for those who wish to start a novel flower charity, let me beg of them to remember fragrant-smelling herbs for institutions for the blind.



THE CARE OF THE HANDS

By PRISCILLA CRAVEN

FEW people realise how expressive the hands can be, what secrets they betray, what stories they tell ! There are thousands of women who spend hours before the mirror, scrutinising their skin and massaging the face, who pay little or no attention to their hands, save to see that they are more or less clean. This is truly amazing, when one considers how large a part the hand plays in a woman's toilet, and how very attractive a pretty hand can be. Englishwomen do not gesticulate so much as their sisters across the Channel, but even so, their hands are greatly in evidence. Look down a dinner table, and watch the different hands plying knife and fork, look at the fingers stitching on fine needlework, or running over the keys of a piano. How can a woman afford to overlook such important members ?

Taking care of the hands does not necessarily mean expensive visits to the manicure artist. Every woman her own manicurist ! The chief expense of hand culture is—a little time every day. True, in these hustling days, time is money, but most women can afford a few minutes daily. We find time for the care of our hair, our

teeth, our skin—why should we neglect our hands, especially when it will cost us so little ?

Lay your hands on your lap, quite flat, and inspect them critically. Regard them as somebody else's hands for the moment, and be quite candid. If they are prettily shaped, all the more reason you should cherish them, and if they are not beautiful, try to improve them. Look at the nails. Are they carefully trimmed and regular ? Or have they white spots on them, and is the quick broken in places ? Feel the edges of the nails. Are they quite smooth ? The hands themselves—is the skin soft and white ? Or is it "chapped"—oh ! why should this ever happen—and reddened ?

A man was once taking leave of his hostess in a drawing room. She was very pretty, and well gowned. He took her hand in his to say "Good-bye," and an expression of surprised repugnance passed over his face. Her hand was rough and unkempt ! It sent a shudder through him. He was a man who appreciated small niceties and daintinesses, and he was almost as much surprised as horrified. The feel of a soft velvety hand between

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yours is delightful, and no woman's hand need be rough if she will take a little care.

Now, what could that woman have done? Well, in the first place, she could have guarded against the skin becoming "chapped," for an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cold cream. She could have been careful to soften the water she washed in, for this is one of the secrets of a good skin, both on the face and hands. Use rain water, if procurable; it is invaluable, and worth all the creams in existence. But if you cannot get it—and it is almost impossible for town dwellers—soften the water with some inexpensive bath salts, oatmeal, or tincture of benzoin. Be careful to use good soap—cheap soap is expensive in the long run. It is a good plan when the hands have been washed, to pour a little glycerine in one palm—you can keep a bottle on the wash-stand—and rub it softly and thoroughly into the hands. If this is done regularly once a day, no one need have a rough-skinned hand. Be careful, also, to thoroughly dry the hands—don't give a couple of hurried wipes, and a promise. Always have plenty of soft fresh towels going.

If the skin has been allowed to get into a really bad state, use some good cold cream overnight, and sleep in gloves. Or an excellent home-made preparation that has magical effects, is a lotion composed of equal parts of glycerine and alcohol. Shake well together and keep bottled.

Now for the nails—a harder task! Pretty nails are not grown in a day or a month, but care and perseverance will achieve wonders. If your nails have been neglected from childhood, you will have need of patience before you are pleased with the results, but don't attend to them spasmodically, nothing was ever done by spasms. Work on them day by day.

White spots on the nails proceed from various causes. Sometimes they indicate a tendency to gout in the blood; sometimes they are caused by damage to the nails, done by a metal nail-cleaner. This should never be used. Buy a bundle of orange sticks—they will only cost you sixpence, and will last a long time.

Remember that the nail is delicate and requires gentle treatment. If the nails have a tendency to become too brittle and break, rub a little grease or oil over

them the last thing at night. This is beneficial, too, to the flesh around them, and will keep it soft, and prevent cracking. The flesh once broken around the nail is very unsightly, and also very painful. Don't be too vigorous in pressing down the flesh to show the "half-moon" at the base, and always start manicure operations by soaking the nails for several minutes in hot soapy water. This is very important.

Keep the nails well filed, and trim them to a filbert shape. Square nails are not pretty, and if your finger tips are square by nature, try to correct this a little by pointing the nails. Don't keep them too long, they are apt to break, and this destroys the shape for a long time. Your ambition should be to have rosy, well-polished nails on a white, smooth hand. The polish and rosiness you can buy, either in the form of powder or paste, but the paste is the better. Rub a little of the polish on the nails, then rub well with a pad of wash-leather, and lo! they will shine like pink-tinted shells.

And here is an economical hint—when the polisher gets hard and dry, don't throw it away. Fix another piece of wash-leather over it. It will not look quite so elegant, but it serves its purpose admirably.

It is a good plan, especially if the hands have been badly neglected for years, to go to a professional manicurist once or twice, and watch how she handles the nails. You will learn more in half an hour, than in any amount of reading on the subject.

If you have the care of children, see that the culture of the hand begins early. It is so easy to keep the hands nice, if they are looked after in early youth, and good habits in this direction once inculcated become second nature. Don't neglect your children's nails any more than you would their teeth.

A well-shaped hand is a gift from Above, and no mean one either. We cannot all possess it, but a well-cared-for hand is within the reach of everyone. In the toilet of a woman, it is the little things that count. Don't put on a beautiful gown and have unkempt hands peeping out from costly lace and silk. Make a cult of the hands; they will well repay you.

The Man with the Good Intentions

By the Rev. W. CHISHOLM MITCHELL, M.A., Greenock

IT must have been a tragical moment for Reuben and for Jacob when the old man plucked the veil from Reuben's character. There is something terrible in the lightning flash of revelation. It was the last thing that Reuben expected, for as the eldest-born his brothers naturally looked on him as leader, and he had the best chance in life; yet the words fell on his astonished ears, at his father's death-bed: "Reuben, thou art my first-born, my might, and the beginning of my strength: the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power. Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

What was wrong in Reuben's character? Nothing—at least on the surface. Apparently he was the finest of good fellows, winsome and well-meaning, and always willing to promise. But his good intentions were the best of him.

(1) The sale of Joseph to slavery is an instance; he had come to ask for the welfare of his brothers, and when they saw him in the distance they purposed to pay off old grievances by killing him. Reuben, however, by his genial power of leadership, dissuaded them, suggesting instead a rough but common-sense revenge. "Put him down a clay-pit," he said, and probably no greater kindness could have been done to a lad with his airs—for if the handsome boy was unspoiled it was almost a miracle—than the wholesome discipline of his pride.

Reuben's purpose was to rescue Joseph, for he had seen the ferocity of the brothers. But during the lengthy Oriental bargaining, and while the Midianite caravan was disappearing on the horizon, Reuben was not on guard. He had meant to be. His intentions were good; but after all they were only good intentions.

(2) A further illustration is his relations with Benjamin. When the "Great Unknown" in Egypt sent them back to Canaan for Benjamin, Reuben again stands in the foreground. Jacob's heart is torn with fear for his darling. Reuben's feelings are stirred, and he gives a pledge, apparently sincere; "Slay my two sons

if I bring him not to thee. Deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again." Yet Reuben returns without Benjamin. At the time he fully intended to keep his word. No one could assert his purpose more roundly than he. He was filled with the best intentions in the world in the matter. But the fact remains that he did not do what he had promised. Of one thing only you can always be sure concerning Reuben, and that is, that you cannot be sure of him.

Some distressing things accompany and flow from a character like Reuben's. (1) One is, that he brings discredit on the household of faith. He is like a Christian in his recognition of things that are right and duties that are holy. His heart seems all right. He appears to be all he ought to be—a child of Abraham; and he approximates so closely to the type that the world can hardly distinguish the difference. No fault can be found with his motives, except that he is not moved to any real purpose. He says, "I go, sir," and yet, tempted by the childish or the vile, he loiters on the way. When one would deal with him faithfully and lovingly upon the matter, he generally is not to be found. And when he is found, and with his ready smile promises to do all he is asked, one may be pretty sure that he will not disappoint you in this, that he will disappoint you.

(2) Another tragic consequence of Reuben's character is, that though apparently neutral and harmless, he does not remain so. No human life ever does. Rebellion is a natural development in the Reuben-nature. That is seen in the "gainsaying of Korah," when the Levite, conceiving that Moses was an arrogant and selfish leader, said so, and Dathan and Abiram, sons of Reuben, heard him and thought so too. "As for Moses, what had he done that they could not do? Why should the honours not go round? Besides, the land of milk and honey seemed very far off, and they had left certainties for uncertainties. Why should the people lack the pleasures, and

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they themselves the honours, of life? They were speaking as patriots, and with the best intentions." It was a heart-breaking day for Moses. It was not the ingratitude of their unbelieving hearts he grieved at; it was the loss and shame it meant for Israel. Reuben, the "well-meaning," the man of good intentions, had become the accomplice of rebels. We have seen such Reubenites in modern days. They are spoken of in kindly phrase as "the easily led." That is a charitable but unwise utterance. To say that a man is well-meaning and kind-hearted but easily led is to state one side only. There is more than this negative quality in him. To be easily led to evil means that he is not easily led to good.

(3) Perhaps the bitterest fruit of Reuben's character is that his children partake of his nature. By the bias of birth, the bent of upbringing, and the atmosphere of influence, his children bear the impress of his character. We read of Reuben only as a decadent and unhonoured family. Their first father, through lust and lack of self-control, muddied his soul, and his children were an inconsiderable generation, sentimentalists at the best, sensualists at the worst. In Israel's need, when mothers gave their sons to fight against Sisera, the children of Reuben had meant to be there: they mustered their thousands, they furbished their weapons—and they stayed at home. There was never a prophet, judge, nor ruler that sprang from Reuben. Vice cut the sinews of the well-meaning but weak-willed sons of Reuben.

Yet the Reuben-nature is worth saving, and needs that the things it lacks should be made plain. The unkindest thing to do is to apologise for Reuben, for the modern tendency is to make light of his faults or find excuse for him. The Reuben-nature needs its imagination quickened, its moral sinews strengthened, and its conscience sanctified. Reuben must be warned that he stands on slippery places.

(1) It is not by a repentance "of sorts" that Reuben can be saved. There is a sorrow that comes too easily, not recognising sin and holiness. Reuben's was a light and casual sorrow that sent him on his irresponsible way lamenting his slip

and straightway forgetting it. He needs the sorrow of a kindled imagination. Awakened imagination is needed, for no man of imagination can help fearing God. He must find salvation by fear, that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom."

(2) And Reuben must learn his own helplessness, and have his moral sinews strengthened. Like St. Paul, he needs to see that his nature is a "body of death." He must know what it means to cry out of the depths. It was when the prodigal realised that he was poverty-stricken that he said, "I will arise and go to my father." Not promises, but passionate pleading for pardon and regeneration will change the current of his life. The man of good intentions is unstable as water because in the truest sense he has neither will nor manhood. He must get back his will at the foot of the Cross. He must become a new creature by claiming back his life from Christ, as Lord.

(3) And the man with the good intentions must also have his conscience sanctified, no longer regulating his acts to the passion and pleasure of the moment but to God. Knowing the pity and patience of God with him, he will recognise that the yielding to his base instincts will tarnish not himself alone, but Christ's name and glory. He will put on the "whole armour of God"; that means not only the armour God gives us to wear, but the armour He Himself has worn, Who as man was tempted in all points like as we are. Cromwell once gave, in conversation with his friend Hampden, the secret of his Invincible Ironsides: "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them—as made some conscience of what they did; and from that time they were never beaten." So Christ girds His soldiers with His own might.

And if any poor Reuben cries, "Is there any hope for me?" the whole company of the redeemed bear witness that Christ was lifted up to draw all men unto Him, and though the very chief of sinners were to turn to Him in sore peril and terrible need, God would accept him for His mercy's sake; for the sins of the whole world are as nothing to the love of Calvary.



WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME.

(Drawn by W. Rainey.)

Bobby's Missionary Journey

A Complete Story

By MAY WYNNE

"WHEN I'm a man I'm going to be a missionary like Uncle Fred," declared Bobby confidently.

Day tossed her curly head.

"I shan't marry you then," she retorted. "Because I wouldn't ever live where the alligators are. They might gobble me up. But I shan't bother—because you'll change your mind hundreds of times before you are a man."

"I *shan't*," said Bobby, getting very red, and swinging his legs vigorously into view as he sat perched on the low wall above his small companion's head. "I'm nearly a man now, because I've gone into stockings."

Even Day had nothing to say to this, but contemplated her fat be-socked legs mournfully.

"My mummie says," she said, wisely taking another line of argument, "that little boys and girls needn't wait till they're grown up to be missionaries, and it doesn't mean only going over the seas to teach black people, so there!"

Curiosity overcame scorn in Bobby's case, as he slowly slid from the wall.

"It *does* mean teaching black people," he said thoughtfully. "People that don't know anything about God—and don't wear clothes. Uncle Fred's told me lots about them."

"Of course, it's black people *sometimes*," explained Day. "But it's other people as well. Mummie says we can all be sort of missionaries by being kind to people, and giving them clothes when they're cold, and talking to them about gentle Jesus. I've made a petticoat all round the hem and the sides, and all but the band, for a poor little girl in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, so I'm a sort of little bit of a missionary now."

"Boys can't make petticoats!" said Bobby.

"Once," pursued Day, following up her advantage with womanly persistence, "there was a man who only had *one* coat, and he gave it to a beggar who had none."

"There aren't any beggars here!" retorted Bobby.

"There's lots along the roads. Nannie told Emma that there's dozens and thousands of hop-picker men who are tramping back to London nearly *starving*, with no coats, and no dinners, and lots of wives and poor little sad babies," went on Day dramatically. "It's *awful* to see them, Nannie said, an' she didn't know whether to be sorriest for them or disgusted, because they were so dirty; and soap and water's cheap."

"It's naughty to play in the dirt an' make your clothes grubby, so my nurse says," answered Bobby. "But perhaps the hop-picker men are naughty because they don't know about God. I'raps they haven't ever had missionaries like Uncle Fred to talk to them."

"Some of them have," replied Day. "Because nurse's sister-in-law's cousin is one, and nurse has a box to put pennies in for him. I put a penny in instead of buying barley-sugar once."

Bobby frowned. He did not approve of Day's superiority.

"Anyway, *you* haven't got an Uncle Fred missionary," said he. "And you can't be a real, live missionary, like I'm going to be this very minute."

He stalked down the garden-path as he spoke, with an air of great dignity.

"Where are you going, Bobby?" cried Day.

No answer.

"Where are you going, *dear* Bobby?" in a coaxing tone.

Bobby turned a much-flushed face.

"I'm going to look for the hop-picker men along the road, and tell them about God!" said he gravely. "Then I'll be a *real* missionary. Even if I ain't quite a man."

Down went a shower of daisies on to the gravel. The threadder-of-chains had scrambled to her feet.

"I'm coming, too," she announced. Bobby hesitated.

BOBBY'S MISSIONARY JOURNEY

"You're too little," said he.

"I'm not. I'm nearly going to be taller than you, if I grow *very* quick."

"You won't ever be that. Besides, you aren't allowed outside the garden."

"And you aren't either."

"Missionaries have to go where their work takes them," rejoined Bobby grandly. "Uncle Fred told mummie so when she was afraid the black men would be cruel to him."

Not having an Uncle Fred, Day dared not argue. Being wise, she wheedled instead.

"Darling Bobby, I do love you so," she whispered, rubbing flaxen curls against his shoulder. "And I do want to *help* you be a missionary. You'll be awful unkind and wicked if you won't let me be good too."

Bobby yielded—he generally *did* yield to Day in the end—and the adventure would certainly be nicer with her to join him.

"Come on, then," he said briskly; and together they went hand in hand on their way.

* * * * *

A *very* dirty pair were seated by the side of the road in that Kentish lane. They were lazily sorting out dirty pieces of rag, and piling them in heaps. Both man and woman were smoking. It was the latter who, looking up sharply, spied Bobby and Day.

Bobby's face was *very* red; Day—a little frightened—hung back, clutching her protector's coat.

"Wot d'jer warnt?" grunted the woman, scowling—with a quick glance up the lane.

Bobby drew a deep breath.

"Please, we're missionaries," he announced. "And we've come to talk to you about God."

Both the man and woman stared in amaze—and with no friendly eyes.

Then the man swore beneath his breath, returning to his sorting, whilst his wife scowled more angrily than ever.

"Don't yer come kiddin' o' the likes o' we," she snarled, "or my man'll give yer a wallopin'—gentry or no gentry."

"I don't quite understand," said Bobby, trying hard not to let his voice quiver. "But it's true about us being missionaries.

We wanted to tell you about God loving you, and telling us to be kind, and give you clothes, if you want them—and money—and kind words."

The woman laughed harshly. "Don't want no words," she mumbled. "An' as for God lovin' the likes o' us, 'tain't likely. But if you've got any 'chink,' 'and it over this minute."

She stretched out a greedy palm.

"God *does* love you," said Bobby earnestly. "B—but, please, what do you want?"

"Money!" she retorted. "You empty out yer pockets if that's what yer've come for."

Bobby stared aghast.

"I haven't got any pennies," he said. "They're in my box at home, and nursie has the key."

He really could not help feeling frightened as he spoke; the rag and bone pickers were staring at them both so angrily.

It was Day who came to the rescue.

"You can have my jacket if you like," she said doubtfully. "Though I'm afraid it won't fit you."

Again the woman stretched out her hand.

"Give it 'ere," she said with a sour grin. "I've got kids at 'ome. But"—she added sharply—"don't yer go tellin' the bobby as I *stole* it off yer."

"Bobby knows," said the little girl eagerly. "It was his idea being a missionary, and missionaries have to give everything up to poor people for God."

"You can have my silk scarf and my coat," said Bobby generously.

"And my sash"—from Day.

"And my boots," resumed Bobby, determined not to be outdone.

The man was quickly bundling his rags into sacks; he bundled in Day's jacket and Bobby's coat too. He was grinning broadly now.

"Jiggered if yaint the rummest little coves I ever struck," he grunted.

"Does it make you love God better, us being kind to you?" asked Bobby softly.

"Garn!" chuckled the woman as she stuffed Day's tam-o'-shanter hat into her bundle, and the next minute the worthy pair were hurrying down the road as fast as they could, leaving Bobby and Day

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hatless, coatless, stockingless to gaze in dismay after them.

"Do you think they was sorry for being naughty, and dirty?" whispered Day. "Do you think having my new jacket helped them to be better, and love God?"

"I—don't—know," said Bobby slowly. "But I'm afraid nursie'll be awfully cross."

* * * * *

"Well, I never!" cried Bobby's nurse, and raised her hands in horror. "And little Miss Day, too! You *naughty* children, what *never* 'ave you been up to now?"

Bobby's lip quivered.

"We ain't *naughty*," he faltered—conscience misgiving him. "We've been *good*. We've been missionaries!"

"Mish - fiddlesticks!" declared nurse. "Where are your hats, I'd like to know? And your coats and boots? Master Bobby! Master Bobby! Your mamma shall hear of this."

Great tears stood in the eyes of both children.

"We g—gave them to—to the poor, starving h—hop p—pickers," sobbed Day. "W—we w—wanted it t—to make them good and c—clean, and l—love God b—better. An' we're *not* *naughty*."

But nurse was too aghast to answer at first.

It was clear she viewed the missionary journey from quite another point.

"You'll come down to your ma this minute, Master Bobby," said she, making a dive at the first culprit. "And Miss Day too, as I do believe Mrs. Harvey's downstairs with the missus now."

"We w—were *good*," sobbed Bobby, as he found himself being dragged off in company with Day. "We w—were, indeed."

But he was not *quite* sure of the truth of the words.

It took mother a long time to explain, but it was so clear at last, that even Day, cuddled up on *her* mummie's lap, quite understood too.

"You see, dears," said Bobby's mother gently, "you were told *not* to go outside the garden gate."

"I know, mummie," sighed Bobby. "B—but we thought missionaries ought to go anywhere?"

"Shall I tell you, darling, the lesson missionaries have to learn—as well as little boys and girls—before *everything*?"

"Please, mummie."

"Obedience is better than sacrifice. Will you try to remember that, Bobby? 'Obedience is better than sacrifice.'"

"Obedience is better than sacrifice. What does it mean, mummie?"

"That God wants us to learn obedience first of all. Obedience to parents and guardians, above all to *Him*. And that is better in His sight even than sacrifice."

"Does it mean our boots and coats were sacrifices, mummie?"

"You *meant* them to be, dear. And yet you should have remembered that they were not yours to give."

"But if they *had* been ours, mummie, wouldn't God have been pleased to see us give them to the poor, hungry hop-picker man and woman?"

Mother stooped to kiss the little tear-stained face.

"God *does* like to see us give to His poor, darling. Yes—and give our very best, too. But He likes still more to see us *obeying* Him. Will you remember that?"

Bobby nodded, looking across at Day.

"Obedience is better than sacrifice. We will ask God to make us remember that, mother," he promised.

"Yes, we will," echoed Day, raising a rose-bud mouth for her mother's kiss.

And I believe they kept their word.

Now that summer has come all parents and teachers should encourage their children to take nature study. It is a most healthful pursuit, and it very quickly develops in children the habit of observation, which not only increases the joys of life a hundredfold but is of infinite value in after years. Beginners could not do better than join the "Little Folks' Nature Club," the object of which is, by means of well-devised competitions, to induce children to take a direct, intelligent and sympathetic interest in all branches of nature. Full particulars will be found in this month's number of "Little Folks."



BOYS & GIRLS OWN PAGES

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE CORNER

Conducted by "ALISON"

The Companionship Motto—"By Love Serve One Another"

MY DEAR COMPANIONS,

Several times lately I have been wishing that each of you possessed a wonderful carpet like the one that Prince Houssain bought; do you remember about it? If you all had one with the same magic power, then you could have shared with me a delightful visit that, as it was, I had to pay alone the other day. Really you all *ought* to have been there, because I was on a hunting expedition in connection with

Our Scheme

which has been referred to here, and about which some of you are so keen. You know, nearly all at least, that from the very beginning of our Companionship we have had the wish to do something definite for some boys and girls who haven't all our privileges; we do not want our friendship to be merely one linked together by a monthly half-hour's amusement. We have, you see, had a splendid motto given us, and I

want every Companion to adopt it as his and her very own, and to think of it, as well, as the badge of our Companionship altogether, to be lived up to chivalrously and with enthusiasm. It was with thoughts along these lines that I have puzzled as to what we could do as a Companionship. I have a very, very big ambition for us, but perhaps you would be frightened if I told you now, because to fulfil it means the raising of nearly £2,000. But if we do our smaller work well, and you all rise to the spirit of the endeavour, as I feel sure you will, then perhaps soon I shall have courage to tell you about my big wish.

As it was, several pieces of work that we might undertake were before us. I say us, because our Editor has been as eager about this scheme as any of you could be, and he has given much patient consideration to the matter, which is very kind, seeing what a busy man he is; don't



OUR LITTLE MAIDEN VIOLET.

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you think so? Finally we decided that there was no work in which we all, Companions here at home and Companions abroad, could unite with more sympathy than the great philanthropy which

Dr. Barnardo

founded. It is world wide in its interest, is it not? That was the first great step. The next was to settle on some particular way in which we could help it.

Of course you boys and girls know a great deal about this work for waifs and strays; many of you, doubtless, are members of the Young Helpers' League, and already are doing your best to assist. So

like a real mother. The other plan which Dr. Barnardo followed was that of "boarding-out." That means, as you understand, he found mothers and fathers with real homes in pleasant country places, who had room for another boy or girl, or two more, in their houses, and who, for a small amount of money to pay expenses of food and clothes, could care for some of Dr. Barnardo's very big family. Not only did he carry out this plan in England, but he set it going in

Canada Also

So, thinking it would be a happy arrangement for us to do something which was not



NURSES AND SOME OF THEIR CHARGES: GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME.

it is unnecessary for me to tell you of the many branches which Dr. Barnardo started. One of his ideas that appeals most strongly to me was that of giving the children whom he rescued the chance of a real, beautiful *home* life which many of them had never known. Because of that thought, he did not build great institutions, and clothe the little ones in horrid uniforms, but he did two other things. He put his boys and girls into nice, cosy houses, just a few together, with a "mother" in charge, who would not be like the old woman who lived in a shoe, with "so many children, she didn't know what to do," but who was given only as many as she could look after

only going to help an English boy or girl, but really would have a far wider importance, I considered that we could not do better than adopt one of the English girls who, the secretary at Dr. Barnardo's Homes told me, were nearly ready to go to Canada.

Unhappily I have not been to Canada yet, though I hope to go some day, and should like to meet some of our Companions over there. But my father has been there, and he has told me of the splendid character that Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls have earned over there. Last year somewhere about 11,000 children were asked for by the people who wanted to adopt boys or girls, or who had situations to offer. But only

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

about 1,000 could be sent. You can't think what a great thing it is for these children who go out to the Dominion to have the chances of a new kind of life, under conditions so much brighter and happier than many can have in the slums and streets of London and our other big cities. And they do so well, and get on, becoming brave, independent, healthy men and women.

If Dr. Barnardo and his friends hadn't cared, they would probably have been wrong-doing, miserable people in our midst here. So you see, really, to send one boy or girl out to the new life and country is really a very big thing to do. You are, in doing it, giving him or her a *chance* in life, and you are giving Canada a new citizen who may be an immense good to her life as a nation.

I hope you won't say "What awfully dry stuff Alison is writing this month," but you must know something of my thoughts as I went down to the Girls' Village Home

at Barkingside, or you won't see the real importance of what we are undertaking. Here are pictures of some parts of the village.

Round the Girls' Village Home

A lady guide took me all round to see the sights; first there was the church, which has low seats, just the right height to prevent the children getting "pins and needles" in their legs, as so often happens when they sit on the high pews most churches have. From there we went into the kindergarten where the classes of little tots were busy sewing. Such sewing some of them did! I picked up some red dusters that were hemmed beautifully; indeed I don't think my own hemming would beat some of them; and I am grown up! The big girls in the cookery school were biscuit-making, and I half wished they would invite me to taste their products; that, probably, was because the strong fresh air had made me hungry. Anyway, I did not wonder that all the villagers looked so well and strong.

By and by we came to the house where the children are received when first they arrive at Barkingside. Such a lively room was the one where the babies were. Before I had been many seconds in it a toddler of three-and-a-half had noticed the violets in my coat, and was pointing to them: "Fowers, fowers," she said, and when I stooped down to give her one, she put her arm round my neck in the most confidential manner, and whispered "Ise



GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME: A GENERAL VIEW



ONE OF THE COTTAGES.



GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME: A VIEW SHOWING PART OF THE GREAT LAWN.

Doris" ("I'm Doris"). The whole batch of little folks raided me, and we had such fun over the violets; they went all round, happily, and it was so pretty to see the bairns toddling round, some gravely studying the flowers, others enjoying the scent. "Sister," who was in charge, told me as we left, that Doris and her sister had not been very long with them, and, when asked about her parents, she said, "Mammy's gone dead, and daddy's in the black house 'cos he naughty." Fancy a sweet little girlie of three-and-a-half having to say that! You see, Companions, that tells something of the work Dr. Barnardo's name covers.

Alas, I cannot write about the Embroidery School or other village sights; but I must introduce our little protégée, the small girl whom we have adopted in the name of our QUIVER Companions. The Canadian secretary brought three girls to introduce to me, and I found it most difficult to choose. Violet Little's brown, wistful eyes, and her graceful manners won my regard though, and I do hope you will think, after seeing her picture, that it is a happy choice. I have added her to our Companions' List, and in a little note she says she is very glad.

Violet came to Dr. Barnardo's Homes from most unfortunate, unhappy surroundings about a year ago, but she is such a jolly, loving child. She has been boarded-out in the country. When I saw her at Barkingside she was staying in one of the cottages while her outfit was prepared, and the arrangements for her journey completed. The party with which she went to Canada consisted of 292 boys and 88 girls and went on the S.S. *Tunisian*. Violet was looking forward with much delight to the

journey. She sailed on March 10th, and by this time I hope is happily settled in her new home over the water. Now, boys and girls, what are we going to do? This little girl is *our* Companion, and we are responsible for paying her journey and outfit expenses (£10), and for the cost of her boarding-out (5s. a week) with the people who are caring for her while she is young and going to school. Do you accept the responsibility, and will you help me to raise the money? Next year we shall need about £13; this year we must get £23, because of the expenses of sending Violet out. Will you feel that it is a very high privilege to be able to follow out our motto

"By Love Serve One Another"

and give Violet the best chance she can have of becoming a noble woman, who shall be an honour to our Companionship? Write and tell me. I have a delightful note from our Editor here; he encourages us heartily in our scheme, wishes us all success, and says he will give us two guineas to start our Fund. It will be a terrible disappointment to me if you do not approve, and if all of you don't write about the plan; but I will not even imagine anything so unhappy. I expect heaps of letters will come, and I hope you will be so enthusiastic that you will get lots of others to join our Companionship in order to share the joy and privilege we shall have in helping Violet. Please consider carefully how best we can get this money together. If you can spare any gift for the Fund, send it to me; and be sure to tell all your friends what the Companionship has undertaken.

Instead of an ordinary competition this month I am arranging for six prizes for

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the best letters on our scheme. The Prize Letters must contain suggestions as to the best plans for carrying it out, and ideas as to the money-getting. They must reach me not later than May 28th, that is letters from England, Scotland and Ireland. The beauty of our plan is, I think, that it will be of interest to all our colonial Companions, and I shall consider their letters separately and at a later date. All of you write as soon as possible.

Let me say that Violet and I are going to exchange letters frequently, and she will tell us about her Canadian school life, and I hope about lots of interesting experiences.

In

My Letter Case

are some letters I hoped to print, but this month's "Corner" is already crowded, there-

fore, I fear, they must wait for another time.

Meanwhile remember that "Union is Strength," and if THE QUIVER Companionship is to be worth while, you, each one of you, must contribute your part to the effort we are making.

Next month, I hope, there will be further news, and I must tell you how an invalid boy whom I know raised quite a lot of money for some work he was interested in; and also how some girl friends of mine raised money for a missionary society.

With my love to all,

Believe me,

Your friend.

Alison.

† † †

THE SKYLARK'S STORY

By EMILY HUNTER

IT was October, and ploughing time. A ploughman toiled wearily behind his plough. The earth was soft from much rain, and the brown furrows stood deep and sharp in clean-cut lines where the evening sunbeams glittered. The ploughman's boots were big and heavy with the clods. At the last turn of the furrow he stood for a while and watched the setting sun. His eyes had grown accustomed to the dull brown of earth, and the golden light dazzled his sight and made him feel like a little child who can see nothing but shining balls when the evening lamps are lit. Far above his head he heard a sound as of rippling water, but clearer and sweeter, and he shaded his eyes to look. It was a skylark singing its evening song, and the song woke something in the ploughman's heart which made him stand to listen, till the last notes died away and

the first stars twinkled through the sunset glow. The ploughman did not know that his heavy boots had sunk into the damp earth and made deep footprints there, but he carried home that night a song in his heart which made him think of the angels.

After ploughing days came the sowing, and before the first frosts bound every growing thing in sleep the tender shafts of young wheat had burst through the heavy earth and embroidered it in faint lines of fairy green. At the edge of the field there was a break in the green; that was where the ploughman's footprints made a little hollow.

Then winter came, and when the morning sun broke through the soft grey clouds the wheatfield glistened in a diamond robe of frost, and every tiny blade flung back a sunbeam from its glittering edge. There were sounds like fairy music when the long claws of the



THE SKYLARK.

THE QUIVER



(Photo: Kearton.)

SKYLARK BRINGING FOOD TO HER YOUNG.

hungry larks made tappings as they ran seeking food among the furrows. But King Frost had every sleeping seed safely in his grip, and only the hedgerow weeds still held in little withered pods and pockets the brown seeds which a lark's sharp eyes might see. And though the breakfast was a scanty one, and none might say where the next one would be found, one lark fluttered first from the hedgerow, and with quick quivering wings rose singing in the sunbeams. His sweetest song rang out just where the ploughman had heard it first, and where now the little hollow showed in the frosty field. Days of storm came on, and the storm wind swept before it the small birds forced from copse and woodland to seek food among the farmer's ricks, and claim a share when the beasts were fed at evening time. But one day when the storm raged loudest, and the farmer's man battled against it as he went to cut hay for the cattle, he heard a note strike through the wind which made him think of the song at ploughing time. And there above him, with head to the storm and quick quivering wings, was the skylark singing: the song was of coming days and of the blue which stretches behind every cloud.

Before winter passed away many a little bird lay dead by the hedgerow, but at last the call of the spring quivered through earth once more, and life awoke. In the

woodland, violets woke and primroses spread out their crinkled leaves to catch as much sunlight as they might; starry eyes peeped from among the brown leaves, and hazel tassels filled the air with golden showers. And when the rooks began to congregate in the old elm trees, and the fighting robins sought their mates again, the larks began to scatter from their winter flocks and prepare for the blue days they had sung of through the long dark winter. To them neither tall elms nor copse nor hedgerow offered any attraction,

only the wide fields where the meadow grass would wave in June or the long stretches where the corn was already waking to renewed life. And there just over the little hollow by the edge of the wheat there poured down in the evening light such a flood of song that a little hen lark down below quivered with joyous sympathy, and when the singer fluttered down and bowed before her, asking her to be his wife, she ran off with him at once to choose her home. Where should it be? Not in the meadow, where the grass was already growing thick and tall, for the wise larks knew that mowing time was not so *very* far away, and they must have time to rear a family in peace. Up and down the fields they ran, where the furrow ridges were like mountains to their little feet. At last they found the hollow which the ploughman's feet had made, and now it was soft with the tiny green plants that manage to live and spread down below the corn. What a charming place for a nest! Surely in all the world there was no spot so sheltered and safe! Just a busy day of happy flights to hedgerow and meadow and garden, and there was a pretty home of soft grass furnished with bits of hair and wool and feather to delight the heart of any skylark mother in the world. And if your eyes had been sharp enough to find that nest just when the hawthorn put on its

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN PAGES

white robe and the bees grew busy in the gardens, you might have seen four eggs more wonderful than all the diamonds of the world and a happy mother bird patiently sitting there till the sleeping life should wake. If I could only tell you of those days when love and song were one, when you might have thought the first sunbeams of the dawn rang with music, so early the lark awoke; when the world under the corn was full of tender food and busy life; when the harvest mouse ran up the corn stalks just over Mrs. Lark's head to begin his nest like a lattice-work ball; when the green flower of the corn quivered in the breeze and gave promise of the golden harvest to come. But soon the little mother was too busy to watch her neighbours, for there were four hungry mouths to feed and four little bodies to keep safe from prowling rats or hungry crow. How glad she was when footsteps sounded near her to nestle these safe from prying eyes, and when in the evening her little love came home from singing how careful he was never to alight just by his nest, though he knew the very patch of corn that sheltered it among all the green ocean around! There are birds that sing in the first flush of home-making, but grow silent

when the business of life begins; but our skylark found time for singing in the busiest day. He sang as he sought food for his hungry babies; he sang when the first little unfledged bird rolled out of its nest and could not struggle back; he sang when the first little fluttering wings tried to soar, but failed; he sang when the raindrops pattered among the corn and even the little mother's outspread wings could not keep her babies dry. But most he sang when the wheat was growing gold and the first lark baby soared as far as the full ears. To be sure it fell back again, and there would be many a fall, but the wise little father knew that one sight of the blue above would never satisfy a lark, and far ahead I think he heard the voices of his little ones as they sang and were safe in the kind wide sky.

When the harvest days come again and the wheat stands in sheaves like praying hands from the level earth, someone will find a little hollow and a nest. Will it be the ploughman who first heard the song at evening time, and will he guess as the birds fly over the stubble, and gather their harvest, that the print of his feet in the soft earth made a home where sleeping music woke and where joy was born?



AN INDIAN SNAKE

By the Rev. J. G. STEVENSON

TURN up the map of India and find the Bay of Bengal. This will make it easy for you to discover the country of the Telugus. In that region works Dr. Jacob Chamberlain, a medical missionary about whom this story is told. All day he is either preaching about Jesus or helping heal the sick or cutting off someone's leg; and solemn, sad-faced children come and put out little tongues for him—not at him!—and it is to be hoped they take their medicine with less fuss than that made by some children I know. One day Dr. Chamberlain had journeyed through a great teak forest with trees one hundred and fifty feet high; and at last he came to a large village. The kind-hearted natives offered to allow him to rest in a newly built shed; and he thanked them, and soon, with something

under his head, he was lying stretched on the floor, reading his Greek Testament. Something made him look up; and to his horror he saw a huge snake hanging from the bamboo rafter just above his face. It was lowering itself by sure degrees; and with its wicked forked tongue out all ready to strike, it had actually got very near him. In less than no time Dr. Chamberlain had jumped away sideways without taking the trouble to get up. Then he ran and got a very long iron skewer; and coming back to the snake, he pushed it through its body and managed to transfix it to the rafter. The dangerous reptile twisted and turned and tried hard to get at his hand with its poisoned tongue; but he kept the skewer in position. Soon his servant ran forward with a thick cane; and taking it

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in his free hand, Dr. Chamberlain lashed and lashed the pinned snake on its head till it was dead. When at last he loosened its body he saw that it was at least ten feet long ; and his heart went up to God in a prayer of gratitude for his deliverance.

Soon, however, Dr. Chamberlain became afraid ; and this was the reason of his fear. The people in whose village he was worshipped snakes as gods ; and he thought that perhaps the villagers would be very angry with him and might even seek to do him harm. While he was thinking this over he heard the noise of many people drawing near the shed ; and to his surprise he saw the chief men of the village coming towards him, bearing aloft brass trays covered with sweets and cocoanut. They advanced to the door of the shed, and then they bowed down to the ground and offered him their sweets and called him nice names. It turned out that the village watchman had seen the slaying of the snake, and he and all his friends rejoiced at what had happened. For the snake had done them harm for years. It had even killed a child ; and their superstitious fears made them afraid to attack it, for since they believed it to be a god, they thought that whoever killed it would be slain in return. Now a white stranger had rid them of the pest, and all were more than glad. They actually offered the doctor the fattest sheep they had. Of course he refused this gift, but he was quite pleased when they sounded a tom-tom and called all the people together for him to tell them about Jesus. The good doctor spoke to them kindly and had much to say about "that old serpent called

the devil," and about that Saviour of us all, who came to bruise the serpent's head.

Now is not this good for a true story ? I think we might even invent a new game out of it. We will call the new game Missionary Jumps ; and this is the way we will play it. To begin with we must have a mother or a nurse, some children with halfpennies, a book and a missionary box. Then the child who takes first turn must lie down on his back and pretend to read a book until mother or nurse calls "Snake !" At this he must jump as far as he can sideways without getting up first, just as Dr. Chamberlain did. Then the others in their turn must do the same. The one who has jumped furthest must at the close of the game put one halfpenny into the missionary box ; and all those he has beaten must put a penny. This, I think, ought to make a very good game, especially if played strictly according to the rules. Be especially careful not to miss out the missionary money part. Then when you are tired, think and talk of the dangers missionaries often have to encounter, and make up your mind to say something special about them in your prayers that night, and some of you might even ask God whether, when you are grown up, He wishes you to be missionaries. Last of all, pray again and again for help to kill the serpent that is in you. You know what the serpent is—nastiness and spitefulness and much else. Who was it that was to bruise the serpent's head ? Remember and understand. He is always willing to help children.

Reading for Girls

IT is sometimes difficult to find just the right kind of reading for girls ; but the difficulty is solved by *The Girl's Realm*, which during the past few months has shown signs of great improvements. This month's number is the beginning of a new half volume, and contains the first parts of three serial stories, all excellent in themselves and full of promise for the future. In addition, it has a large variety of splendid complete stories, and many fresh and readable articles. "A Collection of Cups and Saucers" is a particularly interesting article telling how to make a collection

of old china in a way that brings the hobby within the reach of the limited purse. It is illustrated with drawings of the various designs of china, and with a useful set of "marks." Two important new features are "Nature Month by Month," by Benjamin Hanley, an eminent naturalist, who tells how to start nature photography and gives much interesting information to nature students, and "A Girl's Library," the first of a series of articles on books by Alice Corkran. Other valuable series running in the magazine are articles on "Careers for Girls" and "The Care of Pets."

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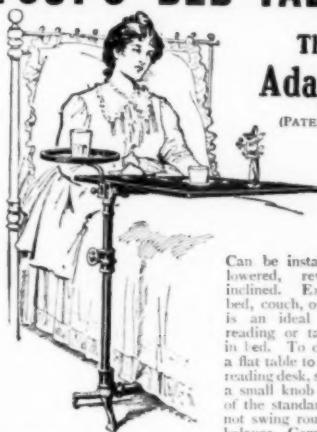
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Conversation Corner

Conducted by THE EDITOR

Our Special Missionary Number

IT is a great pleasure to me to present this special Missionary number, and I hope that not only will my readers find it interesting, but that it will have a useful mission in attracting fresh adherents to the missionary cause. This is a critical time for the cause of foreign mission work. As at no other period in the history of the world, doors are open in practically every land, and it is the duty and privilege of the Christian Church to take up this great challenge, and help to fulfil the petition in our Lord's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come." I am hoping my readers, by circulating this number among their friends, will help to enlist new supporters for this great cause.



Our Dolls

SINCE writing the article on our Competition, all the dolls sent by our readers have been despatched to India. I have received most grateful letters from the secretaries of the various missionary societies to which they were sent, thanking the competitors for their kind gifts. Those who have not been fortunate enough to secure prizes will yet have the joy of feeling that their labour has not been in vain.



The Prize Winners

THE prizes, too, have been despatched, and I have received very kindly letters from their recipients. Miss K. Waller writes:—"I was most surprised and pleased to hear my little doll had won the first prize. Thank you very much for your kind congratulations, and for the beautiful machine which has just arrived, and with

which I am very delighted and feel I am most fortunate to possess."



"Alison's" New Scheme

MAY I draw the attention of my readers to the new scheme which "Alison" is explaining this month in the "Boys' and Girls' Own Pages"? Her intention is that the young folks connected with the "How, When and Where Corner" shall raise enough money to send one of Dr. Barnardo's little girls out to Canada with her outfit, etc., complete, and afterwards to provide the funds for her boarding-out there. I should like most heartily to recommend this scheme to all my readers, young and old. This is a work which must have everybody's approval, and it is a work which in all probability means the salvation of a life. On another page is given the portrait of the little girl whom it is proposed that QUIVER readers shall support. She has a very sad history, and has come from the most squalid surroundings, yet by means of our aid and the good work of Dr. Barnardo's Institution, her future may be of the utmost promise. I trust that all my adult readers will do everything to make "Alison's" scheme known to young folks. To work for an object like this must be of great benefit to the boys and girls themselves.



June Summer Number

WITH the coming of June we may fairly expect summer, and I am trying to make my June issue a bright summer number. I have been trying to get sunshine into the pages, and I hope that my readers when they see next month's issue

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will think that I have succeeded. I have been able to obtain some most charming pictures of village life, and these illustrate an equally charming article on "The Romance of Village Life," by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. Mr. Ditchfield is an authority on English village life, and he takes us into the "sweet days of the past" with the carefulness of an historian as well as the interest of a village lover.



"The Glorious First of June"

THE stories in the June issue are by well-known writers and are of unusual interest. The first contribution is by Miss Evelyn Everett-Green, well known to all QUIVER readers. Her story is entitled, "The Glorious First of June." Then we have one of Miss Brenda E. Spender's amusing sketches, "Fiennes and the Clothes-Basket: The Story of an Ordinary Young Man"; Katharine Tynan writes a story which has all the beauty and charm of the summer time in it, under the title, "Miss Phoebe"; whilst a new writer in these

pages, Mr. C. Kennett Burrow, tells of "The Experiment."



"When I Was at School"

AMONG other interesting features of our next issue I may mention a remarkable symposium collected by Mr. A. B. Cooper on the subject, "When I Was at School." Among contributors to this are Sir Alfred Russel Wallace, Sir Henry E. Roscoe, Canon McCormick, Mr. Coulson Kernahan, and others. They have some grave and gay recollections of early days. Then we have a very thoughtful article by Lady St. Helier on "The Philanthropy of the Future"; a well-illustrated article by Dr. E. I. Watkin, entitled, "Openings in Australia"; "My First Lecture," by Rev. F. W. Macdonald; and another of the Letters on "Life and Love" by "Amica," addressed this time to "a wife who does not like her husband's relations."

The Editor

"THE QUIVER" FUNDS

THE following is a list of contributions received up to and including March 19th, 1910. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged next month:—

For Dr. Barnardo's Homes: A. P. (Brighton) 7s. 6d., L. R. 5s., "Bradford" 1s. od.
For Quarrier's Homes: C. Burton 5s.
For The Gentlefolk's Aid Association: A. K. (Poole) 5s.
For The Church Army: Mrs. A. E. Vaughan Davies 2s. 6d.
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For Church of England Society for Waifs and Strays: Mrs. A. E. Vaughan Davies 2s. 6d.
For The British Home and Hospital for Incurables: Mrs. A. E. Vaughan Davies 2s. 6d.
Sent direct to Dr. Barnardo's Homes: South Ayrshire Dairy Farmer £10, "Oldbury" 5s.
Sent direct to The British Home and Hospital for Incurables: W. H. Blake (India) £3 0s., "A Friend in Bombay" £1.
Sent direct to Church of England Scripture Readers' Association: P. E. G. 10s.

THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS
THE following is a list of contributions from old and new members received up to and including March 10th. Subscriptions received after this date will be acknowledged in our next issue:—

£1 from "X. Y. Z."
5s. each from E. M. B., E. A., Annie V. Davis, C. Guernsey, L. S. McDonald.
4s. each from Emeline Lewis and Mrs. Sarah Hovenden.
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1s. od. from Miss Tucker.
1s. each from Nellie Kirkham, J. A. S., L. B., Mrs. J. Myhill, Mrs. A. Simpson, Mrs. L. C. Little, Miss C. M. Atkins, Miss A. L. Atkins, Mrs. D. E. Holditch, Mrs. S. A. Withers, Mrs. A. E. Vaughan Davies, Olga L. A. Cornish, Miss Gillbanks, Mrs. M. A. Harper, Ada M. Matthew, Miss Brown, Miss C. E. Pollard, Miss J. S. Reynolds, Mrs. Worfolk, Helen D. Pittilo, T. Haywood, Miss H. L. Whitlock, Maggie Wearing, Mrs. Smith, L. A. McArthur, Mrs. Latter, Mrs. Priestley, Annie Houghton, Miss Harriet Sully, Amy B. Brown, Gladys Newton, Isabelle M. Tolley, Mrs. A. Ruston, Nellie Haynes, Mrs. Valentine, Elaine S. C. Bichard.

Sunday School Pages

POINTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES

MAY 1st. TWO SABBATH INCIDENTS

Matthew xii. 1-14

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Pharisees and the law. (2) Christ replies to the hypocrisy of His critics. (3) The miracle of healing.

The Value of Applied Christianity

THE Pharisees were very keen on keeping the law, and they were astonished when Jesus Christ introduced a higher order of things—the doing of a kindly act whenever opportunity presented.

The Pharisees could dispute about points of doctrine, but they could not understand the loving heart of the Saviour. Henry Van Dyke very truly says that "when Christians try to explain their beliefs, they differ; when they practise them, they agree." The religion we talk to others is often ignored, while that which we live is understood.

The Spirit of Criticism

Nothing is easier than to criticise. It requires no genius to be a critic. The Pharisees criticised Christ, and condemned Him for doing good. "When the Holy Ghost," says a writer, "gets a grip on a man thoroughly, one of the things that goes is the spirit of criticism. I believe our unbridled speech to be the cause of many a spiritual decline. Many a man who wonders where the leak to the spiritual power in his life is would find it if he would only look at his speech, and the recklessness of it. There is nothing that so exhausts spiritual power as criticism. You can tell when a man is under the power of the Holy Ghost in conversation, and you can tell when he has gone away from the Holy Spirit perfectly well."

MAY 8th. EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE

Proverbs xxiii. 29-35

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The woes of the drunkard. (2) The serpent in the cup.

A Testimony Worth Giving

Not very long ago, a striking testimony to the value of teetotalism was borne by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, the editor of the "Oxford English Dictionary." He was speaking at

Oxford, and said that he had never had strong drink in his house, and had never apologised to anybody at a dinner for not partaking of it. He had brought up eleven children in the same faith, and he was glad to say that they were all bulwarks and examples of the goodness of temperance. He had seen warnings around him in many of his school contemporaries, and recently, when visiting a part of the country in which he had lived, he came away with the knowledge that strong drink had carried off more people in that locality than had the visitation of cholera or of any other disease.

Dr. Murray claimed himself to be a monument of the power of total abstinence, for he had never used alcohol to quicken brain action, although he had worked during the last thirty years as hard as any man had done—never less than twelve hours every day of the week, Sundays excepted, and on many occasions for fifteen hours a day regularly for a month, in order to get certain pieces of work finished. He had never required any stimulant for the purpose, and so, at the age of seventy, he felt that he had a right to speak for what the principle of total abstinence had enabled him to do.

When William Jennings Bryan was in Japan, and the health of Admiral Toga, who was present at the banquet, was proposed, Mr. Bryan drank the toast in water. "You will drink my health in champagne, Mr. Bryan," said the admiral. "Admiral," said Mr. Bryan in reply, "all your victories have been won on water; when you win on champagne, I will drink them in champagne."

MAY 15th. THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT

1 Corinthians xii. 1-21

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The Spirit's gifts. (2) The unity of all believers in Jesus Christ.

A Gracious Influence

VISITORS to the Mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople notice immediately they enter a beautiful fragrance pervading the entire building, and, strange to relate, nothing is done to keep it perfumed. The

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explanation lies in the fact that when it was built a thousand years ago, the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk. Those who laid these stones have been long forgotten, but the influence and fragrance of their work remain. In the same way, if the deeds we do are full of kindness and love, long after we have passed away their fragrance will linger in the world.

Bernard, of Clairvaux, the French monk and saint of the twelfth century, kept hanging in his cell a coarse piece of parchment, bearing the inscription: "Why are you here?" This little question was fastened in his mind, and thereafter gave serious purpose to his life. The same question, if seriously pondered, would have the same effect upon every life. "Why are we here?" Yielded to the influence of the Holy Spirit, and living in daily fellowship and communion with God, there are great possibilities before every one of us, and we can thus fulfil—and only thus can we fulfil—the destiny mapped out for us by the great Controller of all our lives.

MAY 22nd. THE DEATH OF JOHN THE BAPTIST

Matthew xiv. 1-12

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) The fear of the guilty ruler. (2) John's condemnation of Herod's sin. (3) The fate of the preacher.

Giving the Best

LIKE the great Teacher whose forerunner he was, John the Baptist was a martyr to the cause which he advocated. If he had been diplomatic and respectful and smooth-tongued where his rulers were concerned, he would never have stirred up ill-feeling, and nobody would have wanted to take his life. But he spoke the truth; he condemned the wrong; he would rather sacrifice life itself than be unfaithful to his message, and so he lost his life because he was true to his conscience and his Lord.

In a recent address Dr. Grenfell, the well-known Labrador missionary, related this incident of heroism and self-sacrifice: "There stands on the banks of the Ottawa River a statue, put up by a Harvard student. It is built of bronze, on a huge granite base. It is the figure of a young knight. His hair is blowing in the wind. His head is poised upward, and he has a sword drawn

in his hands. His cloak flies behind him, and he is evidently climbing the granite block. Underneath are written these words of Sir Galahad: 'If I save my life, I lose it.' It stands there in memory of another Harvard student, William Harper, who was walking along the bank of the river when he saw a young man and a young woman skating. They came to a dangerous place where there was a swirl in the water. The ice was thin; it broke, and they disappeared. Harper took off his coat and plunged into that hole and was drowned, trying to save two people he did not know.

"I was at Yale the other day," added Dr. Grenfell, "and I saw a statue in honour of a Yale student, Horace Tracy Pitkin, a man who, when he was standing before his Chinese butchers and they were going to kill him, left a message to be taken back to his young wife and only child: 'When my boy gets old enough, send him out to fill my place.'"

A Hindu mother threw her lovely boy into the river Ganges as a gift to the gods, but kept a puny, weak, miserable girl. Said an English army officer to her, "If you must give one, surely you should have given the girl!" "Sir," answered the woman indignantly, "do you think I would give my god anything but the best?"

MAY 29th. THE MULTITUDES FED

Matthew xiv. 13-21; xv. 29-39

POINTS TO EMPHASISE. (1) Christ's compassion on the multitude. (2) The hungry fed. (3) The Healing Saviour.

The Merciful Saviour

THE hungry, the sorrowful, and the suffering were ever near to the heart of Christ, and in our lesson we have a few out of many examples of His great care and love. No one was forgotten or overlooked by Him. An illustration of this truth is the subject of a delightful story. A little Spanish boy in Vigo, who became a devout Christian, was asked by an Englishman what had been the influence under which he had acted. "It was all because of the odd sparrow," the boy replied. "I do not understand," said the Englishman in surprise. "What odd sparrow?" "Well, señor, it is this way," the boy said. "A gentleman gave me a Testament—the book of the English mission—and I read in one

Trials of the Flesh

BURDEN OF OBESITY REMOVED

Pounds of superfluous flesh got rid of within a week or two without any personal sacrifice or inconvenience.

TENS of thousands have done it! Tens of thousands of all degrees of over-stoutness, from the slightly too plump to the enormously fat; young, middle-aged, old; those who were alarmed at a sudden and inexplicable increase in weight, and those who carelessly allowed the accumulation of adipose tissue to go on unchecked until their obese condition became chronic, and brought all sorts of complaints in its train—all have found a permanent cure in Antipon, the unfailing weight-reducer, the matchless restorer of health and strength and physical and mental energy.

This is no exaggeration. It is proved by hundreds of voluntary reports from men and women who had hitherto despaired of ever finding a permanent cure. Anyone is at liberty to see these valued letters at the registered offices of the Antipon Company. At least one out of every three of the signatories in gratitude declares that he (or she) is recommending Antipon wherever they can. It is in this way that Antipon has become world-famous.

Many stout people fancy that eating sparingly, going in for exhausting exercises, and taking aperient medicines will cure obesity. Others take dangerous mineral and other harmful drugs, and adopt some drastic dietary régime at the same time. What wonder that they become weak and ill. If they get thinner it is not because they are, by those perilous abuses, curing

the disease of obesity. It is simply that they are losing vitality through malnutrition, that the blood is impoverished and does not contain enough repairing material to make good the daily waste of muscular and other tissue.

Now, Antipon, great as a fat-reducer, is a tonic of the greatest value, especially to the digestive system. The appetite is vastly improved, and every particle of real nourishment taken goes to make new blood and muscular fibre and nerve tissue, the wholesome food enjoyed being thoroughly digested and assimilated. This process has nothing to do with excessive fat-formation, which is due to the abnormal tendency thereto—the disease of obesity—the cause of all the trouble. Antipon destroys that cause—that tendency—that disease; so that when the rapid elimination of the superfluous fat deposits is

completed, and the various external parts of the body are reduced to nice symmetrical proportions, there is no cause to dread any further superformation and accumulation of fatty matter. It is a "clean sweep," a perfect final cure. Meanwhile the perfectly nourished body will make you a different being, radiant with good health, and feeling thoroughly strong and "fit for anything."

There is something so nice about the Antipon treatment that nobody is ashamed of trying it, whereas some remedies and treatments are somewhat offensive.



"Oh, haven't you finished yet? And how tired you look!"
"Yes, dear, I am tired and run down. It's this dreadful obesity. I've made up my mind to begin Antipon at once, without another day's delay."

Ladies who read this article—and we hope hundreds will do so if they happen to be stouter than they could wish—will be glad to know that the reduction by Antipon leaves no wrinkles, and that the skin is purified by the tonic action of the remedy through the blood; the complexion is therefore greatly improved.

The removal of the internal deposits of superfluous fatty matter is of vital moment. Many stout people do not quite realise that the heart, kidneys, liver, and other organs are seriously interfered with by the clogging masses of extra fat, and the most dangerous consequences may arise. This interference with the vital machinery is the cause of innumerable ills—diseases, we might say, to be candid—of which fatty degeneration of the heart is most alarming. Is it not therefore a manifest duty to one's self to remove such a terrible danger? A person in such a grievous condition would at once be rejected by the medical officer of any life assurance institution.

The reduction effected by Antipon shows itself in a decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within a day and a night. There is also a delightful sensation of buoyancy and renewed energy, a keener appetite, and a zest for the day's work. Every day so much less in weight; every day a step nearer to perfect health and recovery of natural proportions.

“St. Leonards.

“I have taken Antipon until reduced to my normal weight. I have not been taking any now for over a month, and I have not increased an ounce in weight.—Miss K. J.”

Antipon is a harmless solution of valuable vegetable substances, without the least trace of any mineral or other objectionable matter. It is neither laxative, nor the opposite, and its alter-effects are altogether refreshing and pleasing.

NICE FIGURES

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ALLIED

Young mothers and women whose household duties prevent them from taking necessary outdoor exercise are liable to get over-stout and rather shapeless. They lose their brightness, energy, and good looks, as well as their dainty figures. Appetite is fickle, and they have indigestion, headaches, faintness and other ailments.

On their taking Antipon all these troubles quickly vanish. Antipon is a strengthening tonic and wonderful weight reducer combined. It braces up the entire system, and, having a splendid tonic effect on the digestive organs, it restores appetite and assures perfect nutrition; so that at the end of the course of treatment the body is not only reduced to beautiful slenderness but is thoroughly re-strengthened by wholesome well-digested food. The Antipon treatment calls for no stringent dietary restrictions nor any other sacrifice of comfort or enjoyment.

Antipon has such surprising permanent beautifying effects because it directly attacks

the cause of the disease of obesity—that horrid tendency to get fatter and heavier without any encouragement in the way of over-indulgence in eating, etc. Thus Antipon is a radical cure for over-fatness. The delight of feeling perfectly well and of knowing that one's figure leaves nothing to be desired is a treat reserved for ladies who reduce their weight by Antipon.

They lose between 8 oz. and 3 lb. within a day and night. Antipon contains none but harmless vegetables in a refreshing liquid form.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.



“You can't conceive how well I feel after my month's Antipon treatment. Wish I had gone in for it long ago.”

“So do I, my dear; you look ten years younger, and yet you've been working double as hard.”

THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

Gospel that two sparrows were sold for a farthing. And again in St. Luke I saw, 'Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?' And I said to myself that Nuestro Señor Jesucristo (Our Lord Jesus Christ) knew well our custom of selling birds. As you know, sir, we trap birds, and get one *chico* for two, but for two *chicos* we throw in an extra sparrow. That extra sparrow is only a make-weight, and of no account at all. Now, I think to myself that I am so insignificant, so poor, and so small that no one would think of

counting me. I am like the fifth sparrow. And yet, oh, maravilla, Nuestro Señor says, 'Not one is forgotten before God.' I have never heard anything like it, sir. No one but Him would ever have thought of not forgetting me."

Christ's great heart of love went out to the men and women round about Him when He walked this earth of ours nineteen hundred years ago, and the same love and mercy are to-day to be freely had for the asking, for He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The Crutch-and-Kindness League

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

The Value of the Toy

WE are all creators of one sort or another. Few vestiges of our glorious origin cling to us more tenaciously than the instinct for making things. The boy begins with the mud-pie and the soap-bubble, and the girl with the rag-doll; from this point our power expands and expands till we come to create the very world we live in—a beautiful world with a sunny atmosphere of love swathing it around if we happen ourselves to be loving, or a hard and selfish world if love is little or low down in our own natures. Later on we idealise some youth or maiden, to find by and by that our ideal was far beneath the real, or to find that the beautiful things we had seen in the real were only of our own manufacturing. A right marvellous gift this, truly, but one that like every other gift we possess, needs training and cultivating.

For this purpose there are few better helps or guides than toys. It is with these our young and prentice hands begin, not in our land or century only, but everywhere and always. Many a wonderful thing has been brought to light by the excavations made on the ruins of the earliest civilisations—Nineveh, Babylon, Memphis, and such like dim and distant spots—but none have ever got so close to my heart as the toys which have been dug out. They are just the same as with the children of to-day—same dolls, same peg-tops, same hoops, same drinking mugs with the cunning little

whistle in the handle. African kraal, Eskimo snow-hut, Indian tent, flimsy Jap dwelling—all the same so far as the toy itself is concerned, the only difference being in the stuff of which it is made, clay or wood, metal or horn. While every race has its own language its alphabet is always practically the same, and it is not otherwise with our human upbringing—we have always had to begin with toys.

When the *Challenger* was making its celebrated researches on the bed of the ocean, it carried quite a crew of learned pundits—botanists, zoologists, mineralogists, chemists, and what not—and many a chuckle I have had softly to myself over one incident of the voyage. From the deepest part of the ocean their dredges ever reached there was brought up a queer-looking Something. No fish of this shape had ever been seen, no crustacean, no weed; the imaginative among the wise men saw in it a far-away suggestion of a monkey or a manikin; could it be that they had at last come on the Missing Link? How eagerly they clustered round the pail in which it was soaked to get off the sand and barnacles! And the suppressed excitement when it became more and more human-like as layer on layer of shell and sand flaked off! At last science and patience had their reward—the Thing stood bare before them—a child's doll! They laughed and turned to other pursuits, but there has been before

THE QUIVER

me ever since a picture of a dear little girlie howling and weeping her eyes out because her darling Bessie had gone overboard. This was the profoundest discovery science made in that direction, but it has left the deep conviction in my mind that when we have plumbed our deepest into human nature we shall find a toy of some kind lying there.

Can we be surprised that the uppermost longing of every child's heart is for a toy? The sugar-candy must have a string to crystallise round, and the imagination must have something to work on. I knew only one man who ever came to any good independently of toys, and that was Ruskin. Toys were rigidly excluded from his home. This was entirely abnormal — a sort of freak of nature; everybody else, the world round and in every age, has had to begin his alphabet of life with toys. What wonders have been seen in them! What fantastic draperies have been woven round them! How they have opened a world

"Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive!"

as Robert Louis Stevenson saw and said, when in "Counterpane Land."

This is why I would plead with the good-hearted reader on behalf of the *poor* wee crippled bairns of London. Their lot is very lonesome and very dreary. It is all father or mother can do, labouring hard, to keep a roof over their heads and find bread for the suffering child; toys—even the cheapest and dingiest—lie altogether beyond their love and their means. Yet they mean so much to the little pallid one who has to be so often left alone! A toy to him or her is nothing less than a fairy who makes a chink through which at least a glimpse can be got into another world.

You have some old toys, have you not? —or you know a friend who has them. They have staled with you or your little ones; don't bury them in dust and darkness; make a blessing of them. I have great sympathy with the little fellow who demurred to the apostle's statement—"When I became a man, I put away childish things." "Why," asked the small critic, "didn't he give them to another boy?" Take the hint kindly, friend; don't put the old toys aside. Send them to the care of Sir John Kirk, Secretary, Ragged

School Union, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. He will see that they are distributed to the poorest and neediest of the 12,000 cripples under his care, and will send, for a stamp, all further information about the Crutch-and-Kindness League.

New Members for the Month

Miss E. Ackley, Newport-on-Tay, N.B.; Miss Ismay Anderson, Paisley.

Miss Lizzie Blake, Auckland, New Zealand; Miss Peggy Blake, Hythe, Kent; Miss F. E. Bowen, W. Bridgnorth, Shropshire; Miss Mary Briggs, Uckfield, Sussex; Miss E. A. Bromley, Pitchford, Shrewsbury; Miss G. Brooks (per); Miss Dorothy Nathan, Miss Eva Stubbing, Master Christie Boyce; Miss Elsie Brown, Oxford.

Miss Edith Chapman, Westcliff-on-Sea; Master Cocks, Barbadoes, B.W.I.; Miss E. G. Compton, Tewkesbury; Miss D. Corrigan, Waingau, New Zealand; Miss M. Cooper, Ventnor, I.W.

Miss Olive Dettleback, Portland Place, W. E. B. Gargrave, via Leeds; Mrs. Evans, Pamboers Kloof, Cape Town; Miss F. K. Evans, Shrewsbury; Miss Lily Sampson Evans, Southend-on-Sea.

Master Len Field, Nelson, New Zealand; Miss Kathleen Francis, Lower Edmonton.

Miss Grace Gardener, East Finchley, N.; Miss Barbara Gifford, Edinburgh; Miss Annie Gourlay, Bridge of Allan, N.B.; Miss Eileen Guest, Brent Knoll, Somerset.

Miss Annie Hanson, Mainfleet, Lincolnshire; Mrs. Harris, Barry Island, nr. Cardiff; Miss Sybil Hepworth, Morley, Leeds; Miss P. Higgins, Billingshurst, Sussex; Miss Doris Higgs, Billingshurst, Sussex; Miss E. H. Hirst, North Sydney, New South Wales; Miss Hitchings (per Miss Jarvis); Master E. S. Hutchinson, Bromborough, Cheshire; Miss Gwen Hutchinson, Bromborough, Cheshire.

Miss Pixie Inglesby, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa; Miss Maud Ivens, Southampton.

Miss Kathleen Jeans, Torpenhow, Carlisle; Miss E. Jenkins, Worthing; Miss Nina Jones, New Barnet, Herts; Miss Stella M. Jones, Clapham Common, S.W.

Miss L. I. King, Borrowash, nr. Derby; Nurse I. G. Kissack, Boscombe, Hants; Miss Edith Knox, Lane Co., Oregon, U.S.A.

Mrs. Herbert and Miss M. Lucas, Manitoba, Canada; Miss Daphne Lucas (per Miss Matthews); Miss Kathleen Lucas, Nelson, New Zealand.

Miss Margaret Macdonald, Strathcarron, Ross-shire; Miss M. Mackey, Stratford, New Zealand; Miss E. McKeown, Tolago Bay, East Coast, New Zealand; Miss Kate Mertha, Birkdale, Lancashire.

Miss Marjorie Noble, Sacriston, nr. Durham.

Mrs. Osborne, Maidwell, Northampton.

Miss Adeline Pearson, Lea, nr. Matlock, Bath, Derbyshire; Miss Florence M. Purfield, Cobham, Kent; Miss P. Pringle (per Miss Jarvis).

Mrs. Dacre Trevor Roper, Taunton; Miss Phyllis Rosenthal, Cambridge.

Miss Bee Seton, Gillane, N.B.; S. M. F., Sydenham, S.E.; Miss Marjorie F. B. Sproule, Bow, E.; Miss Mary Straghan, Naini Tal, India; Miss Ethel Stevens, Lower Guiting, Cheltenham; Mrs. Stone, Bingham, Notts; Mrs. Swann, North Finchley, N.; Miss Daisy Swaffer, Hastings.

Miss N. Tooth, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.; Miss Mabel Towner, Manor Park, Bournemouth; Miss Elsie A. Turner, Caple, Bedford.

Mrs. and Miss Walshaw, Oatlands Park, Surrey; Miss Flo M. Wilson, Bawtry, Yorks; Miss Lily Wills, Bootle, Liverpool; Miss Annie B. and Miss Eliza M. Wrigley, Llangollen; Vernon O. Wright, Esq. (per Miss Ella Henderson), Cumbernauld, nr. Glasgow.

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Dear Sir,
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Fire—as an Enemy

A brief discussion of the Modern Methods of Attacking and Overcoming this Great Foe

By **RICHARD SCOTT**

Fire, as an enemy, is terrible. One thrills with horror as one remembers tale after tale setting forth the relentless fury, the swift cruelty, the incalculable strength of this so-much-to-be-dreaded foe; and, recollecting how often it swoops down upon us in those still hours when Nature cries "Peace," and when we are taking to ourselves the quiet assurance that all is well with us and with our homes, recollecting this we shall, if we are wise, give earnest and practical attention to whatever common-sense suggestions are made to us with regard to possible protection against this deadly foe.

A few moments' thought convinces one that the majority of devastating fires have their origin in causes that are absolutely trifling. A lace window curtain is caught by the summer breeze and flicked against a gas jet, an electric wire fuses, a flue pipe becomes too hot, or a paraffin lamp topples over. The blaze is, as a general rule, quite insignificant one minute, but terrific the next. In cases where an effective fire extinguisher is close at hand the danger is trifling, just because the extinguisher will take the enemy at close grips, and throttle it on its own ground.

Take the following examples:—

An outbreak occurred on the premises of a large drapery establishment at Bath, the fire being caused by the fusing of an electric wire, which melted the gas pipe and ignited the gas. By happy forethought these premises had previously been fitted with Kyl-fyre cylinders, one of which was instantly applied, and almost within a breathing space danger was non-existent.

Again, there is the case of two young ladies cleaning gloves with petrol, quite unmindful of the fact that there was a naked light in the same apartment. The danger in this case was simply horrible, because the fumes of the vapour became instantly changed into towering sheets of flame. Yet here again, within the space of a few seconds, the fire was utterly quenched by the same marvellous extinguisher as had saved the drapery establishment.

Only one more instance, the details of which hail from Shrewsbury. A coal from the fire ignited a portion of the hearth-rug, and before anyone was aware of the danger the room was a furnace of flame, and two adjoining apartments had caught alight. The fire brigade was summoned, but meanwhile someone had rushed to the spot with the Kyl-fyre extinguisher. The fire was out fifteen minutes before the brigade arrived.

Considering these facts and remembering that a cylinder of Kyl-fyre costs only 5s., and will remain effective for a number of years, that it is readily procurable from Kyl-fyre, Limited, Eastbourne, that it is easily portable, weighing only 6 lbs., and that when once purchased and hung up to your wall by the strong loop attached to the top of the case you are permanently insured against the inroads of fire—considering all this, it is, indeed, small wonder that

Over 1,500,000 cylinders of Kyl-fyre have already been installed.

Many hundreds of testimonials have been received, and there is a ring of real gratitude in most of them. When once a man has been in the desperate position of seeing his business, his home, and the lives of his women-folk and children threatened by fire, and has had the fearful catastrophe averted by such a swift and sure friend as Kyl-fyre, there is no question of the sincerity of the thanks he will send to the manufacturers of the fire extinguisher.

What is Kyl-fyre?

That is the question which rose first to the lips of the writer; and it is a pleasure to be able to pass on the information freely given by the proprietors.

Kyl-fyre is a dry powder, the constituent parts of which are, naturally, the secret property of the inventors. This powder contains no grit and no acids. If by accident it is thrown upon the wrong place, upon delicate machinery, rich fabrics or furniture, valuable books, pictures, or prints, it is as absolutely harmless as a little French chalk would be. When, on the other hand, it comes into contact with intense heat, such as always accompanies active fire, it at the same instant generates a most powerful gas, perfectly harmless to human or animal life, but most marvellously potent in overcoming the life of the fire. This gas *displaces the oxygen in the air*, and thus instantly starves and suffocates the flames. The hotter the outbreak the greater the effect.

Contrast for a moment the difference between the use of a harmless and quick-working powder such as this and the old-fashioned method of endeavouring to drown out the fire with a succession of pails of water, and, subsequently, to flood the scene of the outbreak with water turned on from the nearest main; and you are again impressed with the wisdom of installing Kyl-fyre in your house or place of business rather than keeping to the old system of ordinary fire insurance, and trusting to hydrant and hose-pipe. Any person who has just once experienced the inconvenience and fearsomeness of a fire (apart from all consideration of money loss) is fully aware that the "damage" accruing from a fire is frequently due more to the excess of water poured on the flames than to the flames themselves. It must also be borne in mind that water, and other liquid extinguishers, cannot be used without very considerable danger to the operator.

There is scarcely a reader of this page but will, at this very moment, recall instances when a single installation of one 5s. cylinder of Kyl-fyre would have saved scores, hundreds, or thousands of pounds of money, weeks of discomfort and trouble, shocks to the system, bodily disasters manifold, and, quite probably, human life itself.

Anything which would save so much at so little expenditure of time, thought, or money is surely worth a wise man's serious consideration.

R. S.

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So confident are the manufacturers of this Hair Tonic of the way in which it will do its work that every bottle is sold under a special guarantee, assuring the purchaser that if, after the use of one full bottle (price 2/11) there is any feeling of dissatisfaction with the tonic, "the purchase money will be promptly and unquestioningly refunded."

Further than this, there are, at the present time, ten thousand 2/3 jars of Crème To-Kalon being given away, one to each purchaser of a 2 1/1 bottle of Harriett Meta's Gold Medal Hair Tonic. This Crème is a really excellent production, non-greasy, refreshing, nourishing to the skin, and remarkably beneficial in removing redness and roughness, a cream that is well worth its usual selling price of 2/3. It is not likely that the 10,000 jars will last very long; and readers who wish to share in this opportunity of trying both Hair Tonic and Skin Cream at the price of one article should send postal order for 2/11 without delay to the To-Kalon Manufacturing Co., Dept. 192A, 143, Great Portland Street, London, W. The QUIVER Coupon (see p. xiii of Advertisements) should in every case be forwarded with remittance.

A HEALTH HINT

INFECTIOUS diseases are as common in the winter as in the summer, and it behoves those of us who would live happily, healthily, and wholesomely to guard our dwellings from all possible invasions of disease germs by using an absolutely reliable disinfectant.

The Admiralty and War Office, among other governing bodies, have recently adopted an ultra-severe test, known as the Rideal-Walker method, by which means it is possible to arrive at the exact germicidal value of any given disinfectant.

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ABOUT TRUE CLEANLINESS

A MEDICAL man has stated that if the skin of a man were completely covered with indiarubber that man would be dead within two hours, and when we realise how very important it is that the skin should perform its breathing functions properly, it will be seen that it is an absolute necessity to keep the pores open and working freely. The ordinary hot bath cleanses the surface, it is true; but this is not sufficient. To thoroughly cleanse and rid the body of poisonous waste products, something more is needed, and this something more the Turkish Bath guarantees to supply.

Nevertheless, many people shrink in horror from such a proposition, believing that Turkish baths have a weakening tendency; others that a cold is always an after effect. Yet so great an authority as Dr. Erasmus Wilson says, "The bath cannot give cold. It never weakens: except it be used improperly." In that reservation there is much implied, but the Savoy Turkish Baths are so well ventilated and scientifically arranged that one need have no fear on this score here. They are the largest and most luxuriantly arranged baths in London, no time or money having been spared in getting them up, and they are perfectly equipped from start to finish. These magnificent bath establishments, which include electrical, massage, and other departments, are situated at Savoy Street, W.; London Bridge, S.E.; Brixton, S.W.; King's Cross, N.; Jermyn Street, W.; and York Street, W.; and everything is done at each of these baths to render the stay of the bather so pleasant that he invariably leaves with a feeling of regret.

Puritanism and Art

By JOSEPH CROUCH

Introduction by the Rev. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A., M.P.

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The Author has secured evidence which will amaze those who have believed the charge against Puritanism to be irrefutable.

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"WHAT the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over" is an oft-quoted proverb about foods, and there is not a shadow of doubt that if we saw the mode in which much food is prepared we should turn from it with a shudder. Think of bread, for instance, and the kneading process in a close, unventilated room. Picture the loaves being loaded in wagons, and again into baskets. The baker's boy who delivers the loaves may have clean hands or he may not, but there is nothing wrapped round the bread to keep dirt from it.

The Bermaline Bakery, which is the finest and most up-to-date bakery in the world, has carefully noted all these shortcomings, and now *every loaf* baked by them is wrapped and sealed in grease- and germ-proof paper immediately it leaves the oven, so that there is not the slightest suspicion of the bread touching any dirty or injurious matter. Not only this, but no worker is allowed in the Bermaline Bakery until he has been medically examined and passed, and also every employee must wash and change before entering the Bakery. Baths and washing accommodation are provided, each worker also having a change of white clothing, which is kept in his own particular locker in the dressing-rooms. As far as is possible, machinery only is used in making the bread, such machinery being sheeted with nickel or nickel-plated in parts with which the dough comes in contact. In short, there is scrupulous cleanliness throughout, and the purchaser who gets Bermaline Bread knows that when it reaches him it is in a perfectly clean and wholesome condition; moreover, such bread keeps moist and soft for a considerably longer period.

This new Bakery has just been opened in Glasgow, and it may be safely predicted that ere long Bermaline Bread will be noted throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain.

THE OATINE CO., whose preparations are well known as absolutely pure and genuinely good, are giving away a dainty Toilet Case to every applicant who cares to send 3d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing. This case contains eight samples of Oatine preparations, and will make a delightful little addition to "my lady's toilet table." Our readers are advised to write at once, as the offer is only open for a limited period. All applications should be addressed to the Oatine Co., 163-6, Denman Street, S.E.

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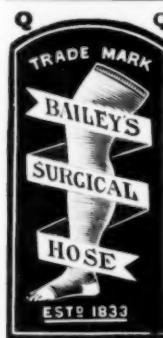


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